The GENUINE

# WORKS

IN

# VERSE AND PROSE,

Of the Right Honourable

## *GEORGE GRANVILLE,*

## LORD *LANSDOWNE.*

VOL. III.

*LONDON:*

Printed for J. WALTHOE, over-against the *Royal-Exchange*, in *Cornhill*.

M. DCC. XXXVI.

*Once a* Lover; *and Always a* Lover.

A

# COMEDY.

# PREFACE.

THE *following* COMEDY *is a* New Building *upon an* Old Foundation. *It appeared first under the Name of the* SHE-GALLANTS; *and by the* Preface, *then prefix'd to it, is said to have been but the* Child of a Child.

*BY taking it since under Examination so many Years after, the* AUTHOR *flatters himself to have made a correct* COMEDY *of it. He found it regular to his Hand: The* SCENE *constant to one* Place; *The* TIME *not exceeding the* Bounds *prescrib'd; And the* ACTION Entire. *It remained only to clear the Ground; and to plant, as it were, fresh* Flowers *in the room of those which were grown into* Weeds, *or faded by Time: To re-touch, and vary the* Characters; *enliven the* Painting; *retrench the* Superfluous; *and animate the* Action, *where it appeared the young* AUTHOR *seem'd to aim at more than he had yet Strength to perform: Particularly, in the* SCENE *between the* TWO PRETTY-FELLOWS *in the* Second ACT; *The* Visiting SCENE *in the* Third; *The* Quarrelling SCENE *betwixt* BELLAMOUR *and* LUCINDA *in the* Fourth; *The* Reconciling SCENE *betwixt* BELLAMOUR *and* ANGELICA *in the* Fifth; *And all the* CHARACTERS *throughout: Especially that of* Sir TOBY, *which may pass for* Original.

*SHAKESPEARE has given us a* Sir PANDARUS; *Mr. DRYDEN, a* Father ALDO; *Mr. OTWAY, a* Sir JOLLY JUMBLE: *Our* STAGE *has abounded in meer* Pimps *and* Buffoons: *But* Sir TOBY *is an Observer of* Decency; *A Man of* Sense, *and* Good Breeding, *according to the Manners of that* REIGN, *in which he is supposed to have pass'd his* Youth; *But still retaining, in his* Old-Age, *that loose Spirit of* Gaiety *and* Libertinism, *which reign'd in those Days of* Devotion *to the* FAIR-SEX.

*WHETHER this* INFANT *deserved a* New Coat; *Or whether, now he is provided with* One, *it may set him off better, is, with all Deference, submitted. An* AUTHOR *flatters himself very ridiculously, if he can suppose it in his Power to* Argue, *and* Reason *the* World *into* Judging, *as he himself may perhaps do, of his* OWN WORK.

Dramatis

# Dramatis Personæ.

## MEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| BELLAMOUR, | *Formerly in Love with* ANGELICA: *Now courting* LUCINDA. |
| PHILABEL, | LUCINDA's *first Lover.* |
| FREDERICK, | *In Love with* CONSTANTIA, |
| *Sir* TOBY TICKLE, | *An old Debauchee of the last Age.* |
| *Sir* JOHN AIRY, VAUNTER, | *Coxcombs, commonly call'd* Pretty-Fellows. |
| COURTALL, | *Brother to* CONSTANTIA, *so resembling, as not to be known from one another.* |

## WOMEN.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Lady* DORIMEN, | |
| LUCINDA, | *Niece to Lady* DORIMEN. |
| ANGELICA, | *In Love with* BELLAMOUR. |
| CONSTANTIA, | *Passing, in Man's Habit, for her Brother* COURTALL. |
| DIANA, MELISSA, MIRANDA, DORINDA, | *Sisters to* FREDERICK, *courted by* CONSTANTIA, *under the Name of* COURTALL. |
| *Lady* SILENCE, *Lady* PRATE-A-PACE, *Countess of* KETTLEDRUM, | *Visitants at Lady* DORIMEN's *Circle.* |
| CLEVER, | *Woman, and Confidant to Lady* DORIMEN. |

SCENE: *St.* James's *Park, and Houses adjoining.*

# *Once a* Lover; *and Always a* Lover.

A

# COMEDY.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE *St.* James's *Park and Houses adjoining.*

ANGELICA *and* CONSTANTIA, *in Man's Apparel.*

*Ang.* DISGUISE your Inclinations as you can,
Yet every Woman's Buſineſs is a Man.

*Conſt.* And every Man's is a Woman --- So the World goes round.

*Ang.* Not ſo equally as you may imagine. This wicked Age has introduced ſtrange unnatural Revolutions amongſt us, even in Love. Thus diſguiſed, how do the pretty Fellows, as they are call'd, flutter about us? Demme, *Jack*, a charming Boy --- Beged, how I could hug the young Rogue!

*Conſt.* If they have their *Strephons*, we have our *Sappho's*. Come, Come, There we are even with them again.

*Ang.* To confess the Truth, Ingenuity is so well improved on both Sides, it would be hard to say which Sex has a Right to throw the first Stone. But to the Point: Of all the Conquests I could make in this Habit, my single Aim is at Lady DORIMEN: It is, you know, to her Niece LUCINDA, my faithless BELLAMOUR is upon the point of being married: I have but this Day to prevent it, and either to recover or be revenged of the Traytor.

*Const.* Well, let us hear: How do you propose to go about it?

*Ang.* This Lady DORIMEN, you must know, is a Woman of Quality, of tolerable Sense, handsome enough, perfectly well-bred, with a little Turn of Affectation: In Publick, she preserves all that outward Dignity and Decorum which is necessary to keep up the Forms of Respect: But she is the Devil in a Corner: Her Composition is all Tinder; the least Spark kindles her into a Flame. --- Upon this I ground my Hopes ---

*Const.* Of being that Spark --- Well, go on.

*Ang.* The Person whom I have found out to be my Agent and Introducer is no other than my own graceless old Father, Sir TOBY TICKLE: A Libertine of the last Age, who being past the Enjoyment of Pleasure himself, his whole Delight is in procuring it for others. There is in every one's Composition some particular prevailing Ingredient: With good Sense, good Manners, a thorough Knowledge of the World, not without some Mixture of Honour, he can no more resist an Opportunity of being Convenient, than my Lord *Touch-it-and-take-it*, with Ten thousand Pounds a-

year,

year, can help picking of Pockets. He knows me not; neither is it possible he should, having left me in my Cradle to the Care of an old Aunt, and never seen or enquired after me since.

*Const.* This virtuous Father of yours is so universally useful, that I am no Stranger to his Person or Character. I have retained him too in a Cause of my own --- For, to confess the Truth freely, there was some other Meaning in my putting on Breeches besides keeping you Company.

*Ang.* I always suspected as much, you jump'd into them so readily --- Well then, now for your Secret.

*Const.* Know then, my dear ANGELICA, as much as I have appeared in publick an Enemy declared to Love, we have held a private Correspondence together. And, what may seem more out of the way, The Man in the World whom I love best, is Him whom I use worst. I know what perfidious Creatures Men are, and am resolved to sound his Soul to the Bottom, before he shall see the least Glimpse into mine: If upon Proof, I find FREDERICK loves me as sincerely as he professes, he may then hope for my Favour; but if I find him varying in the least, let my Treatment of him be never so provoking or tyrannical, my Aversion, which is now but Pretence, shall become real; nor shall he ever have it in his Power to suspect I have had the least Weakness for him.

*Ang.* It is so very unusual to love and be discreet at the same Time, that this Caution is much to be commended. O why was not I as wise?

*Const.* In pursuance therefore of this Design, I have already in this Disguise made a Friendship with him,

passing for my own Brother COURTALL, whom every body knows to resemble me so entirely, that by changing of Habits it is impossible to know which is which. Thus I have daily Opportunity to pry into his most secret Thoughts, to acquaint myself with every little Humour, and see him in all Lights. To this serious Piece, there happens to be added a *Farce*. In Exchange for my Sister, he has offer'd me the Choice of one of his: I have accepted the Proposal: He has no less than four, and I am at them all.

*Ang*. How! At all four!

*Const*. Their Characters are extraordinary: The two eldest are affected Prudes, professing an Aversion to all Mankind, but licking their Lips at every Coxcomb they see: The third is a romping *Blowsabella* perpetually cramming all Sorts of Trash, which she digests at Horse-play with the Footmen: The fourth is an agreeable young Creature enough, modest and discreet. I play them all off alike, and keep up the Suspence of determining by the Impossibility of deciding, where all are equally charming.

*Ang*. What Malice to triumph in this Manner over the Weakness of your own Sex! What can this exposing the Sisters, advance any thing with the Brother?

*Const*. It diverts me, that's enough: Enquire no farther. As for your combustible Madam, methinks I see her all in a Blaze upon your first Approach. --- Faith, I could be in Love with you myself, but that I know your Credentials are counterfeit, and 'tis a false Pass which you shew.

*Ang*.

*Ang.* Pr'ythee tell me truly --- What manner of a Man do I make?

*Conſt.* Upon Honour, in all Appearance as much a Man as the ſmarteſt *Petit-Maître*, or the gentleſt Dangler of them all.

*Ang.* However, one is a little aukward at firſt --- How do I walk?

*Conſt.* Ha *Morbleu!* An Air *fiére & determinée.*

*They ſtrut about the Stage. Enter Sir* TOBY *who runs and embraces them.*

*Sir Toby.* My *Ganymede!* --- My *Hylas!* ---

*Ang.* My *Jupiter!* ---

*Conſt.* My *Hercules!* ---

*Sir Toby.* Odzooks, you are lucky Rogues both! The Female World's your own --- For thy part, my little *Cupid of Cupids*, Lady DORIMEN's prepared to melt at thy Sight like Butter in the Sun: I have ſo loaded and primed her with thy Praiſes, Touch but the Cock --- Bounce --- ſhe goes off as ſure as a Gun. ---

And ſee here, my *Mark Anthony*, (*To* Conſtantia)

" *Twice Twenty ſlender Virgin-Fingers twine*
" *This curious Web, where all their Fancies join.*

Your four *Cleopatra*'s pray you to accept of this Bracelet; 'tis the Work of all four, compoſed of their own Hair, and wrought with their own Hands.

*Conſt. Mercury* was a Fool to Sir *Toby*.

*Sir Tob.* Adzooks! I defy *Mercury* and all his Wings.

*Enter*

*Enter* AIRY *and* VAUNTER.

*Airy.* Ha, TOBY! Son of *Bacchus*, and first Minister to *Venus!* ---

*Vaunt.* Old *Satan*, Ha! *(clapping him on the Back)* By *Ganymede*, a Feast for *Jupiter*. --- [*They flutter about* Ang. *and* Conf. *who break from them.*

*Ang.* and *Conft.* By your Leave, Gentlemen ---

*Sir Toby.* [*lifting his Cane at them.*] Hands off, *Civit*-Cats --- Or, by *Charles*, old *Bilbo* here shall give you Correction: 'Tis Royal Oak every Inch of it --- Kiss the Rod, ye perfumed Knaves --- Fear God, and honour the King.

*Airy.* We have more Wit, Geddemme, than to do either.

*Vaunt.* We are Men of Principles, *Old Arbitrary*, Men of Principles. --- The World is quite another Thing since thy Time, *Old Tilbury.*

*Airy.* But these modern Refinements are too deep for thy old-fashion'd Understanding of the last Age. Keep within thy Sphere, *Old Mercury:* What News from the Land of Love?

*Sir Toby.* That it is the Paradise of Fools when such as thou art the Inhabitants.

*Vaunt.* Well said, *Old Rust*, thou art never without thy Jest.

*Sir Toby.* Nor thou neither, ---- Thou art every Man's Jest.

*Airy.* Ha, Ha, Ha --- A Hit, Geddemme! a palpable Hit --- This old Fellow would make one die with Laughing, Ha, Ha, Ha.

*Sir*

*Sir Toby.* A Fool, ſays *Solomon*, may be known by his Laugh.

*Vaunt.* Good again! * ſays *Solomon!* Ha, Ha, Ha, I ſhall ſee her by and by in *Hyde-Park*, and I'll ask her if ever ſhe ſaid ſo -- Ha, Ha, Ha.

*Sir Toby. O Tempora! O Mores!*

*Airy.* Nay if thou conjureſt, *Trojan*, Farewel --- And ſee the Shew begins --- Lady PRATE-A-PACE, Let me die --- VAUNTER, we promiſed to be upon Duty too this Morning --- To your Poſt -- To your Poſt --

*Vaunter* [ſinging.] *Sans Amour et ſans ces charmes*
*Tout l'anguit dans l'univers* ---

[*Exeunt, ſinging and capering after Lady* PRATE-A-PACE, *who croſſes the Stage with a Crowd of fluttering Coxcombs after her.*

*Ang.* What Fools were thoſe, Sir TOBY?

*Sir Toby.* Such Fools as are to be ſeen, but not to be deſcribed: Odzooks, the Town ſwarms with them: AIRY and VAUNTER are their Names: In the Style of the World they are called *Pretty Fellows*. Coxcombs, who in Defiance to Modeſty, or Good-Manners, with a pert, familiar Aſſurance break in upon all Companies, bragging of Exploits they never performed, and of Favours they never received: And

* *An Old Woman ſo called: A Carryer-on of Intrigues in* Hyde-Park.

valuing

valuing themselves upon being more wicked than in reality they are.

*Ang.* And that same gay Lady PRATE-A-PACE, who is she?

*Sir Toby.* A Riddle, a Rattle, a meer Whirligigg-- Some call her a Wit, but her Tongue out-runs it so fast, she gives it no Time to appear: She has a certain Dexterity in the Exercise of the Eye, which never fails of gathering a Crowd: In the same Instant she smiles upon one, tips the Wink upon another, glances at a third, and laughs at them all. She is the perpetual Motion, here, there, every where, but always in such a Hurry, she may be said to be no-where. Each Sex has its Originals, but with this Difference; There is an attractive Quality in a Woman, let her be never so Impertinent, which draws Mankind to her, like Flies to a Honey-Pot. A Male-Coxcomb has nothing to be said for him.

*Ang.* Who are these, Sir TOBY?

[*Lady* DORIMEN, *and* LUCINDA *appearing.*

*Sir Toby.* Lady DORIMEN, by *Jupiter!* and with her BELLAMOUR's fair Bride, the beautiful LUCINDA, like *Phœbe*, and the Morning-Star ---

*Ang.* Is that your beautiful LUCINDA?

*Sir Toby.* There! There is a Shape, and a Grace--

*Ang.* Not to be compared to Lady DORIMEN.

*Sir Toby.* Lady DORIMEN indeed for the great Air--

*Ang.* And LUCINDA for the little.

*Const.* Confess the Truth, Cousin, don't you but like her too well? *(Aside to one another)*

*Ang.*

*Ang.* O that I could blast every Charm she has!

*Sir Toby.* Bow, Bow, and let 'em pass --- There was a gracious Salute --- [*Lady* DORIMEN *salutes 'em with a smiling Air, as she passes over.* as much as to say, Follow, and bring your Friend with you. Adzooks, if you would know a Woman, or a Statesman, ever while you live, observe the Countenance; when they dissemble most with their Tongues, their Looks will tell Truth — Adzooks, don't I know?

*Const.* Sir TOBY is now in his Kingdom: His Spirits rise at the Prospect of Business.

*Sir Toby.* Stay you here, my *Mark Anthony*: Yonder I see your Four *Cleopatra*'s coming this Way: Take them Fresh and Fasting.

*Const.* One of them, I'll be sworn, is not to be taken Fasting.

*Sir Toby.* Attack, Attack; be Impudent, and succeed. Our Game is at Lady DORIMEN — Courage, my little *Adonis*: Follow, follow — Women and Fortune, favour the Bold.

*Exeunt* ANGELICA *and Sir* TOBY.

DIANA, MELISSA, MIRANDA, DORINDA, CONSTANTIA *joins them; the Bracelet in her Hand.*

Const. "*As Nature them, so they this Shade have wrought,*
"*Soft as their Hand, and various as their Thought.*

And did you think Ladies, my Heart not enough your own before, that you have sent me this pretty Chain to bind it faster?

*Dia.*

*Dia.* The Ladies who have ſent you that Bracelet, ſure meant it for a Reproach, and not for a Favour. Fye, Mr. COURTALL, can no one Colour pleaſe you?

*Conſt.* Truly, Madam, I made a more favourable Interpretation: I flatter'd my ſelf, that the Ladies who ſent me their Hair, meant to deliver up their Strength with it, one and all.

*Mel.* Vanity, Vanity — I vow, and proteſt, horrid Vanity!

*Conſt.* O for Vanity, your Servant: Take that from us, What ſhall we Pretty-Fellows have to live upon?

*Cor.* If Vanity keeps them alive, the Pretty-Fellows of this Age will be Immortal.

*Dia.* Vanity is too fattening a Diet, it may ſpoil young Maſter's Shape: Lord what an odious Creature is a Fat Beau!

*Mel.* Smiles indeed are too nouriſhing. Let us mortify him with Frowns till he looks Lean, Pale, and Languiſhing, like a Lover in Earneſt.

*Miran.* A Lover in Earneſt! O my Stars what's that?

*(In a Romping way, always eating ſome Traſh or other.)*

*Dor.* A ſtrange Sight indeed, like Apparitions, every Body can tell ſome Story of them, though no Body ever ſaw one.

*Mel.* The Truth is, they are ſo taken up with their own ſweet Perſons —

*Dor.* They can neither like, nor love any thing elſe.

*Conſt.*

*Conſt.* Quarter, Quarter, I beſeech you Ladies. What is the World ſwayed by but Self-Affection? The Courtier cringes to the Great-Man, For What? He gets him Preferment: The Great-Man is double diligent about his Maſter, Why? Becauſe it is his Intereſt: The Holy-Man, who makes ſuch a Pother about his Altars, it is much to be feared, means only a Fat Benefice.

*Dor.* And what are Lovers? when a Man pretends a Paſſion, what is his Aim, but to content his own Deſires? This you call Love —— Love of your ſelves, indeed!

*Dia.* The Friendſhip, Religion, Loyalty, and the Love of Men —

*Dor.* Serve only to cover private Views.

*Dia.* Moſt abominable!

*Dor.* The very Virtues of Mankind, are but ſo many Masks for ſome Vice.

*Mel.* Horrid Creatures!

*Conſt.* Smart, and Satirical —What ſay you, Ladies, to an extempore *Lampoon* upon the whole *Mall?*

[*All Women.*] With all our Hearts.

*Dia.* Upon Honour, nothing is ſo diverting, as to rail at Folks behind their Backs —

*Conſt.* Nor ſo faſhionable —— I'll not ſpare a Woman ——

[*All Women.*] Nor we a Man. [*Exeunt.*

LUCINDA *and* CLEVER.

*Luc.* My Aunt ſeems ſo deeply engaged with her new Acquaintance, ſhe'll not miſs us for one half

Turn

Turn. Did you deliver the Note I gave you for BELLAMOUR?

*Clev.* Yes, but I vow it went grievouſly againſt my Heart.

*Luc.* The Truth is, he has been ſo arrogant of late, ſince he thought there could be no longer any Obſtacle to our Marriage, that he makes me Uneaſy: And when once a Woman begins to be Uneaſy with her Lover, ſhe has but little Encouragement to take him for her Maſter.

*Clev.* You have your Aunt's Command to receive him; you have given him Encouragements yourſelf; the Day is fix'd; the whole Town talks of nothing elſe: What can you expect the World will think?

*Luc.* Why, let it think—This Fear of the World deſtroys all the Pleaſures of a Woman's Life—Hang the World—A Woman who minds what the World thinks, or ſays, had better never have been in the World.

*Clev.* Pray, Madam, What may be the Reaſon of this ſudden Alteration?

*Luc.* PHILABEL's Abſence had almoſt worn him out of my Memory: I began to give way to a ſort of an Inclination for BELLAMOUR. Abſence is a terrible Thing; they are but little acquainted with human Nature, who truſt to it. If my old Lover had not returned in the Nick of Time, my new One was in a fair way to have been the happy Man; but ſince I hear PHILABEL came laſt Night to Town, I find myſelf more inclin'd to my firſt Engagement than my laſt.

*Clev.*

*Clev.* Then you are resolved to break with poor Mr. BELLAMOUR?

*Luc.* Not absolutely break with him; but suspend my Resolution, 'till I know how PHILABEL continues inclined.

*Clev.* Dear Madam, why this is being an arrant Coquette.

*Luc.* 'Tis the way of the World. Besides, BELLAMOUR is daily plaguing me with so many impertinent Jealousies and Questions; Watching every Motion of my Eyes in all publick Places; Quarrelling at every innocent Look, or Action, that I dread for a Husband, so — turbulent and unruly a Lover.

*Clev.* I vow, Madam, methinks there's nothing so delightful, as to shew one's Power over these turbulent Spirits; To master them in all their Passions; and, right or wrong, to bring them down upon their Knees to ask Pardon.

*Luc.* Yes, I would master him, I would have him my Slave, like my Glove to draw on, or off, as I am in Humour; but I must have no Expostulations: Give me the Man of Honour, who meaning no Wrong, suspects none: So all private Reckonings at Home are handsomely discharged, who cares for what's spent abroad? —That's the Husband for me.

*Clev.* Lord, Madam, how wildly you talk! —What would my Lady say if she heard you?

*Luc.* Say! Why she would say like all other Guardians who place Happiness only in Settlements. Defend me from a Fool with nothing but an Estate! I would rather marry a Man without a Fortune, than a Fortune without a Man.

*Clev.*

*Clev.* You are in no ſuch Danger, Madam, with Mr. BELLAMOUR.

*Luc.* Nor with Mr. PHILABEL.

*Clev.* I have done, Madam.

*Lady* DORIMEN, ANGELICA, *and Sir* TOBY *returning.*

*L. Dor.* If theſe Trees, Sir TOBY, could write the Hiſtory of their own Times —

*Sir Toby.* We might then hope for a faithful Hiſtorian, who would do Juſtice to the Memory of the God-like Prince who planted them.

*L. Dor.* Which we can never hope for from Men, who are always influenced by Paſſion on one Side or other, and flatter, or traduce, juſt as their Intereſt, their Affection or Prejudice guide them.

*Sir Toby.* O Madam, had you lived in thoſe happy Days of Wit and Gallantry!

*L. Dor.* I have often wiſhed it, when reading my WALLER, I admired the graceful King deſcribed in his Morning Exerciſe, ſtriking the Ball, with Manly Vigour, from one End of the *Mall* to the other-- And then in the Evening—

*Ang.* Like a God diſguiſed, mingling in the Crowd of mortal Beauties —

*Sir Toby.* Aye, There was the Pleaſure! Adzooks, theſe Eyes have ſeen it all, and the Remembrance draws Tears from them.

*L. Dor.* Sir TOBY, a Word with you.

*(Sir* TOBY, *and Lady* DORIMEN *walk aſide.)*

ANGELICA

ANGELICA *in the mean time addresses to* LUCINDA.

*Ang.* So penſive, Madam: May a Man have Leave to gueſs at your Thoughts?

*Luc.* You may, Sir, and find yourſelf miſtaken.

*Ang.* Matrimony, indeed, is a ſerious Thing: The Leap muſt needs ſeem terrible as you approach nearer and nearer to the Precipice.

*Luc.* Not ſo near, pert Sir, as perhaps you may imagine.

*Ang.* This would be ill News to Mr. BELLAMOUR, whoſe Impatience muſt be great to be poſſeſt of ſo much Happineſs.

*Enter* BELLAMOUR, *obſerving them.*

*Luc.* Whatever Mr. BELLAMOUR's Impatience may be, I ſhall hardly venture any Part of my own Repoſe to ſatisfy it.

BELLAMOUR *joining them.*

*Bel.* And do you think it then ſuch a Venture, Madam?

*Luc.* There is no judging of Men, Mr. BELLAMOUR by the Appearances they give themſelves when they court us.

*Bel.* Nor of Women when they are courted: At leaſt if I may compare ſome former Encouragements with your Indifference to Day.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* [*aſide*] How my Blood riſes at the Traytor! Adzooks, as Sir TOBY ſays, I could find in my Heart to cut his Throat before her Face. Down, Down, proud ſwelling Heart.

*Lady* DORIMEN, *and Sir* TOBY *returning.*

*Sir Toby.* My Lady has been beſpeaking you, young Gentleman, to make one in her Party this Evening at *Quadrille*: I have anſwered for you, that ſhe ſhall always find you a ready Gameſter.

*Ang.* I am afraid her Ladyſhip will find me an arrant Bungler.

*Sir Toby.* She'll teach you, ſhe'll teach you: No body underſtands the Game better.

*L. Dor.* It is always good to have one's Party ſo fix'd as not to be at a Loſs for a Gameſter.

*Ang.* Your Ladyſhip may depend upon me --- as far as I am able to perform.

*L. Dor.* Mr. BELLAMOUR, your Servant --- 'Tis Pity to interrupt Lovers --- Let us be convenient, and leave them together! Our Preſence may conſtrain them: Niece, you will not be diſpleaſed to be left alone for a few Minutes with Mr. BELLAMOUR --- We'll meet the next Turn.

[*L.* DORIMEN, *Sir* TOBY, *and* ANGELICA *walk aſide.*

LUCINDA

LUCINDA, BELLAMOUR.

*Bel.* Cruel Woman! Why was this Letter ſent me this Morning?

LETTER.

[Reads] " *You have been too confident of my Conſent:* " *Preſume no longer upon my Aunt's Authority. My* " *Heart is yet my own, and while it continues ſo,* " *my Perſon ſhall never be diſpoſed of. Come not* " *near me to Day.*

[*Speaks*] Why am I thus abuſed?

*Luc.* Come not near me to Day --- Why am I diſobey'd?

*Bel.* If any Miſtake has happened: or if in any thing, unknowing, I have tranſgreſs'd, may I not be admitted to clear my Innocence?

*Luc.* To make yourſelf more guilty, is that to clear your Innocence? Let my Commands ſeem never ſo unjuſt, or unreaſonable, I expect to be obey'd: Nay, I will be obey'd: Whilſt I remain Miſtreſs, Patience, and Reſignation is your Buſineſs --- When I am your Wife, you may have your Revenge.

*Bel.* Patience, and Reſignation, are for Fools and abject Slaves --- I'd have you to know, Madam, you have to do with a Man ---

*Luc.* And I'll have you to know, Sir, you have to do with a Woman.

*Bel.* By Heavens, I find it but too true. Your Sex is all a Riddle, unintelligible to the moſt piercing, and quick-

quick-ſighted: You are all Artifice, and Diſguiſe; Reſolving, and Altering, without Senſe or Reaſon: Inconſtant in your Minds, as in your Perſons: As theſe are ſubject to Age, and Infirmities, ſo are thoſe to every frivolous Intereſt, or idle Temptation: Your Love is never ſo well eſtabliſhed, but it is ſacrificed every Hour to your Humour, your Folly, or your Pride---

*Luc.* Enough, Enough, Mr. BELLAMOUR. If this is your Opinion of our Sex, how are you to be believed when you pretend to love us? How can any thing ſo deformed be beloved?

*Bel.* There is a ſecret Enchantment in your Perſons which bewitches us to our own Deſtruction. Come, come, This myſterious Proceeding, Madam, muſt be better explained: This is no Time for it: Your Company return. ---

[*L.* DORIMEN, *Sir* TOBY, *and* ANGELICA *returning.*

You ſhall find, Madam, you have no Fool to deal with. [*Exit.*

*Luc.* And you ſhall find, Sir --- That's more than you know.

*L. Dor.* What have you been doing to Mr. BELLAMOUR? He ſeemed to flounce off in a Paſſion.

*Luc.* He is in one of his Splenetick Fits: 'Tis an Affectation the Men have got to diſguiſe Ill-Humour, and Ill-Manners.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* He looks indeed methinks a little too soon with the careful Face of a marry'd Man.

*L. Dor.* Niece, our Hour is come --- [*Looking at her Watch.*

*Ang.* The Park, Madam, is still full ---

*L. Dor.* An invincible Necessity obliges us at this Time.

*Sir Toby.* We have your Leave to make Part of your Circle by and by?

*L. Dor.* I shall expect it with Pleasure both from your self --- And Friend --- [*Casting an obliging Glance at* ANG.

" *Snatch'd from myself, how far behind*
" *Already I behold the Shoar!* --- [Exit with LUC.

*Sir Toby.* Well, my little Friend, how do you like this Beginning?

*Ang.* Beyond my Hopes --- A Quarrel already begun! --- The Aunt as coming as I could wish! -- If I make nothing of all this --- Well, dear Sir TOBY, I see plainly by this good Beginning, you will prove a Father to me in the End.

*Sir Toby.* Odzooks! I love thee as a Father loves his own Child. [*Embracing her tenderly, she turns aside, wiping her Eyes.*

*Ang.* O Nature! Nature!

*Sir Toby.* What now, my Boy? Where shall we dine?

*Ang.* 'Tis too soon for Dinner. I see BELLAMOUR musing by himself in yonder Walk: A Crotchet is

 come

come into my Head: I'll join him, and find you here again.

*Sir Toby.* In the mean Time I'll look out for a Friend to make a Third with us, 'till the Scene opens at Lady DORIMEN's.

*The END of the* FIRST ACT

ACT

# ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *of the* PARK *continues.*

FREDERICK, DIANA, MELISSA, DORINDA, *and* MIRANDA.

*Fred.* LOVE is an universal Invader: Whatever Women pretend, they are all sensible alike, only with this Difference, Those whom we call Vertuous, have more Pride, or better Skill, in Dissembling.

*Dia.* Fye, Brother, upon Honour I can't abide you should talk so: I'll live and die, in the Assertion, That no Woman could ever be in Love with a Man.

*Mel.* A Man! Filthy Beast -- Phogh. [*Spits.*

*Mir.* By my Troth, you are very nice --- [*bluntly*] Let me never be married, if I have not seen proper, handsom Fellows, of all Sorts and Sizes.

*Dia.* Upon Honour, Sister, such a Confession does not become the Mouth of a young Creature of Condition, who has any Regard for Reputation.

*Mir.* If one may'nt speak what one thinks -- A Fig for Reputation -- I won't tell a Lye.

*Fred.* In a Word; One of you, if you love me, must love COURTALL. I have already told you my Passion for his Sister: He has engaged to put me in Possession of her, whenever one of you Four can be prevailed

vailed upon to like him. Upon this ſingle Article depends my Life, and all my future Happineſs.

*Dia.* To ſave a Brother's Life, really, much ſhould be done: But, I take my Death, a Man is ſtrangely my Averſion.

*Fred.* This very Day he has promiſed to determine, Which of the Four is moſt his Inclination ---

*Dia.* Really, Brother, as I don't doubt but that I am the Perſon ---

*Mel.* You the Perſon!

*Mir.* Sure he has more Wit than to chooſe the oldeſt.

*Dia.* Impertinence! The oldeſt!

*Dor.* Dear Siſters, have Patience. Let us know a little more of the Gentleman's Mind before we fall out for him.

*Dia.* For him! Fall out for him! What, for the Creature! Nay then if that can be ſurmiz'd, there's an End, there's an End: I renounce, I renounce --- My Siſter's might have an Eye to the Creature --- To the Thing --- But as I am a true Virgin, nothing, but an inordinate Deſire to be the Inſtrument of a Brother's Happineſs, could prevail upon me to have any Notion of Cohabitation with a Man.

*Mir.* Don't cry, Siſter, don't cry --- and I'll give you a Sugar-Plumb. [*Offering her a Handful of Sugar-Plumbs, which ſhe ſtrikes into the Air; the other picks 'em up again.*

*Fred.* Pray no more Words. Go home, I know he expects you, DIANA, you are the Eldeſt, and ſhould ſhew a good Example --- No Reply --- Agree amongſt yourſelves, and make me happy by making COURTALL ſo. I follow you. [*Exeunt* SISTERS.

How

How aukwardly we ſtrive to conceal Nature! And, How apparent are the Deſires of theſe Women, in Spight of their affected Reluctance! It is as hard to hide a true, as to diſſemble a feigned Paſſion. [*Exit.*

## SCENE. II.

*Sir* JOHN AIRY, VAUNTER.

*Airy.* The Porter, who ſlip'd this Note into my Hand, told me, it was given him by a Gentlewoman, who ſallied forth from a Back-Door of one of theſe Houſes.

VAUNTER *taking the Letter.*

[*Vau.* reads.] " *If you will venture your Perſon, be-*
" *tween the Hours of Ten and Eleven, in the*
" Bird-Cage Walk, *you ſhall be met by One,*
" *who will conduct you to the happieſt Adven-*
" *ture you ever had in your Life.*

[*Speaks.*] Geddemme!

*Airy.* I am coſidering who there can be, on this *Weſtminſter*-Side of the Park, whom I have not had already -- Let me ſee -- [*Pulling out a Pocket-Book.*

*Vau.* Why all this ſtudying? Don't we ſtand here under LUCINDA's Window? The prettieſt Woman in Town; gay, airy, coquette, every Thing that can feed a Lover's Hopes.

*Airy.* I'gad, that may very well be. She likes me

I know --- She never ſees me but ſhe laughs full in my Face.

*Vau.* Hark'e, JOHN, That rather looks like -- not likeing you, Be-gad.

*Airy.* Your Pardon for that --- if a Smile is encourageing --- *A plus fort* --- A Laugh. A Smile is, at beſt, but the Diminutive of a Laugh.

*Vau.* Where-ever I come, I obſerve every Body laugh; and, I'gad, I always took it for an Affront.

*Airy.* [*looking big*] An Affront! Demme! If I'd take an Affront from the King. A well-bred Man never takes an Affront; but overlooks, with a genteel Grace, thoſe little Impertineneies, which ſplenetick, captious Coxcombs apply to themſelves: To know how to elude, or parry an Affront, is the Tip-top of Gallantry, and Good-Breeding.

*Vau.* Dear JACK, how will you make that out?

*Airy.* Why thus: If any rough, unmannerly Sir *John Brute* ſhould take it into his Head to offer me the Incivility of a Lye --- Pray, Am I oblig'd to take it?

*Vau.* Geddeme! I'll take nothing from any Man that I don't care to take.

*Airy.* And what is reſenting, but taking it? As a Blot is no Blot 'till it is hit; An Affront is no Affront 'till it is taken.

*Vau.* 'Tis not to be deny'd.

*Airy.* Suppoſe me now, for Example, ſome dreadful, bloody-minded Colonel --- [*Acting both Parts.*] Here ſtand I --- There ſtand you --- A nice accompliſhed, pretty Fellow --- Thus I accoſt you, --- Blood and Death, Sir, you lye --- Then you muſt

ſay,

ſay, --- Dear Sir, *Pardonnez moi*, you muſt needs lye under ſome Miſtake. ---

*Vau.* Excellent, I'gad! --- Lye under a Miſtake --- So by a genteel double *Entendre*, and a *Pardonnez moi* — the Lye comes home to him again. Ha, Ha, Ha,

*Airy.* I'gad, juſt ſo — Then comes he up to me, more fiercely than before — How, Sir, Not take the Lye — Then take that — [*Gives* VAUNTER *a great Box on the Ear.*

*Vau.* Demme! JACK, That was a little too hard.

*Airy.* 'Twas only to ſhew you.

*Vau.* Well, What muſt I do then?

*Airy.* Why, Ask my Pardon —

*Vau.* Your Pardon! Geddemme, what! for ſtriking me!

*Airy.* Aye, Aye, 'tis civil — I'gad, nothing can be more civil.

*Vau.* That's true too — And Begad, 'tis carrying Civility as far as 'twill go. But now, after all, ſuppoſe this Note ſhould not come from LUCINDA?

*Airy.* It muſt, it ſhall, and can come from nobody elſe.

*Vau.* Your Reaſon, dear, Baronet, your Reaſon.

*Airy.* Why — Becauſe ſhe is the prettieſt Woman in Town; And I, — tho, I ſay it my ſelf, — am the prettieſt Fellow. [*Admiring himſelf.*

*Vau.* Have a Care of that, dear JOHN. One of the prettieſt Fellows, if you pleaſe. [*Admiring himſelf in the ſame manner.*

*Airy.* Sir, I ſay — The Prettieſt Fellow — [*Turning ſhort upon him, half-drawing.*

*Vau.* Sir, I ſay — You lye — [*Encountering in the ſame manner.*

*Airy.* You miſtake me, Mr. VAUNTER. [*After a ſhort Pauſe, puting-up.*

*Vau.* You miſtake me too, Sir JOHN, if you go to that. [*Putting up likewiſe.*

*Air.* O VAUNTER! Thou art coupled with a Puppy, who carries Anger, as the Amber, Sweets: which chaf'd by Rubbing, breathes a warm Perfume; and cooling, ſmells no more.

*Vau.* O AIRY! Did I ever think to ſee the Day! — [*Half crying.——Wiping his Eyes.*
But we are Friends again —— [*Shake Hands.*
Now tell me calmly, Did'ſt ever ſpeak to her?

*Airy.* Speak to her —— Ha, Ha, Ha —— Speak to her —— No. If all thoſe mute Accompliſhments, which form and adorn a pretty Fellow are incapable of Moving, what ſignifies Speaking? When did'ſt thou know a Man, with no other Qualification to recommend him, but Diſcourſe, well receiv'd by the Ladies? I have play'd upon the Flute to her, ſung to her, and danced with her, Geddemme, for a whole Night; And never ſpoke a Word to her.

*Vau.* And yet thou can'ſt talk as good Senſe as another.

*Airy.* I'm too well bred to offend the Ladies.

*Vau.* To talk to a Woman, is one Thing; To be talk'd of for her, is another: Aye, That's the great Point. To be thought to be happy, creates as much Envy, as being really ſo: As Men moſt delight to be praiſed, where they know themſelves to be moſt defective, there is ten times the Pleaſure in being talk'd of

of for one Woman we never enjoy'd, than for Twenty we have. O, If I could but once bring it about to ruin the Reputation of five or ſix innocent young Creatures —— Lurd! What a pretty Fellow ſhould I be! [*Strutting.*

*Airy.* There is nothing ſo eaſy — Mark me, VAUNTER, — At Church, I ſit in the ſame Pew; At the Play, in the ſame Box: At the Opera, I am the next Man to her, never failing to lead her out upon all theſe Occaſions. In the Park, I turn as ſhe turns, I go out when ſhe goes out, I drive gently by her Coach, Stop as ſhe ſtops, Go on ſoftly 'till ſhe drives by again, Then gallop, Beged, 'till I overtake her once more; Ogling all the while like a Devil — Where ſhe alights, there I alight too; and, I'gad, ſhe never makes a Viſit, but I am Up-ſtairs as ſoon as She. The World takes Notice of theſe Aſſiduities; My Happineſs is whiſper'd in every Aſſembly: My Friends give me Joy of my Succeſs, which I receive with — O Ged! Why ſhould any Body think ſo? What could ſhe ſee in me? This Town is a ſtrange Place! — A Man can do nothing in ſecret — Beged, I took all the Pains in the World — But theſe ſilly Women are alwaws betraying themſelves — And thus, Geddemme, half-avowing, and half-denying, I palm myſelf upon a Woman —— Ha, Ha, Ha.

*Vau.* Ha, Ha, Ha.

*Airy.* Well, dear VAUNTER, whatever there may be in this Adventure, Thou ſhalt have thy Share in it —— There is no true Joy without thee.

*Vau.* This Kindneſs quite overcomes me. But, dear JACK, how could you ſay the prettieſt Fellow?

*Airy*. Did I ſay the prettieſt Fellow? Sure I did not.

*Vau*. Indeed, you did. [*Wiping his Eyes.*

*Airy*. I meant only —— as pretty a Fellow. An unlucky Accident, this Morning, put me out of Humour —— My *Arlequin* is loſt ——

*Vau*. Your *Arlequin* loſt! I wonder you did not ſtick me when I provok'd you ſo. [*Crying.*

*Airy*. Well, we will drown that Thought in a Flask of *Champain*.

*Vau*. Dear, dear AIRY, —— Upon my Soul —— you are the prettieſt Fellow! ——

*Airy*. Not I, Not I, —— Dear VAUNTER, —— 'Tis you, 'Tis you. [*Embrace, and kiſs.*

*Two Women mask'd, croſſing the Stage.*

1*ſt*. *Wom*. Sir JOHN AIRY for my Money.

2*d*. *Wom*. Mr. VAUNTER for mine.

*Vau*. Demme, JACK, I think they nam'd us?

*Airy*. They paſſing, caſt at us a ſide-long Glance — [*Accoſting them*] Permit us, Ladies, to have the Honour to ſay, This Cuſtom of aſſaſſinating Hearts in Maſquerade, is, by no means, Fair Play — It is like —

1*ſt*. *Wom*. What is it like, Sir JOHN?

*Airy*. It is like —— a dark Lanthorn, Beged.

1*ſt*. *Wom*. A dark Lanthorn, Sir JOHN?

*Airy*. That which guides you to give the Stroke, blinds us from ſeeing who gives it.

1*ſt*. *Wom*. Prettily imagined. And politely brought off.

2*d*. *Wom*. Indeed, Mr. VAUNTER, you don't know me.

*Vau*.

*Vau.* In Spight of the Cloud which conceals the bright Beams of the Sun, his warm Influence is the ſame: Your Ladyſhip is to be known, —— Geddemme —— Like the Coaſt of *Arabia* by the *Aromatick* Smell.

*1ſt. Wom.* Hi, Hi, Hi.

*2d. Wom.* Hi, Hi, Hi. [*Run out laughing.*

*Vau.* They fly but to be purſued.

*Air.* " In Love, the Victors from the Vanquiſh'd fly ——

*Vau.* " They fly that wound, and they purſue who die.

[*Exeunt, following the Masks.*

## SCENE III.

BELLAMOUR, ANGELICA.

*Bel.* Your Couſin might have ſaved you this Errant: An unſeaſonable Dun, when we have nothing to ſpare, is as vexatious in Love, as in Money-Matters.

*Ang.* You own you loved her once; And it is by that Love ſhe now conjures you, by me, not to give Way to any other Paſſion, which muſt load You with Perjury, and Her with Miſery.

*Bel.* I ſhould be ſorry to make a Lady miſerable: But if to change a Miſtreſs is Perjury, Who is innocent?

*Ang.* What Reaſon can you give for your Change?

*Bel.* Faith, none at all. --- Our preſent Inclinations are

are our Maſters: We wander but as our Stars lead us; If they are falſe Lights, and lead us out of the Way, let them anſwer for it. It was my Fortune to ſee ANGELICA, and to love her; It was my Fortune to be abſent from her, and to forget her: What is there New in all this? I confeſs, ſhe has Beauty, and Wit, and Vertue, every Thing that might fix Inclination, if Inclination was to be fix'd: But, alas! is there any Thing in this World but what is mortal? Merit, and Fortune, have been ever at Variance.

*Ang.* Fortune can never ſide with Falſhood and Perjury.

*Bel.* You miſtake Fortune --- Fortune is, as it were, an Hoſpital for Villany and Folly; where all are provided for, whom Nature has maimed, or disfigured: Mark every raw, unpoliſh'd Cub you meet, you will find him ſome Minion of Fortune: And every crooked, ill-favour'd Hag, 'tis odds, but ſhe is ſome diſtinguiſh'd Fortune. The Children of this World have different Portions, ſome are Wiſe, ſome have Wit, ſome are Brave, ſome have Beauty; but where Merit is deny'd, Fortune provides: Fortune is the Cordial Drop, preſcribed by Providence, to comfort the Worthleſs, and Undeſerving, for the Severity and Unkindneſs of Nature.

*Ang.* Is this Sermon all the Comfort ſhe is to expect from you?

*Bel.* I would not deal ungently with a Lady whom I once loved, and ſhall always reſpect: Chooſe the ſofteſt Terms you pleaſe, and adviſe her as a Friend, to forget One, who cannot help owning himſelf unworthy of Her.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* What you ſay to me, is the ſame Thing as if you ſaid it to herſelf: If I can make her hate you,-- depend upon it, I will.

*Bel.* Not hate me, I would not have her hate me: Tho' I ceaſe to be her Lover, I ſhall always be her Friend.

*Ang.* Her Friend!

*Re-enter* AIRY *and* VAUNTER.

*Airy.* Were ever Men ſo miſtaken! —— The very Refuge of the Land of *Drury* — Beged!

*Vau.* Pox on't —— would I had my Similes again: Never were the Beams of the Sun, and the Spice of *Arabia*, ſo ill beſtow'd.

*Airy.* Ha! Bride-groom of the World, Friend BELL. my Dear, when is the Grand Operation to be perform'd? To Have and to Hold for Life, what another may divert himſelf with for a Quarter of an Hour, without any Tye, is a more agreeable Amuſement, Beged, for one's Neighbour than one's ſelf.

*Vau.* Is the Man poſſeſs'd? To condemn himſelf for all the Days and Nights of his Life to one Body! To be bound never to change her, tho' ſhe change never ſo much, tho' ſhe grow never ſo old, ſo ſtinking, or ill-favoured. Phogh! [*They hover about him, He ſhifting ſurlily to get away*

Ang. *A ſober Man, like Thee, to change his Life!*
*What Fury would poſſeſs thee with a Wife?*
*Art thou of every other Death bereft?*
*No Knife, no Rats-bane, no kind Halter left?*
As my Friend DRYDEN has it.

*Vau.*

*Vau.* Do not you know? Geddemme, Let a Woman be never so much an Angel before Enjoyment, she is the Devil afterwards.

*Airy.* But, perhaps, the poor Dog has a Mind to a Son and Heir, and to see himself growing up, in a little Monkey-fac'd Representative. But hark'e, Friend BELL. Take this Saying of another Poet's along with you ——

*Tho'* SOLOMON *with a Thousand Wives,*
*To get a wise Successor, strives;*
*But one —— and he a Fool, survives.*

Geddemme!

*Bel.* Fools and Puppies!

[*Breaks thro' 'em, and Exit.*

*Airy.* Ha, Ha, Ha, — Art thou gall'd, *Old Matrimony?*

*Vau.* We have firk'd him I'faith ——

*Ang.* Just as if a Lion should be baited by Baboons.

*Enter Sir* TOBY *and* PHILABEL.

*Sir Toby.* Well, my little Friend, how has thy Crotchet succeeded? Here is Colonel PHILABEL newly arrived, to make a Third with us.

*Air.* No Company like Five —— If you knew the Pains VAUNTER and I have taken, to break from the Ladies, to come to Thee again —— No less than two Duchesses in Vizard-Masks.

*Vau.* No bragging, dear JACK; One of them, you know, was but a Countess.

*Airy.*

*Airy.* Peeresses, Peeresses —— All three Peeresses of the Realm.

*Ang.* In Buckram Dominô's ——

*Airy.* No, No — Like *Luna* in a Veil — I never name Names — But provided it may go no farther — Hark'e, TOBY, in your Ear.

*Sir Toby.* Keep your Distance — The Breath of a rotten Beau smells farther than a Wedding, or a Brick-Kiln: Nothing can out-stink it but his Scandal.

*Airy.* Thou'rt always so plaguy witty — But let that pass — What Fool, dost think, we have been rallying to Death?

*Sir Toby.* I see no Fool, here, but VAUNTER, and thyself.

*Airy.* Thou'lt make me angry one Time or other — Geddemme! with these true Jests.

*Sir Toby.* Geddemme? — Thou dar'st not be angry — [*Lifting his Cane at him.*

*Airy.* Nay, dear TOBY, no Man alive, you know, is more your humble Servant.

*Sir Toby.* Odzooks, when I have such Servants, they shall be known by their broken Heads.

*Vau.* Well, for a dry Joak, or a quick Repartee, may I never say a witty Thing again, if I believe Old TOBY has his Fellow.

*Ang.* We have, indeed, had excellent Sport —

*Air.* By your Leave, I'll tell my own Merits. You must know then, BELLAMOUR has been here, under the Rose be it spoken, my Cuckold *in futuribus*; For, as you know, and as all the World knows, for if it was a Secret no body could know; and how it came not to be a Secret, Geddemme, if I know — Upon these

theſe Occaſions I am always — Mum — But Women are ſtrange indiſcreet Things — A Man can't be always ſtopping their Mouths — Geddemme ——

*Vau.* He ſpeaks like an Angel — Beged!

*Airy.* As I was ſaying then — This ſame BELLAMOUR is to be marry'd to LUCINDA, Lady DORIMEN's Niece. Now — This LUCINDA — If I might be permitted to ſay it — Hum — Ha —

[*Admiring himſelf with ridiculous Airs.*

*Vau.* Aye, Beged, — *Litera Scripta manet* — There's *Latin* for you, Old *Ruſt.*

[*Clapping Sir* TOBY *on the Back.*

*Sir Toby.* And there's *Engliſh* for you, Young *Braſs.*

[*Strikes him with his Cane.*

*Phil.* Why! you conceited Puppies —

[*His Hand upon his Sword.*

*Sir Toby.* Moths, Caterpillars, Vermin! ——

[*Still beating them.*

*Airy.* You miſtake us, Gentlemen, Beged.

*Vau.* No Men alive are more your humble Servants —

[*Run out.*

*Phil.* How unhappy are Women, whoſe Fame depends upon the Breath of ſuch Fools!

*Ang.* Methinks, Gentlemen, you are very rough with pretty Fellows.

*Sir Toby.* Pretty Fellows! I liv'd in the Plague, and was leſs afraid of Peſtilence, than of the familiar Impertinence of a pert, modern Beau. The Foplings of my Time were well-bred Coxcombs: Good-Manners, like Charity, will cover a Multitude of Faults: I hate a buſy, ſawcy, pragmatical, unmannerly Puppy.

*Phil.* Pretty Fellows do you call 'em? Pretty Apes!

Pretty

Pretty Baboons! Creatures, ſo out of the Way of Nature, they might be ſhewn at Wakes and Fairs, for Monſters. Are theſe your fine Gentlemen? Tell me, Sir TOBY, are none of the old Stock remaining? It is to be hop'd, at leaſt, that the Fair Sex have eſcaped Degenerating.

*Sir Toby.* Let us deſcant, my Friend, as we pleaſe upon the Paſt, and the Preſent; Mankind has been, and will be, ever the ſame: With ſome little Variation, as Faſhions may change, there will be always the ſame Men; Minions, who ſuck with inſatiable Thirſt, from the Fountain of Favour, 'till ſwelling, like Spunges, beyond what they can hold, the Hand of Envy gives them a hearty Squeeze —— And, Goodnight Spunge. Devotees without Piety, Friends without Friendſhip, Wits without Senſe, Men of Honour without Virtue, Patriots without Principles—Odzooks! halt there — or my Wit may prove — without Judgment.

*Phil.* The Ladies, Sir TOBY, — The Ladies!

*Sir Toby.* Angels, Angels! — Odzooks, all Angels! The Vertuous ſet us heavenly Examples; The Kind give us heavenly Joys.

" On this one only Bleſſing Heav'n might raiſe,
" In Lands of *Atheiſts*, Subſidies of Praiſe.

Odzooks.

*Phil.* I know, Sir TOBY, no Man alive has ſtudy'd the Sex more than you.

*Sir Toby.* No, Sir, Nor enter'd deeper —Let me tell you.

*Phil.* As I find LUCINDA, I ſhall judge of the

rest

rest — But I have heard some odd Stories in my Absence.

CLEVER *appearing.*

*Sir Toby.* See an Informer for your Purpose, Mrs. CLEVER can give you the best Intelligence of that. For my Part, I am no Teller of Tales.

*Clev.* Noble Colonel, Welcome from the Camp.

*Phil.* My old Friend, Mrs. CLEVER, I am over-joy'd to see you — I was just enquiring after your young Lady: They tell me, I am returned in good Time to dance at her Wedding.

*Clev.* At her Wedding! — That's just as you please. This Note will better inform you.

[PHIL. reads.] " *Be not surprizd at any Dis-*
" *course you may hear of me in Town: I am the*
" *same you left me, and shall be glad to find no Al-*
" *teration in you. — If you think it worth your while,*
" *you may see me this Evening at my Aunt's. This*
" *is her Day. — Adieu.*

[*Speaks.*] If this Return is sincere, how came BELLAMOUR so well received in my Absence?

*Clev.* Why, Don't you know, the best-received are not always the most welcome; and the Civilities a Lady may outwardly shew to one Man, may be meant to cover private Correspondence with another? BELLAMOUR! No, No, she'll have none of your BELLAMOURS.

*Ang.* [*aside*] Fortune, I adore thee — There needs

no

no Skill to play these Cards — But one Trick more, and the Game's my own,

*Sir Toby.* What say you; Mrs. CLEVER, to my little Friend here? He's most desperately in Love with Lady DORIMEN.

*Clev.* That's desperate indeed — Alas! Widows have Beef-Stomachs: Such a Chick is not half a Mouth-full. In one Hour more, my Lady will be ready, you may then make your Visit. She expects you, Sir TOBY, a little before, at her Toilet. [*Going.*

*Phil,* Dear CLEVER, tell my charming LUCINDA, I have never ceased to adore her; and will not fail to throw myself at her Feet, since I have her Leave for it.

*Ang.* As much a Chick as you take me to be, your Lady shall find me a true Cock of the Game — And so you may tell her.

*Clev.* Alack! Alack! Believe me, young Gentleman, such tender Tit-Bits can only serve for a little picking at the last Course, after one has had a substantial Bellyful before. And so, Your Servant. [*Exit.*

*Sir Toby.* Well said, CLEVER, Thou know'st the Difference betwixt a Sur-loin, and a Sweet-Bread.

*Phil.* Now let's adjourn where I may shift this rusty Camp-Equipage; and fit myself for Love, and the Ladies.

" Thus, Hero-like, we from the Wars remove,
" To crown our Toils, and still that Crown is Love.

*The END of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT

# ACT III. SCENE I.

*Lady* DORIMEN *at her Toilet, finishing her Dress: Waiting-Women, Pages, Valets de Chambres attending, all employ'd in some Way, or other. Women with Stuffs,* China-*Ware,* &c.

*Enter* CLEVER.

*Clever.* SIR TOBY, Madam, is just coming up: Your Visitants will surprize you before you are ready.

*1st. Wom.* Be pleas'd to dismiss us, Madam, before Sir TOBY comes up.

*2d. Wom.* We had rather lose our Money, than be exposed to his Redicule. [*Packing up their Bundles.*

*Enter* Sir TOBY.

Sir Toby. *Th'adorning Thee with so much Art,*
*Is but a barbarous Skill;*
*'Tis like the poysoning of a Dart,*
*Too apt before to kill.*

What! always these Pedlars at your Toilet!

*1st Wom.*

*1ſt Wom.* Pedlars! No more than your Worſhip's a Pimp, if you go to that —

*Sir Toby.* The Orange-Women ſwear they'll pull out your Eyes, ſince a Note in a Tea-Pot is found more ſecure than at the Bottom of a Basket of Fruit.

*2d Women.* You'd have the whole Trade to your ſelf, would you? Pray, Madam, bid Mrs. CLEVER diſcharge us.

*L. Dor.* Give them their Money: My Purſe is upon the Table. But hark you, Mrs. *Janoway*, for the future, bring me nothing but right *Indian* — I abominate your *Dutch* Trumpery.

*Wom.* Thank you, Kind Madam.

[*Exeunt with their Bundles.*

*L. Dor.* Set Sir TOBY a Chair — And wait within Call.

*Servants retire: Sir* TOBY *ſits: Lady* DORIMEN *during the Converſation adjuſting herſelf, from time to time, before her Glaſs.*

*Sir Toby.* Your little Gameſter, Madam, will be here inſtantly: He is ſo charmed with your Ladyſhip, Faith, if you are not merciful, the poor Thing will pine, and die.

*L. Dor.* It is much for a Lady's Honour to have a Lover die.

*Sir Toby.* Let thoſe die who are not worth ſaving. But this is the gentleſt Youth, as tender, and loving, as your Bird; and it would be as much Pity he ſhould come to any Harm.

*L. Dor.*

*L. Dor.* He is — so very young.

*Sir Toby.* Why, so much the better, you may train him, and instruct him in your own Way; And as he grows up, you will find him improve upon your Hands.

*L. Dor.* But these young Things are at first so — I don't know how — so aukward — one is so put to it.

*Sir Toby.* Ways, and Means must be used: An insinuating Glance with the Eye, a gentle Squeeze by the Hand, or so: Adzooks! If Women, thro' Affectation; and Men, thro' Respect, keep at Distance; how the Devil should they ever come together? Come, come, this is an Age of Improvement? The Ladies know better Things.

*L. Dor.* I blush for the Follies of my Sex.

*Sir Toby.* Then there is the Secret of Secrets, The never-failing Elixir of Love —

*L. Dor.* Elixir of Love! Heavens! What's that? Pray Sir TOBY, keep within Bounds.

*Sir Toby.* Adzooks, Madam, I can hold my Tongue.

*L. Dor.* No, no, What is it? Lord, don't you be so peevish.

*Sir Toby.* Then, this Secret of Secrets, is the Golden Specifick, called a Pension, or settl'd Salary. Its Operations are wonderful; It fixes Inconstancy itself: Every Man is true to his Interest, whatever he would be to his Mistress.

*L. Dor.* I hope your Friend, Sir TOBY, is none of those mercenary Creatures.

*Sir Toby.* I don't say he is: But, now and then, a Diamond-Ring, or a Gold Snuff-Box, are pretty Provocatives.

*L. Dor.*

*L. Dor.* Can Men of Quality give themſelves up ſo odiouſly for Money? O horrid!

*Sir Toby.* Excuſe me, Madam, from telling you all that Men of Quality will do for Money.

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* Colonel PHILABEL, and a young Gentleman with him, are below, enquiring for Sir TOBY.

*Sir Toby.* [*riſing.*] I'll go down, and entertain them, 'till you are ready to receive your Company. I muſt ask your Pardon afterwards for one Half-hour — I have another ſmall Affair upon my Hands. —

*L. Dor.* You are always employ'd in ſome charitable Office: But beſure you come: It will be an empty Circle without you. [*Riſing from her Toilet.*

[*Exit Sir* TOBY.

CLEVER, give me one of my laſt new Fans — No, not that — Another — Aye, this.

*Clever.* What ſhall we do with Sir JOHN, Madam? he had your Note as directed.

*L. Dor.* I had forgot that, in the Hurry of this new Inclination — Why — Keep him in Play, or diſmiſs him, as Accidents may happen — This Young Thing may commit Over-ſights.

*Clever.* True, Madam — Youth has its Inconveniencies, as well as its Conveniencies — When the Houſe is on Fire — The more Buckets the better.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

DIANA, MELISSA, MIRANDA, *and* DORINDA: CONSTANTIA *seeming in Courtship with them all.*

Const. *Joy salutes me when I set*
*My bless'd Eyes on* AMORET;
*But with Wonder I am struck,*
*When I on the Other's look.*

How is it possible to choose One, when All are engaging alike? When I incline to the Prudence, and nice Honour of DIANA, MELISSA interposes, with a Grace and an Air, which no Mortal can resist: And, when MELISSA gets Ground, MIRANDA confounds me with the Frankness of her Humour, and her un-affected Sincerity: And so on to the charming DORINDA, who with one Glance of her bright Eyes, can turn my fleeting Heart which Way she pleases.

*Dor.* Sure *Cupid* shot the Gentleman with a Blunderbuss! — Four such dreadful Wounds could never have been made with a Dart.

*Dia.* I profess, I blush to propose such an Expedient as a — *Tête à Tête* — But I vow and protest — Tho' I am almost asham'd to name it — The likeliest Way

to

to know his Mind really, and truly — Would be to discourse with him — in particular.

*Mel.* Upon my Honour, Sister Di - has observ'd with great Penetration — The Gentleman might be more direct if we took our Turns to be alone with him in private.

*Const.* [*aside*] Marry, Heavens forbid!

*Dor.* Fye, Sisters, sure your Prudence and nice Honour would never permit you, really, and truly, to be left alone with a Man.

*Dia.* Really, and truly, you are superlatively confident — It would become you, not to forget the Respect due to an elder Sister.

*Mir.* [*bluntly*] Look'e, Sister Di — You are always harping upon Seniority — But you'd be loth I shou'd tell — really, and truly — how old you are.

*Dia.* [*furiously*] Get you gone, Hussy — To your Nursery — Go.

*Mir.* [sings] *Ancient* Phyllis *has young Graces.*

*Const.* I beseech you, Ladies, let this Debate go no farther — I have an Expedient ready, to satisfie all. Here are four Notes directed to each of you; Three of them are Blanks, the Fourth is the Benefit-Ticket. These you shall deliver to your Brother the Moment I am gone, who shall tell you my Mind, sparing me the Confusion.

*Dia.* No, No, — Upon Honour — I will be satisfied no other Way but by Word of Mouth.

*Mir.* [*bluntly, after her usual Way mocking her.*] E'en let her have it by Word of Mouth — If he but look in her Mouth, he will find the Mark worn out:

He had need of good Teeth for ſuch a tough Bit — really, and truly —

*Dia.* I'll make an Example of you — Huſſy, — I will —— I will ——

[DIANA *flying furiouſly at her* — MIRANDA *takes an Orange out of her Pocket, and ſtands in a Poſture of Defiance.*

*Mir.* Touch me if you dare — If you dare. —

*Conſt.* [*interpoſing*] Dear DIANA, be ſatisfied. [*To her apart*] How ſimply they will all look, when it appears you are the Perſon!

*Dia.* Well Mr. COURTALL, you will have your own Way — [*Takes the Notes, ſmiling, as ſatisfied.*

*Conſt.* MIRANDA, be pacify'd. [*Aſide to her.*] In this little Bit of Paper you will find encloſed my very Heart and Soul.

*Mir. To the charming* MIRANDA — O Charming! Charming!

[*Reading the Superſcription, kiſſes the Note, and jumps, overjoy'd, putting it in her Boſom.*

*Conſt.* MELISSA, this is yours. [*aſide to her*] Keep it ſafe: Beware of Counterfeits —

[*Squeezing her by the Hand, then turns aſide to* DOR. Lovely! DORINDA — [*aſide*] Tho' laſt, not leaſt — The Prize of Beauty can be only yours.

*Aloud.* "How hardly does this Tyrant Cuſtom bind,
"Forc'd to choose ONE, to ALL alike inclin'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

# SCENE III.

*An Apartment at Lady* DORIMEN'*s, illuminated according to Cuſtom: Chairs placed in Order for Viſitants: Servants waiting at a Diſtance. Mrs.* CLEVER, *and a Page, ſtanding at a Tea-Table, ſerving Tea. Several other Tables ſet out for Gaming. Some of the Viſitants attentive to the Muſick, others at Play. When the Muſick ceaſes, they diſperſe, and go off without Ceremony, ſome one Way, and ſome another.*

*L.* DORIMEN, LUCINDA, ANGELICA, PHILABEL, *ſeated, drinking Tea, and attentive to the Muſick.*

*A Short* CONCERT, Vocal *and* Inſtrumental

## SONG.

I.

CLOE'*s the Wonder of her Sex,*
*'Tis well her Heart is tender;*
*How might ſuch killing Eyes perplex,*
*With Virtue to defend her!*

II.

*But Nature, graciouſly inclin'd,*
*With liberal Hand to pleaſe us!*
*Has to her* Boundleſs Beauty *join'd*
*A* Boundleſs Bent *to eaſe us.*

*The Muſick ceaſing.*

*Ang.* " Muſick ſo ſoftens, and diſarms the Mind,
" That not one Arrow can Reſiſtance find.

*L. Dor.* You are a Wit, I perceive, Sir.

*Ang.* If my Wit were to be meaſur'd by my Reſpect for your Ladyſhip, I might very juſtly ſet up for one of the Firſt Rate.

*L. Dor.* So young a Flatterer!

*Ang.* You are ſo ſecure from Flattery, Madam: The Difficulty lies in doing you Juſtice.

*L. Dor.* Men are ſuch Diſſemblers!

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* My Lady SILENCE, Madam.

*Enter Lady* SILENCE: *Lady* DORIMEN *riſes to receive her.*

*L. Dor.* A Fauteuil for Lady SILENCE.

[*Lady* SILENCE *takes her Place, and ſits in a ſtiff, formal Way, without ſaying a Word.*

*A*

*A Pause — looking at one another for a little time.*

*Luc.* A Pinch of your Snuff, Mr. PHILABEL.

*Phil.* At your Service, Madam.

*L. Dor.* Will your Ladyship drink any Tea?

*L. Sil.* [*bluntly*] It gives me the Cholick, Madam.

[*Another Pause.*

*L. Dor.* Mr. PHILABEL, you us'd to be well-inform'd: What new Diversions may be preparing for the Town?

*Phil.* I am but a New-comer, Madam, I have been told of a Society of Prudes, who meet upon certain Days for the Reformation of Manners, in Opposition to a Female Club of a contrary Character. The first Point under Consideration, was, How to suit our Language to the Modesty of the Fair Sex, by retrenching such Syllables in certain Words, Names, or Titles, as might bear an immodest Interpretation.

*L. Dor.* A Dictionary of that Kind might be of great Help: I must needs say, I have been often put to the Blush at the Pronunciation of certain Words.

*Phil.* Another important Abuse under Correction is, the Nudities upon Fans, which enflame the Imagination, at the same Time that they refresh the Face.

*Luc.* Ridiculous Creature!

*L. Dor.* I know a Lady, who shall be nameless, whose Fans are always painted with filthy, naked Figures; and yet is so scrupulous, she would not, for the World, be seen in *Chelsea-Reach* upon a Summer's Evening. My Lady SILENCE, is not this true?

[*Lady* SILENCE *only answering with an affected*

*Smile, rises to take her Leave: Lady* DORIMEN *offering to conduct her.*

*L. Sil.* Not a Step farther, Madam.

*L. Dor.* I beseech you, Madam.

*L. Sil.* You forbid me your House, Madam.

*L. Dor.* If you command me, Madam.

*Page.* Lady SILENCE's Servants. ——

[*Exit Lady* SILENCE.

*L. Dor.* "*Silence* more dreadful than severest Sounds.

[*Returning to her Seat --- Re-enter Page.*

*Page.* Lady PRATE-APACE, Madam.

*Enter Lady* PRATE-APACE, *who runs in a Hurry to Lady* DORIMEN, *saluting her on both Cheeks,* —— *Then throws herself with a negligent Air, into a* Fauteuil.

*L. Prate.* Let me die, my Dear, if I thought to find you at Home --- How came you not to be at the New Play?

*L. Dor.* You know, Madam ---

*L. Prate.* Yes, Madam, I know this is your Day-- But upon so extraordinary an Occasion! ---

*Luc.* Is there any Thing so extraordinary, Madam, in a New Play?

*L. Prate.* Dear LUCINDA! ---When is the Nuptial Scene to be open'd? Let me die, if there can be any Thing so immodest, as this Lawful Way, as they call it, of putting a Woman to Bed to a Man, with so much Ceremony, and Noise: The harmless, innocent Creature, who follows Inclination, silently, quietly, and

and naturally, with ſome dear Man, whom ſhe loves more than her Life, is loaded with a thouſand Reproaches, and Cenſures: But the confident Thing, who is not aſham'd to be dreſs'd-out, and led forth publickly, like a Beaſt for Sacrifice, to join Hands with ſome filthy Fellow, whom in her Heart, ſhe abhors, is reſpected, and honour'd. To make one's ſelf happy, is called, throwing one's ſelf away: To make one's ſelf miſerable, is acting the prudent Part --- Let me die, if any thing can be ſo unnatural, inconſiſtent, and prepoſt'rous!

*Phil.* The great Heireſs, who ſuffers herſelf to be ſold by her Guardians to ſome rich, over-grown Booby, for all her Life long, is dignify'd with the vertuous Title of Wife: The miſerable Girl, who has no Portion but ſome ſmall Stock of Beauty, and is forced, by meer Neceſſity, to ſell herſelf but for a Quarter of an Hour — is, God knows what!

*L. Prate.* Spoke, let me die, like a Man of Honour and Conſcience — who has ſome — Religion — in him. I take it mortally ill, Mr. PHILABEL, to meet you here in a third Place before I had ſeen ſo much as your Name upon my Liſt — You have made a glorious Campaign — I knew 'twould be ſo when once we had an *Engliſh* General to lead *Engliſh* Valour — Let me die, Madam, I never ſaw ſo pretty a Stuff — *French* to be ſure — *Gautier*, or *Galpin*.

*L. Dor.* Entirely *Engliſh*, Madam. I can content myſelf with what my own Country affords.

*L. Prate.* O Fye, Madam! -- You ſhall never perſuade me -- You can have ſo ill a Taſte. Mrs. *What-do-you-call-'em* -- Pray favour me with a Diſh of Tea.

*Clev.* [*aſide*] 'Tis Time ſhe ſhould have ſomething to ſtop her Mouth.

[*Brings her a Diſh of Tea: In receiving it ſhe drops her Fan; in catching to ſave it, the Cup is ſpilt in her Lap.*

*L. Prate.* O Gad!

*L. Dor.* I am ſorry, Madam ——

*L. Prate.* Nothing, Nothing, Madam --Tea never ſtains -- Another Cup, if you pleaſe. [*Wiping herſelf.*]

[*They bring her another Cup, which ſhe ſips between whiles, as ſhe goes on in Speaking.*

But as I was ſaying -- The Play, Ladies, the Play -- There will be excellent Diverſion -- A ſtrong Party is engag'd to cry it down -- 'Tis given out -- the Author is a Mal-content, and, Good or Bad -- down it muſt go -- And that he is impertinent -- upon the Ladies, and the Government; -- What have theſe ſcribbling Puppies to do with the Follies -- of Women -- or Miniſters? --- Are there not ridiculous Things enough in the World -- to expoſe, -- without meddling with them.

*Luc.* Perhaps, Madam, all this may be meer Malice. It ſeems a little cruel, to reſolve before-hand to condemn a poor Author before his Cauſe is brought to a fair Hearing.

*Ang.* We ſpread ourſelves in different Diviſions, all over the Houſe; ſome in the Pit, ſome in the Boxes; others in the Galleries; ſometimes whiſtling, ſometimes

times ſinging; always noiſy, till the Audience is in an Uproar: Some laugh, and clap; Some hiſs, and are angry: Swords are drawn: The Actors interrupted: The Ladies ſcream: The Scene's broke off —— And, the Play ſent to the Devil.

[*Lady* PRATE-APACE *having gazed eagerly upon* ANGELICA *all the while ſhe was ſpeaking.*

*L. Prate.* [*aſide.*] Let me die! — A charming Boy! Pray Sir, how came I never to have ſeen your Face before?

*Ang.* My Misfortune, Madam.

*L. Prate.* I beſeech you, Sir, — Let me ask you -- you talk ſo learnedly of the Stage — Did you ever write?

*Ang.* A Sonnet, or ſo Madam. My humble Muſe never pretends to riſe higher than from the Shadow of a Lady's Hoop, to the Sun-ſhine of her bright Eyes.

*L. Prate.* Shadow, and Sun-ſhine! very pretty, let me die! Come then, ſing me one of thoſe Sonnets of your own making.

ANG. *ſings: Addreſſing herſelf to Lady* PRATE-APACE.

## S O N G.

*So well* Corinna *likes the Joy,*
*She vows, ſhe'll never more be coy,*

*She drinks eternal Draughts of Pleasure:*
*Eternal Draughts do not suffice,*
*Ah! Give me, Give me more, -- she cries,*
*'Tis all too little ---- little Measure.*

*L. Prate.* [repeating.] *So well* Corinna *likes the Joy* — Dear charming Joy!

*Ang.* But this Way of Sonnets, is an old, beaten, worn-out Fashion of Gallantry — A Friend of mine has lately brought from *Paris* — A Love-Dance!

*L. Prate.* Extravagantly new! The Motions of a Love-Dance must needs be superlatively Pathetick, and Emphatical.

*Ang.* For Example, thus ——

[*Rises, and puts herself in a Posture of Dancing; Lady* PRATE-APACE *does the same. The following Speech to be spoken dancing; L.* PRATE-APACE *humouring it too, with Motions on her Side.*

" With a soft easie Slide — I make a Step towards
" your Heart — Then gently — advancing — with
" a languishing Air — I approach you — Thus —
" 'Till moving by Degrees — from *Fleurette*, to
" *Fleurette* — with a bold — irresistable Capriole —
" I leap at once into your Arms.

[*Lady* PRATE-APACE *receives her with open Arms.*

*L. Prate.* O the ravishing Thing! *Encore* — *Encore* — Come, let's do that again.

[*L.* DORIMEN *rises with an Air of Uneasiness.*

*L. Dor.*

*L. Dor.* Give me Leave, Madam, to ſay, ſuch lively Repreſentations —

*L. Prate.* Lively, Madam! Let me die, if any Thing can be more killing — O! I could ſtay for ever with this dear, entertaining, enchanting Creature!

*Enter Page.*

*Page.* The Counteſs of KETTLE-DRUM is below in her Coach, waiting for Lady PRATE-APACE. She deſires your Ladyſhip's Excuſe for not coming up, for Fear of being too late for the Play.

*L. Prate.* I come, I come. [*Exit Page.*

*Phil.* The Counteſs of KETTLE-DRUM!

*L. Prate.* Where have you lived, not to know the Counteſs of KETTLE-DRUM? I'll give you her Picture. Tho' her Eyes are no Stars, her Cheeks repreſent the Full-Moon: She bears two ſuch enormous Globes upon her Breaſt, as would almoſt break a Porter's Back: which, when diſplay'd, in full Nakedneſs, down to her Waiſt — Let me die — You can ſcarce tell, if you ſee her before — or — behind.

*Re-enter Page.*

*Page.* The Counteſs, Madam, is coming up.

*L. Prate.* So — She comes in Perſon to finiſh the reſt of the Deſcription — or, rather — To ſhew, ſhe is not to be deſcribed.

*Enter*

*Enter Countess addressing herself, with ridiculous Formality to Lady* DORIMEN.

*Countess.* I presume upon your Ladyship's Candour to excuse the — Impoliteness — of this Intrusion — But I know, when Lady PRATE-APACE's Tongue is in Exercise —

*L. Prate.* Dear Countess — let me die — I staid only to sound your Praises.

*Countess.* Well, Well — Are you ready now? As I was saying, Dear Madam, — The Impropriety of this abrupt Intrusion, with no other Circumstance, but to abstract a Person from your Circle —

*L. Dor.* It would, indeed, have been more obliging, Madam, if your Design had been to have added to it.

*Countess.* Your Ladyship is so nice a Judge, — and so exact an Observer of all the Consistencies of Decorum —

*L. Prate.* Countess — In this Embarrass of Civility, you forget you was in Haste.

*Countess.* If to make you ten Visits for One hereafter, may be any Atonement —

*L. Dor.* I beseech you, Madam, not to think of it.

*Countess.* You confound me, Madam, with such unmerited Condescension — [*To L.* PRATE.] Lady PRATE-APACE, Where are you? Dear Madam, let me beseech you not to incommode yourself with looking after us — No Ceremony, Dear Madam, No Ceremony -- This was no Visit — This was no Visit —

[*Waddles*

[*Waddles out as fast as she can. Lady* PRATE-APACE, *who had been coquetting a Part with* ANGELICA, *catches her by the Hand.*

*L. Prate.* New Acquaintance, --- Come, lead me to the Coach.

[*L.* DORIMEN *catching her by the other Hand.*

*L. Dor.* Your Pardon, Madam, --- Not so neither.

*L. Prate.* Your Pardon too, Dear Madam.

[*Letting go her Hold.*

Let me die --- I have mistaken the *Carte du Pais.* ---

[*Aside, hurrying out.*

*L. Dor.* Adieu Tongue --- and Udder --- Was ever such a giddy, confident Creature seen?

*Phil.* Or such a monstrous, over-grown Porpoise, upon dry Ground? Her Sides would yield more Oil than a Whale.

*Luc.* As she strain'd for Compliments, the Sweat ran streaming down her Bosom, like a Rivulet between two Mountains.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir TOBY TICKLE, Madam, and Mr. BELLAMOUR.

*L. Dor.* Bring them in --- But hark'e --- Take Care that I am now deny'd to every body else.

*Enter Sir* TOBY, *and* BELLAMOUR.

Mr. BELLAMOUR, your Servant --- Sir TOBY, you

you have not been a Man of your Word: You have lost the rarest Diversion!

*Sir Toby.* We met some Part of it, Madam. The Countess heav'd into her Coach, with little PRATE-APACE by her Side, like the Sign of the Squirrel and Elephant ---Odzooks! in squeezing in, her Ladyship's Bubbies had like to have broke the Fore-Glass.

ANGELICA *aside to* BELLAMOUR.

*Ang.* Mr. BELLAMOUR, have you consider'd better upon what we discours'd of this Morning?

*Bel.* You had my Answer --- I'll be troubled no more upon that Subject.

*Ang.* Then thank yourself for the Consequences. [*Addressing herself to L.* DORIMEN. The Respect, Madam, which I have for your Ladyship, and my Friend Sir TOBY ---

*Bel.* Hark'e, Youngster ---
*Ang.* You know the Conditions --- } *Apart to one another.*
*Bel.* I'll cut your Throat ---
*Ang.* Well then --- [*Aloud.*
*Bel.* Hold! -- Or, by Heavens -- [*Apart to her.*
*Ang.* By Heavens as much as you please. [*Aloud.*] This Gentleman, this very Mr. BELLAMOUR, who now has the Confidence to make his Addresses to this young Lady --

*Bel.* Well, Sir, what of that?

*Ang.* Made the same to a Daughter of your's, Sir TOBY, call'd ANGELICA, whom you may remember to have left, in her Cradle, to the Care of an old Aunt, who is since dead.

*Sir*

*Sir Toby.* I remember it well --To my Shame be it ſpoken.

*Ang.* Not Pretenſions that were diſhonourable, but confirm'd by Vows and Oaths. —

*Bel.* Vows, and Oaths, are like Counters at Play, we ſet up with them, but they go for nothing when the Game's over.

*Luc.* A very decent Declaration! I am glad I know the Value of yours.

*Ang.* In ſhort, mutual Faith was promis'd, and they were ſolemnly contracted.

*L. Dor.* How, contracted! And make Love to my Niece!

*Luc.* Baſe Man!

*Sir Toby.* Young Man, how came you not to tell me this Story before?

*Ang.* I waited only for an Opportunity to convict him Face to Face, in the Preſence of my Lady.

*Bel.* This Fooling, Sir, ſhall not paſs —

*Ang.* Juſt as you pleaſe, Sir, for that —

*Phil.* Stand to your Charge, young Gentleman: Fear no Threats, I am your Friend.

*Bel.* Who are you, Sir?

[*Their Hands upon their Swords.*

*L. Dor.* No Quarrelling here, I beſeech you.

*Bel.* Well, ſince it muſt out —— I own it, and where is the Crime? The Change is juſtify'd by the Temptation. Change, even in Religion, is allow'd, when we are convinc'd of a better.

*Sir Toby.* But you ſhall not be allow'd it: The Girl ſhall not be abus'd — The TOBY TICKLES are an ancient, honourable Race: We were here before your

your *Saxons*, your *Danes*, or your *Normans* : Od-zooks! The TOBY-TICKLES came in — with the *Romans*.

*L. Dor.* Barbarous, perfidious Creature! Let me never ſee your Face again in my Houſe — O! I can't endure him.

*Luc.* Such horrid Perjury is not to be excus'd.

*Bel.* After my Vows to you, had I engag'd in a new Paſſion, you might have accuſed me with Juſtice: Now, if I am falſe, 'tis for your Sake: 'Tis you who make me ſo: Whatever I have been to others, to you my Faith has been inviolable.

*Luc.* Who can be falſe to one, will be ſo to another, whenever his Pleaſure, or his Intereſt tempts him.

*Bel.* Confeſs the Truth, and lay aſide Diſguiſe. This airy, ſmooth, conceited Thing, this Woman's Trifle, has ſung, or danc'd himſelf into your Heart -- Gods! Gods! What Appetites have Women? And who can fix them? Now, for Men of Senſe; and then, for Coxcombs: Every Thing is refus'd, or goes down, juſt as the Minute proves which we lay hold of —

*Omnes.* Ha, Ha, Ha. [*All Laugh.*

*Bel.* What could you ſee, in this effeminate Thing, to charm you? There's Woman's Vanity again —— She never ſees a ſoft, affected Fop, but ſhe is pleas'd with the Reflection of her own Image; and admires herſelf in every Fool that ſhe meets.

*Phil.* You are rude, Sir.

*Bel.* Rude! Sir —

*Phil.* Aye, rude — Sir — That's *Engliſh*..

*Bel.*

*Bel.* You are an Aſs, Sir —Or is it your Bully here,— your Colonel —

*L. Dor.* I can endure this odious Railer no longer: His Noiſe is got up into my Head: I am ready to die with Vapours —— Let us go in, and leave him to rave by himſelf.

*Ang.* We wait on your Ladyſhip.

*Bel.* [to *Ang.*] I ſhall find a Time, Sir.

*Ang.* What Time you pleaſe, Sir.

*Phil.* [to *Bel.*] We ſhall meet at another Place, Sir.

*Bel.* Any Place, Sir, whenever you think fit.

*Sir Toby.* [*with the Air of an old Bully.*] This Sword, Sir, has fought for Church, and King—I wear it ſtill —You underſtand me.

*Luc.* Mr. BELLAMOUR, could you not compoſe yourſelf to make one with us in a Party of *Quadrille?* Whenever I have a good Hand, I will be ſure to call you for my King.

*Bel.* I will wiſh you ſome Luck, Madam. May you be always flatter'd, and always loſe: May you never think you have a ſure Game, but be diſappointed by a better.

*Luc.* A little Hellebore would do the Gentleman no Harm.

*Sir Toby.* Straw, Straw, and Darkneſs —Odzooks! The Man's ſtark mad.

[*Exeunt all but* BELLAMOUR.

*Bel.* "Mankind from *Adam* have been Womens Fools,
"Women, from *Eve*, have been the Devil's Tools:

"Heav'n

" Heav'n might have ſpar'd one Torment when we fell,
" Not left us Woman, or not threaten'd Hell.

*The END of the* THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

FREDERICK *surrounded by his* SISTERS.

*Fred.* PATIENCE --- Let none interrupt me -- Where-ever the Lot falls, let the rest be contented, and silent.

*Opens a Note, and reads.*

MELISSA *is Beautiful* ——

*Mel.* I told you so —— I knew 'twas I ——

*Fred.* Good Sister, forbear.

[Reads.] MIRANDA *is Good-humour'd* ——

*Mir.* That's I, — That's I — [*Jumping.*

*Fred.* Patience. [*Reads.*] DORINDA *is Adorable* ---

*But it is* DIANA *only, who possesses my Heart.*

Let none reply — DIANA's is the Lot.

*Mel.* DIANA's is a Cheat, a Counterfeit —— He vow'd to me, he could not endure her: He fore-warn'd me of Counterfeits --

*Fred.* We are to stand to what he has written.

*Mel.* I say, Sister Di's is a Trick.

*Dia.* I say -- You are a lying, confident Creature.

*Fred.* MELISSA, be satisfy'd --- There are more Men besides COURTALL.

*Dor.* Dear Brother, open the rest of the Notes for our common

common Satisfaction -- COURTALL assur'd me, they were all Blanks but mine.

*Mir.* And me too -- And that his very Heart, and Soul, were mine.

*Fred.* Any Thing for a quiet Life. This is your's, MELISSA. [*Reads.*] DIANA *is Discreet.* MIRANDA, *&c.* DORINDA, *&c.* But MELISSA only has my Heart --

*Mel.* Did not I tell you so -- I knew Sister DI's was a Counterfeit.

*Dia.* 'Tis your's is a Counterfeit -- I'll tear your Eyes out for this Trick.

*Mel.* You tear my Eyes out!

FREDERICK *interposes.*

*Fred.* Dear Sisters, be quiet -- I suspect something -- Let me examine the rest -- [*Reads to himself.*] How! How is this! Why, in these he declares, in the same manner, for MIRANDA, and DORINDA --

*Mir.* A Bite! A Bite! [*Jumping.*

*Fred.* By Heavens! he shall pay dear for this Abuse.

*Mir.* For my Part, I don't care the Paring of this Apple for him -- [*Biting an Apple, whilst the rest of the Sisters walk about in a Passion.*

As Brother says -- There be more Men besides He.--

*Fred.* I love his Sister, but not above the Honour of my Family -- I'll teach the young Impostor, what it is to play with the Reputation of Ladies, or fool with a Man of Honour -- Be at Peace among your selves -- And all shall be well.

*Dia.* If ever I catch him!

*Mel.* Or, I either!

*Mir.* O my Stars! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

ANGELICA, CONSTANTIA.

*Ang. Victoria, Victoria* ! — Turn'd out of Doors — Quite discarded — To have seen how he storm'd, and hector'd ; 'twould have made thee die with Laughing.

*Const.* 'Twas most heroically perform'd, indeed.

*Ang.* He swore I should give him Satisfaction : And by Heavens, I am ready whenever he dares demand it.

*Const.* What to fight with him ! Fight with a Man!

*Ang.* Yes — Let me but choose my own Weapon.

*Const.* But your Widow, my Dear, your Widow -- What Weapon have you for her ?

*Ang.* And your Virgins, my Dear, your Virgins —

*Const.* Faith ! That Matter is by this Time, become serious : I am almost at my Wit's End : I have summon'd my Brother to my Assistance : I expect him this night in Town : I have depended all along upon the Resemblance betwixt us, to set all right at last : To-morrow you shall know more : In the mean time, I leave you to pursue your own Adventures ; And so Sir, your humble Servant. I'll go, and consult my Pillow.

[*Exit* CONSTANTIA.

*A Noise of Fiddles without.*

*Ang.* What's here ? Lights, and Fiddles ! I begin to

to be abominably afraid — This Park is a moſt wicked Place! — Which Way ſhall I avoid them?

*Enter Sir* TOBY, PHILABEL, *Fidlers playing before them, Link-Boys with Lights, and Lanthorns, and a Parcel of Women Park-Strolers.*

*Sir Toby.* Have we caught you, I'faith?-- What eves-dropping under the Widow's Window?

*Phil.* A Lover can no more go to Bed without breathing ſome Sighs under his Miſtreſs's Window, than without toaſting her Health.

*Ang.* 'Tis that brings you here -- is it? I think, Colonel, I have clear'd the Coaſt pretty handſomly for you to Day.

*Phil.* Like an Angel! -- Let me kiſs thee for it.

*Ang.* Spare your Kiſſes for LUCINDA. But tell me, Sir TOBY, how could you find in your Heart, a good-natur'd Man as you are, to abandon a poor Girl, in ſo cruel a manner, to the Wheel of Fortune?

*Sir Toby.* Faith, Child, I meant it for the beſt: I committed her to the Care of a diſcreet, pious Old Lady, who, I was ſure would give her a vertuous Education: 'Twas a Soul-ſaving Deſign: My Example would but have ſpoil'd all — It is to be hop'd, ſhe will have the Benefit of it hereafter.

*Ang.* Have you no Curioſity to ſee her? Shall I bring her to you, to ask your Bleſſing?

*Sir Toby.* Odzooks! with all my Heart: It has been only for Want of ſome Body to put me in Mind of her, that the poor Girl has been forgotten ſo long: I have Bowels, Nature is above All — If thou lik'ſt her thyſelf,

thyſelf, let BELLAMOUR be hang'd with his Contract about his Neck. Thou ſhalt have her, my Boy, and I'll be thy Father.

*Ang.* If I ſhould take you now at your Word——

*Sir Toby.* I give thee my Hand upon it here, before Witneſſes.

*Ang.* Hence-forth then, *Papa* be the Word. And I give you my Hand, never to enter between a Pair of Sheets without her? [*Bluſteringly*] If ever BELLAMOUR ſhould dare pretend to her again, he ſhall have to do with me— And that he ſhall know.

*Sir Toby.* Spoke like a Lad of Mettle— But if ſhe has the true Blood of the TICKLES, I'll bet upon her Head two to one.

*Ang.* I defy her, *Papa*, I defy her to out-do me at any Thing.

*Phil.* Lady DORIMEN I perceive, is deſtin'd to a Willow-Garland.

*Ang.* Not ſo, neither— See what a Challenge ſhe ſlipt into my Hand at parting.

*Sir Toby.* Sirrah— Your Lanthorn——

*Puts on his Spectacles, and reads.*

" *You may wonder at the Confidence I have in you,*
" *upon ſo ſhort an Acquaintance: Think it not an*
" *Effect of my Eaſineſs, but your own Merit—*
" *When the Company is broke up—you may return*
" *alone about Ten.* CLEVER *ſhall be ready to re-*
" *ceive you at the Back-Door.*

*Ang.*

*Ang.* Ten is the Shepherd's Hour, *Papa*, — I muſt give the Signal.

[*Raps gently at the Door.*

*Enter* CLEVER.

*Clever.* O, is it you? What a Noiſe has been here with your Scrapers — I was afraid to peep out of Doors.

*Sir Toby.* Since when has your Courage fail'd you, — Good Mrs. CLEVER?

*Clever.* Are you there? Then we ſhall never have done. Come, -- Come your Ways in.

*Ang.* By'e, Daddy. [*Exit with* CLEVER.

*Sir Toby.* Much Good may do theſe Boys with their great Ladies — Give me an humble, obedient Jade, without Form, or Ceremony: One of theſe clean white Apron Girls, in her *puris naturalibus*, is worth a Dozen of your ſtately, painted Madams.

*Phil* And more eaſily ſatisfy'd.

*Sir Toby.* Come hither, *Jenny* — Hold up thy Head, my Girl — This I intend to qualify for a Lady's Woman: *Judy* ſhall follow Coaches in *Hyde-Park*, 'till ſhe comes to ride in one of her own: I have Views for them all — Shall I ſhew thee ſome of their Perfections? —— Advance, little *Judy*, clear thy Pipes, and ſing me ——*While* Phylis *is drinking*, &c.

SONG

# SONG.

I.

*While* Phyllis *is drinking*, Love *and* Wine *in Alliance*,
*With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance:*
*By the Touch of her Lips, the Wine sparkles higher;*
*And her Eyes, by her drinking, redouble their Fire.*

II.

*Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their Colour;*
*As Flowers, by sprinkling, revive with fresh Odour:*
*Each Dart, dip'd in Wine, gives a Wound beyond curing;*
*And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame more enduring.*

III.

*Then* Phyllis *begin, let our Raptures abound;*
*And a Kiss, and a Glass, be still going round:*
*Relieving each other, our Pleasures are lasting;*
*And we never are cloy'd, yet ever a-tasting.*

CHORUS, Repeat the last Stanza. *Then*, &c.

*A Grand Dance of Link-Boys and Strollers, with lighted Torches; in Ridicule of the Fury-Dance in one of the* French *Opera's.*

*Sir Toby.* Bravo, Bravo! 'Twas thus my great Predeceſſor, of wanton Memory, the gallant *Anacreon*, paſs'd his Days and Nights deliciouſly between Women and Wine. He was choak'd with a Grape-ſtone, for which Reaſon, I never venture but upon the Juice-- Come along, Colonel -- Let the Day break upon our Revels: There is nothing ſo delightful, as to ſee *Aurora* at her Toilet.-- Scrapers, ſtrike up --

"That be our only Time to ſnore,
"When we can laugh, and drink no more.

Huzza, my brave Boys and Girls -- Huzza!

[*Exeunt huzzaing and dancing, Fidlers playing before them.*

## SCENE III.

*Lady* DORIMEN *ſeated languiſhingly upon a Sopha.* ANGELICA *ſtanding by her.*

*L. Dor.* To be thus expos'd alone with a Man, may ſubject the moſt innocent Intentions to be miſconſtru'd: But you are too well-bred to take any indecent Advantage.

*Ang.* Let my Tranſports expreſs —

[*Offering to embrace her.*

*L. Dor.* O Fye — ſo young — and naughty —

[*Affecting to put her off.*

*Ang.*

*Ang.* Pardon me, Madam, if too much Eagerneſs to expreſs my Senſe of this Favour ——

[*Retiring.*

*L. Dor.* On Condition you frighten me ſo no more, I give you Leave to ſit down.

[*Taking her by the Hand to ſit by her.*

*Ang.* Ah! Madam, — you ſqueez'd a little too hard —

[*Shaking her Fingers.*

*L. Dor.* Lord, how tender you are!

*Ang.* A thouſand Darts are in the leaſt Touch of that fair Hand —— What a Complexion! What Eyes! [*Gazing upon her.*

*L. Dor.* Don't you look upon me ſo —— Lord, you are the ſtrangeſt Man —— I hate to be look'd upon ſo —— I never look'd ſo ill in my Life.

*Ang.* You never were ſo charming —— Am I Fleſh and Blood? Am I a Man, Madam?

[*Offering again to embrace her.*

*L. Dor.* Indeed, Sir, I don't know: But I hope, you mean no Incivility. [*Again putting her off.*

*Ang.* If you knew me, Madam — You would not ſuſpect me. — [*retiring*] But if, by any unſeaſonable Tranſport —

*L. Dor.* Not at all unſeaſonable, Sir. [*Approaching.*

*Ang.* The Violence of my Paſſion ——

[*Retiring: And ſtill as ſhe retires, the other approaches.*

*L. Dor.* I perceive nothing like Violence, Sir,--

*Ang.* When Temptation, and Opportunity, meet ſo ſtrongly -- [*Retiring.*

*L. Dor.* When Temptation is ſtrong --- [*following*] You wicked Men are for loſing no Opportunity.

*Ang.* There are, indeed, ſuch wicked Creatures in the World — [*retiring*] But rather than fall under your Ladyſhip's Diſpleaſure ——

*L. Dor.* Diſpleaſure! Lord, what does the Man mean? Who talks of Diſpleaſure? [*peeviſhly*] I only ſay, there are Men, who often Offend for fear of Offending: And others, who will run any Risk of Offending, rather than loſe a good Opportunity — But you —— I perceive —— are none of thoſe.

*Ang.* Not I, Madam —— Indeed, not I ——

[*Still retiring.*

*Lady* DORIMEN *ſeizes her faſt by the Arm; affecting a ſudden Diſorder.*

*L. Dor.* Help me, help me, Dear Sir.

*Ang.* Lord, Madam! what ails you? [*Frighten'd.*

*L. Dor.* A ſudden Swimming —— all over me —

*Ang.* Are you often troubled thus?

*L. Dor.* O! often, —— often, —— very often —

*Ang.* What's to be done, Madam?

*L. Dor.* Have you no Salts about you, Sir? No Salts ——

*Ang.* None, Madam —— Let me go, and I'll call for Help.

*L. Dor.* Can't you do it yourſelf?

*Ang.* With all my Heart, Madam —— If I had any Thing to do it withal ——

[*Lady* DORIMEN *letting go her Hold, and thruſting her roughly from her, riſes in a Paſſion.*

*L. Dor.* Provoking Ignorance! Inſufferable Stupidity! CLEVER, where are you? [*Calling aloud.*

*Enter*

*Enter* CLEVER.

*Clever.* Lord, Madam, what's the Matter?

*L. Dor.* The Matter! [*Walking about in a Passion.*

*Clever.* Wicked Man! what have you been doing to my Lady?

*Ang.* I have been doing —— NOTHING —— to my Lady.

*Clev.* NOTHING! The very worst Thing you could have done.

BELLAMOUR's *Voice without.*

*Bel.* I will see her —— I will not be deny'd ——

*Ang.* As I live BELLAMOUR's Voice -- I thought, Madam, you had forbidden him your House.

*L. Dor.* All Men are not such Fools to mind every Thing we forbid.

*Ang.* Lord, Madam, 'twas your own Fault ——You frighten'd me out of my Senses.

*Bel.* Open the Door —— Or I'll break it open.

*L. Dor.* Run, CLEVER —— Stop him, —— and carry him up the Back-way to my Niece —— He is brutal enough in his Passion to commit any Outrage.

*Ang.* Is there no Way to be rid of him, but by sending him up to your Niece? I have taken that Aversion to this BELLAMOUR, that, to be plain with you, Madam, either He, or I, must never come within your Doors.

*L. Dor.* There's no Help for it now: But, after this Night he shall never more be admitted.

*Ang.* You promiſe me that?

*L. Dor.* This impertinent Interruption is new Guilt.

*Ang.* But, ſuppoſe he ſhould reconcile himſelf to your Niece.

*L. Dor.* No —— Let him go back to his ANGELICA, if ſhe is Fool enough to receive him.

*Ang.* Alas! I fear ſhe is. [*aſide.* Curſed Interruption! To come juſt at this Time —— This Nick of Time! --Or-- dear charming Creature-- [*Taking her paſſionately by the Hand*] We might yet -- But To-morrow all may be mended.

*L. Dor.* To-morrow! [*Scornfully turning away.*

*Ang.* I bar any more of theſe Fits.

*L. Dor.* I ſtand corrected. [*returning kindly*] Well then, [*giving her Hand*] Remember To-morrow.

*Ang.* By this fair Hand ——

[*Kiſſes her Hand, and Exit.*

*L. Dor.* To-morrow! Fool, not to know the Value of the preſent Moment.

*Enter* CLEVER.

*L. Dor.* Well, CLEVER, was not I in the right, to provide againſt Accidents? How have you managed with Sir JOHN?

*Clever.* As you directed, Madam: I kept him, and another Gentleman in Play, who came with him, till I heard you call: (having often heard your Ladyſhip ſay, two were better than one) [*a low Courteſy*] But when I return'd, to look for them again--They were eſcap'd.

*L. Dor.* Fool! Idiot! Eternal Blunderer. [*In a Paſſion.*

*Clever.*

*Clever.* Lord, Madam, how have I deſerv'd this Treatment? [*crying*] The Chaplain, Madam, is not yet gone to Bed. [*Wiping her Eyes.*

*L. Dor.* I ask thy Pardon--My Mind, indeed is ſo ruffled, and diſcompos'd--

*Clever.* Truſt my Experience, Madam. He is, indeed, a great Quieter of the Spirits.

[*Exit, leaning languiſhingly upon* CLEVER.

## SCENE IV.

LUCINDA, BELLAMOUR, *meeting.*

*Luc.* Well, Sir!

*Bel.* Well, Madam!

*Luc.* You are come, I ſuppoſe, to ask Pardon for all your Impertinence to Day.

*Bel.* You miſtake me, Madam. I come to ask no Pardons: Let cringing Fools, and baſe-born Slaves ſubmit patiently to ill Uſage— A brave Man ſcorns it. I come to take an eternal Farewel.

*Luc.* If that is all, there needs no great Ceremony in the Performance— There's the Door, Sir —— Farewel with all my Heart.

*Bel.* 'Tis falſe: I know my Reſolution vexes you, with what Affectation ſoever you would conceal it. There is not a diſſembling, perfidious Woman of you all, but is vex'd at the Loſs of a Lover, tho' 'tis of one ſhe hates: Tho' but ſome are pick'd for your Pleaſures, all are neceſſary to your Vanity: By Heaven,

I ſcorn the Office, nor will be ty'd to the Chariot, while others ride in it in Triumph.

*Luc.* Speak ſoftly.

*Bel.* Would I could ſpeak louder, that Heaven and Earth might witneſs to my juſt Reproaches.

*Luc.* Traytor! After what has paſs'd to Day in my own Preſence; after ſo manifeſt a Conviction of the moſt horrid Perfidy, how dare you pretend to reproach me with any Thing?

*Bel.* Falſeſt of Women! After ſo many deceitful Encouragements, after having put it ſo much in my Power to expoſe your Character to the whole World, how dare you provoke me? See here a Letter in Terms equivalent to the moſt ſolemn Contract —— 'Tis in your own Hand —— Sign'd LUCINDA.

[*He ſhews a Letter, which ſhe ſnatches out of his Hand, and tears in a thouſand Pieces.*

*Luc.* Have you any more?

*Bel.* No, Madam —— But Proofs full as ſtrong. This Trick ſhall not ſerve your Turn.

[*With a threatening Air.*

*Luc.* Ungenerous BELLAMOUR! [*Affecting to weep.*

*Bel.* Falſe LUCINDA!

*Luc.* Have I been falſe? Was not your Love to ANGELICA prov'd to your Face? Could you deny it? Perfidious Man! [*Still pretending to weep.*

*Bel.* O! were there Truth in thoſe Tears! There is not a Bleſſing under the Sun but I would reject for the Poſſeſſion of LUCINDA.

*Luc.* O! could I be ſure that ANGELICA's Preſence would never regain the Heart, which her Abſence only has loſt —— [*Still weeping.*

*Bel.* By all that's ſacred, 'tis in LUCINDA's Power alone to fix my Heart for ever. [*Paſſionately.*

*Luc.* Alas! we know not our own Hearts. You ſtill have an Eſteem for her.

*Bel.* I ſhould be ungrateful elſe: Grudge her not that.

*Luc.* Where there is Eſteem, there will be Love.

*Bel.* It is the ſureſt Foundation, Madam.

*Luc.* Where there is no Eſteem, there can be no Love.

*Bel.* No laſting Paſſion.

*Luc.* Hence from my Sight, falſe Man — [*affecting a Paſſion*] Go to your ANGELICA — your Eſteem'd ANGELICA — LUCINDA ſcorns to keep a Heart not entirely her own, by Eſteem, as well as Love.

*Bel.* How this Paſſion pleaſes me! Vows may be feign'd, Tears may be falſe — But, Jealouſy's a Proof not to be doubted — Dear LUCINDA, forgive the Ravings of an impatient Temper: Impute my paſt Follies, and raſh Suſpicions to the Vehemence of my Love, and the Tranſports of an impetuous Paſſion. ANGELICA was a Victim to your bright Eyes, from the very firſt Moment I ſaw you: My Heart has room for no other Object, no other Image but yours: I renounce all other Hopes, all other Joys, all other Temptations, all other Paſſions.

*Luc.* Hey-Day! Mr. BELLAMOUR, What are you run mad?

*Bel.* Mad, Madam!

*Luc.* Aye mad, Sir: What is all this new Extravagance for?

*Bel.* For, Madam!

*Luc.* Aye, for, Sir — What is it for?

*Bel.* Why, did not you ſay —

*Luc.* Say! what ſhould I ſay? But go home, get ſome Sleep and ſettle your Brain.

*Bel.* Have I been mock'd then all this while? Your Fool! Your Property! An Idiot! A Subject for Laughter! [*in a Fury*] Gods! Gods! 'tis too much — Rage choaks my Words — It is not to be born — It is not to be endur'd — Good-by to you, Madam — [*Going, returns.*] But firſt take back your Picture here — Curſe me, if I preſerve the leaſt faint Reſemblance of ſo faithleſs an Original — Take it — And eternally Farewel. [*Going.*

*Luc.* Very well, Mr. BELLAMOUR, — What have I innocently ſaid that could provoke this new Paſſion?

[*Taking the Picture with a compos'd Air.*

*Bel.* Innocently ſaid! — [*Returning furiouſly.*

*Luc.* Lord, you are ſo haſty, and cholerick — You fly into ſuch Paſſions without the leaſt Provocation —

[*Affecting the ſame Paſſion.*

*Bel.* Without Provocation! — [*Still in a Paſſion.*

*Luc.* Aye, Sir, without Provocation ——

[*In the ſame manner.*

Indeed, Mr. BELLAMOUR, there is no bearing theſe violent Humours — Always ſending and proving! 'Tis living in a continued Storm ——

[*Compoſing herſelf, affecting to weep.*

*Bel.* Madam — [*earneſtly.*

*Luc.*

*Luc.* Pray, Sir, have Patience: Consider calmly — You confess a first Passion for ANGELICA: Alas! who knows not the Force of first Impressions? Besides — Who has been once false, may be so again: The Difficulty is in the first Struggle with Temptation: To a Man once dipp'd in Dishonour —— subsequent Infidelities become easy — Are not these natural Reflections? [*Weeping.*

*Bel.* Madam — [*more earnestly.*

*Luc.* Pray, Sir, hear me out — No Interruption, if you please —

*Bel.* Do but hear me, Madam — [*Passionately.*

*Luc.* Nay then-- Sir, your Servant ——

[*Going off seemingly in a Passion, he holds her.*

*Bel.* By Heavens, I will be heard. You confound me with Riddles — My Soul is toss'd to and fro by as many Passions, as the Ocean by Winds — O, lead me out of all these Turnings, and Doublings — This Labyrinth of Doubts, and Hopes — Pleas'd, and displeas'd, in the same Breath — Pronounce something intelligible: Let it be Despair — Let it be Death — Let it be any Thing but this tormenting Uncertainty, this Rack of Thought, this Agony of contending Passions.

*Luc.* Ha, Ha, Ha. [*Bursting out into a loud Laugh.*

*Bel.* Oons! Madam, do you laugh? [*furiously.*

*Luc.* Who can chuse but laugh to see a Man of your Sense, and good Understanding, roaring and ranting one Moment, like a Madman — and the next — whining and crying, like a Milk-Sop! I have no Fool to deal with Mr. BELLAMOUR.

[*Ironically, with a malicious Courtesy.*

*Bel.* Death, and Damnation!

AIRY

AIRY *and* VAUNTER *break in upon them.*

*Airy.* Permit us, Madam, to have the Honour — Ha! BELLAMOUR — [*Starts, ſeeing* BELLAMOUR.

[*Recovering himſelf with his uſual Impudence and Familiarity.*

Friend BELL! I'gad, well met — you ſee good Wits jump.

*Bel.* Vile, vile Woman! What, with theſe Inſects too! Incredible Wickedneſs! O ANGELICA! well are thy Wrongs reveng'd.

[*Going,* LUCINDA *catches hold of him.*

*Luc.* You ſhall not ſtir 'till I am juſtify'd of this inhuman Suſpicion —

*Airy.* Dear BELL —— Don't go off in a Paſſion: Permit me to ſay, ſhe won't make one Jot the worſe Wife for all this.

*Vau.* Many a worſe Buſineſs has been patch'd up, as to the World, my Friend — You know we are diſcreet.

*Bel.* Fools! Puppies! Idiots! Baboons! Apes, and Monkeys. [*Beats 'em ſoundly, and Exit in a Rage.*

*Luc.* Who's within there? What! not one Servant in the Way!

*Enter* CLEVER, *and Servants haſtily.*

How got theſe Jackanapes into the Houſe? —

*Clever.*

*Clever*. Lord, Madam, how ſhould I know ?

[*Starting at Sight of them.*

*Luc*. Let 'em be ty'd Neck and Heels, and lock'd up cloſe, 'till they diſcover what brought 'em hither --

[*Servants ſeize them.*

*Vau*. That Gentlewoman knows ——

[*Pointing to* CLEVER.

*Clever*. I know! What ſhould I know ? Away with them ——

*Airy*. Permit me to have the Honour to ſay ——

*Clever*. Away with them — Let me alone, Madam, to get the Truth out.

*They are hurry'd off, ſtruggling :* CLEVER *following.*

*Luc*. When I conſider what ſilly, ridiculous Animals the very wiſeſt Men are in the Hands of a Woman, I am at a Loſs whether to pity or deſpiſe them moſt: The Creatures ſeem contriv'd only for our Diverſion, meer Play-Things for us : They are but what we make them : Merry, or Sad ; Reaſonable, or Extravagant; but as we humour them: In, or out of their Wits, juſt as we think fit to work upon their Paſſions.

" Over their very Souls, 'tis thus we reign,
" We give them Pleaſure, or decree them Pain,
" And RAISE them, --- but to DOWN with them
" again.

*The END of the* FOURTH ACT.

# ACT V. SCENE I.

ANGELICA, CONSTANTIA, COURTALL.

ANGELICA [*Reading a Challenge.*]

" AFTER what has paſs'd between us, you will
" not be ſurpriz'd to know — I am reſolv'd to
" cut your Throat ——

[Speaks] *Very reaſonable, truly!*

*Reads.*] " You ſhall find me walking under the
" Park-Wall, adjoining to Lady DORIMEN's, where
" it ſhall be try'd, if you have as much Mettle with
" your Sword in your Hand, as in a Circle before
" the Ladies.

BELLAMOUR.

*Speaks*] A very comfortable Salutation ——

[*Stands muſing.*

*Conſt.* For my Part, as a Poet in a Play, when he has puzzled himſelf with his Plot, has Recourſe to ſupernatural Aids, and brings down *Mercury*, or *Jupiter*, to his Aſſiſtance: I have conjur'd up my Brother here, in my Likeneſs, to be my Repreſentative in

in Love, or War. Say, Captain, haſt thou Courage?

[*Clapping him on the Back.*

*Court.* The Man who durſt have ask'd that Queſtion — By the Gods, had died upon the Spot.

[*Strutting.*

*Conſt.* Why then be valiant — Leave the reſt to us —

[*In the ſame ſtrutting Way.*

*Ang.* Hark! Lady DORIMEN's Door opens —— Defend me from another of her Fits! Yes, BELLAMOUR — I will meet thee ——

" O LOVE, be thou my Second, fight for me,
" Who have endur'd ſo many Wounds for Thee:
" When, with his Weapon pointed at my Heart,
" The Traytor ſtands, let looſe th' unerring Dart,
" Reduce the Rebel, and Avenge my Smart:
" Whom LOVE befriends is certain of Succeſs,
" LOVE made a Woman's Fool of *Hercules.*

[*As they go off, enter L.* DORIMEN, *and* CLEVER.

*Clever.* The Moment my Back was turn'd, they grew impatient, and the young Lady's Apartment being neareſt at Hand, they dropp'd in there.

*L. Dor.* A moſt unlucky Accident! The whole Town will talk of it — And what Interpretation may be made ——

*Clever.* Fear nothing, Madam: Truſt to my Ingenuity.

*Enter*

*Enter* LUCINDA.

*L. Dor.* CLEVER and I, my Dear, have been laughing heartily at your Adventure laſt Night.

*Luc.* Truly, Madam, I do not think it ſuch a laughing Matter.

*L. Dor.* Lord! how could the Creatures think of coming hither?

*Luc.* That, Madam, is what I am reſolv'd to know.

*L. Dor.* Reputation is nice: Methinks, the leſs Noiſe, and the fewer Enquiries, the better.

*Luc.* Reputation is nice; and for that Reaſon, Madam ——

*Clever.* The poor Gentlemen are to be pity'd: They lay rough all Night, lock'd up in the Coal-hole.

*Luc.* Then, let them be waſh'd clean, this Morning, under the Pump.

*L. Dor.* Have you no Mercy?

*Luc.* Not a Grain for Pretty-Fellows.

*L. Dor.* Well, you will have your own Way. I ſent for you, Niece, to take a Turn round the Park this fine Morning.

*Luc.* I am ready to wait on your Ladyſhip. CLEVER, look cloſe to my Priſoners. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE II.

FREDERICK *and* COURTALL *meeting.*

*Fred.* Well met, Sir.

*Court.* With all my Heart, Sir.

*Fred.* I have been hunting you all the Town over.

*Court.* Faith, that was kind, considering we never saw one another's Faces before.

*Fred.* How, Sir! never saw one another's Faces before!

*Court.* Never, upon Honour, Sir; that I know of.

*Fred.* Why! Pray, Sir, have you not engag'd to deliver your Sister CONSTANTIA to me, as soon as you yourself can agree in the Choice of One of mine?-- And ——

*Court.* And — as much as you please, Sir: I am no Interpreter of Dreams, Sir: I am but this Moment come to Town.

*Fred.* Impudence beyond Example! Sir, I am not to be banter'd at this Rate — [*His Hand upon his Sword.*

*Court.* No, Sir — Nor I neither. [*Does the same.*

CONSTANTIA *Entring.*

*Fred.* I ask Pardon — I see the Man I have been looking for. Pray, Sir, are not you call'd Captain COURTALL?

*Const.* No, Sir.

*Fred.* What are you then, Sir.

*Const*

*Conſt.* Juſt what you ſee, Sir.

*Fred.* What a Plague is all this? It muſt be one of them — The ſame Face — The ſame Shape — The ſame ——

*Conſt.* Not every Thing the ſame, I can aſſure you, Sir.

*Fred.* Are you Men, or Devils?

*Conſt.* Not Men, upon Honour.

*Fred.* Then I will ſo conjure your Devilſhips.

[*Draws. They draw.*

*Conſt.* We fight in Conjunction, and no foul Play neither; for we make but one Man betwixt us.

*Court.* Siſter, ſtand behind me. [*Aſide to* CONST.

*Conſt.* What, leave my Friend in the Lurch ——

[*Brandiſhing her Sword.*

*Enter* BELLAMOUR.

*Bel.* How! FREDERICK engag'd with Odds! Courage, my Friend. [*Draws, and joins him.*

*Conſt.* Dull, Dull *Amintor!*

[*Dropping the Point of her Sword.*

*Fred.* Does your Heart fail you upon the Square, young Conjurer?

*Conſt.* Can your Heart feel no Palpitations, when a Ruffian offers to cut your Miſtreſs's Throat before your Face!

*Fred.* My Miſtreſs's Throat!

*Conſt.* Not to know CONSTANTIA through any Diſguiſe!

*Fred.* CONSTANTIA!

*Conſt.*

*Conſt.* See where ſhe ſtands, arm'd in Appearance, but too weak for Defence; like the Picture of *Andromeda* in the Hangings, ready to be devour'd by a Fell Monſter, who has no Mercy for Women — O! the Difference between Ancient, and Modern Lovers! Here's no *Perſeus* in this Tapeſtry.

*Court.* What the Devil is ſhe at now? [*Aſide.*

*Fred.* I have heard, indeed, of a ſtrange Reſemblance between CONSTANTIA and a Twin-Brother ——

*Conſt.* Behold that Wonder!

*Fred.* Then you are COURTALL, — And that is CONSTANTIA ——

*Conſt.* We are COURTALL and CONSTANTIA — You may depend upon it.

*Fred.* But why in that Habit?

*Conſt.* For Reaſons you ſhall know hereafter.

*Fred.* Cruel COURTALL! why have you led your Friend into ſuch a Labyrinth?

*Conſt.* To prove myſelf your beſt Friend. — You will find it in the Concluſion.

FREDERICK *throwing away his Sword, caſts himſelf at* COURTALL'S *Feet, ſuppoſing him* CONSTANTIA.

*Fred.* Divineſt of Creatures! ——

*Bel.* FREDERICK, I perceive this Quarrel is in ſo amicable a Way, my Aſſiſtance is no longer neceſſary.

*Fred.* Dear BELLAMOUR, how ſhall I acknowledge —

*Bel.* No Speeches, Friend — That Man muſt be an arrant

arrant Rascal, whose Purse and Sword are not always at his Friend's Service. [*Exit.*

COURTALL *apart to* CONSTANTIA.

*Court.* Hark'e, Sister — This is not the Part you appointed me to act: I am not prepar'd for it —— I can act the Man with a Woman, but not the Woman with a Man — I am no *Cæsar.*

*Const.* Patience! — Schemes must change as Situations alter. I tell you — you are now CONSTANTIA — Behave your self well — Make me not asham'd of myself. FREDERICK, I see your Pain, and pity it: Confusion sits in both your Faces: 'Tis Time to be serious. CONSTANTIA's Presence, and Consent, were necessary to bind our Bargain: Here she is ready to be deliver'd to you upon a fair Exchange with one of your Sisters. I can answer for her Heart; 'tis your's. We are just at your Door — Take the silent, trembling Creature by the Hand, and lead her in — I am as impatient, on my Part, to make my Peace with the young Ladies.

EREDERICK *taking* COURTALL *by the Hand.*

*Fred.* Figures so resembling, Madam, may deceive the Sight for once: But that Sympathy, and that Instinct, which direct the Lover's Heart to the Object ador'd, shall preserve me, for the future, from any more such Mistakes.

[*Leads him out.*

*Const.* Rare Sympathy! Rare Instinct!

" Tho'

" Tho' my Heart akes, to ſport thus with his Pain,
" I laugh to think what ſilly Things — are Men.
[*Exit following.*

## SCENE III.

CLEVER, *with* AIRY *and* VAUNTER, *dirty, and ridiculouſly disfigur'd.*

*Clever.* You are to declare that you came hither by Miſtake; That you took this Houſe for another. —

*Airy.* But, tell us truly, had not I a Letter ſent me? Did not you meet me according to the Direction in that Letter? Did not you yourſelf conduct us to this very Houſe, lead us Up-ſtairs, lock us into a Room, and, permit me to ſay —

*Vaun.* Divert yourſelf with us — Geddemme! moſt unconſcionably —

*Clever.* Impudent Fellows! Did I ever ſee your Faces before?

*Airy.* Permit me to ſay —

*Clever.* Permit you to ſay! I'll permit you to ſay nothing but what I tell you.

*Vaun.* Well then, Dear Madam, ſince it muſt be, that you did not ſhew us the Way in, pray be ſo good as to ſhew us the Way out.

*Clever.* All in good Time: But you muſt firſt make your Declaration before the Ladies —

*Vaun.*

*Vaun.* What, in this Pickle! Geddemme! if I can speak to any Lady without my *Queüe.*

*Clever.* Well, well, these Preliminaries shall be adjusted. Get you in — I hear Company coming — To the Pump — Go — wash, and be clean —

[*Gives* AIRY *a violent Thrust, almost throws him down:* VAUNTER *standing sullen without moving, gives him a Box on the Ear.*

March, I say, when I bid you.

*Vaun.* If I don't swear I have lain with all the Family round — Geddemme —

[*Aside, going off.*

## SCENE IV.

ANGELICA *and* BELLAMOUR *meeting.* ANGELICA *in Woman's Apparel, mask'd. They take a few short Turns, observing one another.*

*Ang.* Sir, I must entreat you to choose some other Walk: This Spot of Ground belongs to me, for an Adventure which requires no Witnesses.

*Bel.* You prevent me, Madam: I am oblig'd to make you the same Request. Upon this very Spot, my good or bad Fortune is to be determin'd for ever.

*Ang.* Just my Case.

*Bel.* My Honour is engag'd.

*Ang.* So is mine.

*Bel.* I have known Honour lost in a Mask; I never heard of any gain'd.

*Ang.*

*Ang.* In ſhort, Mr. BELLAMOUR, the Affair which calls you hither is no Secret to me: You may cool your Heels long enough before you will be met, in the Manner you expect, by your young Antagoniſt.

*Bel.* If the young Rogue ſhould have the Heart to come, my Paſſion is over; I ſhould hardly have the Heart to hurt him.

*Ang.* As ſtout a Man as you take yourſelf to be, you might find yourſelf over-match'd.

*Bel.* Let him appear, and make the Tryal. In the mean time, a little Amuſement with ſo pretty a Creature as you ſeem to be, will be no diſagreeable Entertainment. Since you know me, and are ſo well inform'd of my Affairs, I am reſolv'd to be upon the Square — And know you —

*Ang.* Hands off —

*Bel.* The leaſt Sample in the World — A Lip or an Eye —

*Ang.* If the Sight of my Face could revenge your abominable Treachery to a Friend, whom I love as I love myſelf, — you ſhould ſoon ſee it to your everlaſting Confuſion.

*Bel.* If it has been my Misfortune to injure any Friend of your own Sex, the Sex has fully reveng'd it.

*Ang.* May Traytors never meet but with Traytors: Whoever betray, may they be always betray'd.

*Bel.* Name your Friend — I carry Reparation always about me for complaining Ladies — You ſhall be Judge yourſelf how much will be ſufficient.

*Ang.* Come, come, Mr. BELLAMOUR, this is no

jeſting

jesting Argument. If, in the infernal Shades, there is one Torment more bitter than another, it is reserv'd for Treachery, and Ingratitude.

*Bel.* You grow serious.

*Ang.* You have wrong'd a vertuous Lady, who lov'd you, and still loves you: Where shall the poor, forsaken Creature hide her Head? Where find a Refuge, with the Brand upon her, of a cast, dishonour'd Mistress? Dishonour! Who can bear Dishonour? Who takes my Life, takes no more from me than a Debt, which, some time or other must be paid to Nature: Who wounds my Reputation, stabs the immortal Part: and is the worst of all Murderers.

*Bel.* So warm a Friend!

*Ang.* Who can think coolly of Ingratitude? The Loan of a little paltry Pelf, you call a Debt of Honour: O! when a Woman gives her Love, the most generous Bounty of the Soul, why is that Tye less Sacred? Breach of Trust, between Man and Man, makes a Villain: 'Tis glorious to deceive a Woman!

*Bel.* You mistake the Question, Madam. In Matters of Honour, the Tyes are the same between Man and Woman, as between Man and Man: But in Matters of Love, we are Sharpers on both Sides, we play all the Game, *Cheat who Cheat can.*

*Ang.* Base, barbarous Distinction! How I should detest you if these were your real Thoughts! — Honour's the Soul of Love, it can no more subsist without it, than the Body can exist without the Soul.

*Bel.* Who can this Creature be? She moves me strangely: My Heart beats towards her, as at the Meeting of a long-absent Friend. [*Aside*

May

May I presume, in a more serious Way, to ask who this Lady may be, whose Wrongs you so warmly resent?

*Ang.* Suppose her Name should be LUCINDA!

*Bel.* I never wrong'd her: I detest her: and, for her Sake, could almost curse all Womankind.

*Ang.* You have found her false: Is that the Reason? Then you love her still?

*Bel.* By all that's Sacred, No. She withdrew me from my first Allegiance; I shall never forgive her that — O! I was the happiest Man! The first Pair in Paradise were not so bless'd. She threw Temptation in my Way. Absence from what I lov'd, and human Frailty, prevail'd! I fell like our First Parent, we sinned, and are punish'd alike, condemn'd to Despair, eternal Despair: For, O! I have transgress'd beyond all Hope of Pardon.

*Ang.* Who knows what a sincere Penitence might bring about?

*Bel.* No — 'Tis impossible to expect the least Grace from a Bounty so abus'd — ANGELICA! ANGELICA! — Oh! ——

*Ang.* Could I be sure of a sincere Conversion, I would intercede for you myself: She is, indeed, the Friend whose Wrongs have touch'd me so nearly.

*Bel.* Would you? Could you be so good? Thus let me throw myself at your Feet; Thus let me embrace your Knees, and adore you as my Guardian-Angel.

*Ang.* What shall I say for you?

*Bel.* Tell her — But, O! Confusion choaks my Words — I cannot speak ——

*Ang.* Take Courage, perhaps, your caſe may not be ſo deſperate as you think it.

*Bel.* I know ſhe is all Goodneſs: Nature never fram'd a Creature more perfect; A Mind ſo ſuited to a Perſon, every Way adorable — 'Tis that which aggravates my Crime, and leaves me without Excuſe.

*Ang.* To pretend to excuſe what is inexcuſable, would, indeed, be Preſumption, and add Guilt to Guilt: But, Confeſſion, Repentance, and Amendment, May I aſſure her of that?

*Bel.* You may — But expreſs it ſo paſſionately, that ſhe may be in no Doubt of the Sincerity of my Return to her: Say nothing of — Abſence — or human Frailty — That might look like Excuſing.

*Ang.* Is this all?

*Bel.* Tell her with what Anguiſh and Horror, I confeſs my Guilt: Begin by moving her Pity: If you find ſhe ſhould drop a Tear in Remembrance of our paſt Loves, as perhaps ſhe may — you may then proceed to ſue for Pardon — Love may revive with Mercy.

[ANGELICA *turns aſide to wipe her Eyes, and ſeems much mov'd.*

But, if ſhe ſhould continue immoveable, If neither Perſwaſion, or Tears, ſhould touch her: For, O! How can I expect it — Then, tell her, my Life ſhall expiate my Offence: My Guilt ſhall be waſh'd away in my Blood: My Sword, plung'd in that Heart which has been falſe to her, ſhall convince her of my returning Truth: Condemn'd as unworthy to live for her, I ſhall ſubmit without Murmur — And die her faithful BELLAMOUR. Be ſure you tell her this.

AN-

[ANGELICA *throws away her Mask, and takes him in her Arms.*

*Ang.* Live, Live, my BELLAMOUR ---

*Bel.* ANGELICA! — By Heavens, 'tis ſhe herſelf-- She takes me in her Arms — And bids me live — ANGELICA! ANGELICA! [*Embracing again.*

*Ang.* O! Thou art welcome to my Soul again, as to the wet and weary Wanderer, after a long tempeſtuous Night, the Return of a fair Morning.

*Bel.* Perdition catch my Soul, whenever I ceaſe to adore you — Beauty may loſe its Slaves; ſuch Goodneſs never can.

[*They embrace again, ſhedding Tears of Tenderneſs over one another.*

*Enter Lady* DORIMEN, LUCINDA, PHILABEL, *Sir* TOBY; CLEVER *attending.* LUCINDA *goes ſoftly up to* BELLAMOUR, *giving him a Rap upon the Shoulder.*

*Luc.* They were much to blame, Mr. BELLAMOUR, who gave me Notice of your Infidelities — ſo early and ſo cloſe with a new Miſtreſs!

*Bel.* My Miſtreſs, and my Guardian Angel. Falſe are the Tales, ſo often told, of Womens Perjuries; the Spight, and Malice of detracting Men; Baſe, baſe Aſperſion all, and falſe — Or were they true, Behold the Goodneſs would atone for all!

*Sir Toby.* Odzooks, the Man's in Raptures. Let us ſee — What have we here?

[*Puts on his Spectacles, examining* ANGELICA.

*L. Dor.* She's very handſom indeed. But ſure, I have ſeen ſomething very like that Face before.

*Clever.* As I live, Madam — young Maſter — in Petticoats— [*Peeping in her Face.*

*L. Dor.* It cannot be.

*Clever.* You are ſure, Madam, you did not find him a Man?

*Sir Toby.* My little *Cupid* metamorphos'd into a *Venus!*

*Ang.* From an adopted Son into a real Daughter. And now the Myſtery's all out. I am myſelf that injur'd ANGELICA, of whom I told you: Deſperate Evils require deſperate Cures. You promiſed ANGELICA your Bleſſing, Sir, when-ever I brought her to you --

*Sir Toby.* Bleſs thee! Who can chuſe but bleſs thee? Why, this was ſuch a *Hocus-Pocus*, to make thy old Daddy, at his Years, and with all his Experience, not know a Boy from a Girl: to poſe him in his Rudiments, in the Maſculine and Feminine Gender! Odzooks — Ha! *Je reconnois mon Sang* — TICKLE *all over.*

*L. Dor.* For my Part, Madam, I ever felt an invincible Inclination to love you — Give me Leave to embrace you.

*Luc.* Give you Joy, Mr. BELLAMOUR, — You are happily return'd to your firſt Love — and I to mine.

[*Taking* PHILABEL *by the Hand.*

*Bel.* Providence, Madam, orders every Thing for the beſt: We are both of us happy, in Spight of ourſelves: Marriages you know, are made in Heaven.

*Sir Toby.*

*Sir Toby.* Odzooks, and many an ill Match from so good a Place. Come, come, let's have no Talking of the past—All Friends, All Friends—Look forwards, look forwards— In Honey-Moon, Time as at the Beginning of a new Reign, all past Offences should be forgot, and forgiven.

*Luc.* There remains, however, one Thing more to be clear'd: I would not suffer worse than I deserve in Mr. BELLAMOUR's Opinion— CLEVER, bring in your Prisoners.

*Bel.* It needs not, Madam; my Passion made me too credulous: Those Fools, I know, go every where uninvited.

CLEVEK *re-enters, with* AIRY *and* VAUNTER.

*Luc.* Well, Gentlemen, have you recollected what brought you hither?

*L. Dor.* CLEVER, I tremble [*Aside to* CLEVER.

*Clever.* It needs not, Madam, they are well instructed.

*Airy. En passant* by the next Door —— A charming Creature —

*Phil.* Next Door, Sir, have a Care: FREDERICK, and his Sisters live at the next Door; vertuous young Ladies, my Relations.

*Airy.* Not the next Door, Sir, where your vertuous Relations inhabit —— But the other next Door, where you have no Relations ——

*Vaun.* Geddemme, there are two next Doors.

*L. Dor.* The Gentlemen say well, and with a great Air of Truth.

*Airy*. There is nothing, Madam, I deteſt like Lying.

*Sir Toby*. That's a Lye.

*Airy*. Except upon certain Occaſions — To ſave a Lady's Honour, —— or ſo ——

[*Tipping the Wink upon* LUCINDA.

*Luc*. Is that the Caſe now? [*Angrily*.

*Airy*. Pardon me, Madam, —— I don't ſay it is --- Vanity is not my Vice —— But having receiv'd a Letter ——

*Luc*. A Letter! Produce that Letter —— The Hand may be of Service.

[AIRY *pulling out a large Bundle of Letters*, *L.* DORIMEN *looks frighten'd*.

*Airy*. Let me ſee -- Ducheſſes -- Counteſſes -- I keep 'em ty'd up in exact Order -- according to their Ranks, and Titles -- Without Vanity -- I am plagu'd with ſo many of them --- This was anonymous --- See Letter *A* --- Aye, here it is ---

[*Preſenting the Letter to* LUCINDA. *Lady* DORIMEN *ſnatches, and tears it*.

*L. Dor*. Fye, Niece — A Womans Hand, whoever ſhe may be, ought never, upon any Account, to be expos'd.

*Luc*. I ask Pardon, Madam.

*Sir Toby*. I ſmell a Rat.

*L. Dor*. It is ſufficient we are all clear'd — What would you more?

*Luc*.

*Luc.* Her Ladyſhip's Concern gives me ſome undutiful Suſpicions -- I muſt ſtop here. Well Gentlemen, you have your Liberty -- It ſeems, you were miſtaken in the Houſe.

*Airy.* I hope, Madam, this unfortunate Accident has occaſioned no Miſ-underſtanding -- Dear BEL, -- upon Honour thou haſt no Reaſon -- There has nothing paſs'd between us -- I ſpeak it without Vanity -- Beged, I never meant to make any Thing of it.

*Bel.* I believe you, Sir.

FREDERICK's *Door opens ſuddenly.* CONSTANTIA *diſorder'd, her Hair looſe, and diſhevell'd, pull'd in by* DIANA, MELISSA, *and* MIRANDA — FREDERICK, COURTALL, *and* DORINDA *following.*

*Conſt.* Quarter, Quarter —

*Dia.* We'll quarter you —

*Mir.* You ugly — Hermaphrodite Thing — You --

*Mel.* We'll teach you to put the Man upon us — we will.

*Conſt.* You can't ſay, I put the Man upon you —

*Sir Toby.* Odzooks! My little COURTALL tranſmography'd too!

*Bel.* Why FREDERICK, I thought I had left this Matter in a peaceable Way.

*Fred.* Faith, I thought ſo too -- But new Miſtakes have happen'd.

*Conſt.* Save me -- Save me -- Or, I ſhall be devour'd by theſe Harpies -- I am caught in my own Snare ---

[*The Siſters continuing to torment her.*

*Ang.* Cousin, Cousin -- Many a good Plot has been spoil'd by over-doing -- Too much Cunning is as bad as too little Wisdom.

*Const.* Cousin, Cousin,--You speak at your Ease -- I perceive you have gain'd your Point. -- If I could bring myself to pronounce -- but -- one Word.

*Ang.* Shall I do it for you? FREDERICK, she loves you, and would fain confess it -- let but her Brother take her Place, I'll answer for it, she surrenders at Discretion.

*Fred.* What says COURTALL?

*Court.* If fair DORINDA would but smile ——

*Fred.* I charge myself with that --What says CONSTANTIA?

*Const.* I must submit to the Power that can protect me.

*Fred.* In my Hands you shall never want Protection.

[*Going to take her from the Sisters, they thrust her rudely at him.*

*Dia.* Out, Succubus --

*Mel.* He, and She-Devil --

*Fred.* O CONSTANTIA, I will so sweetly revenge myself! [*Receiving her.*

*Mir.* Look, Look, Sisters --- O my Stars! what two fine Men are yonder!

[AIRY *and* VAUNTER *join the Sisters. A dumb Show of Affectation and Foppery apart, according to their several Characters.*

*L. Dor.* Well, for my Part, after the Adventures of this Day, never more will I believe a Man the more a Man, for a promising Out-side.

" Cowards

" Cowards in Scarlet, paſs for Men of War,
" And the grave Fool does often wiſe appear;
" Truſt not Appearances: Not Two in Ten
" Deſerve the generous Name--Of WOMENS MEN.

*Ang.* Let That be an Inſtruction for the Ladies; and This for the Men -- That whoever has once entertain'd a real Paſſion, can never ſo entirely diſ-poſſeſs himſelf of it, but if proper Means are uſed, the firſt Impreſſions will return: There will be always left a Foundation to work upon, and a Weakneſs which he is not aware of, till he is brought to the Tryal. *Once a* LOVER; *And always a* LOVER.

*Sir* TOBY.

" Women have Charms, ſuch Magick's in their Looks,
" To turn and wind us, as they pleaſe, Odzooks!

*The END of the* FIFTH ACT.

# EPILOGUE.

## Spoken by ANGELICA.

*I Who have been the Poet's Spark to Day,*
*, Behold me now the* Champion *of his Play.*
*Know all, who would pretend to my good Grace,*
*I mortally dislike a damning Face.*
*I say —— Odzooks! 'tis Good —— And I'll stand by it:*
*Now let me see the Man who dares deny it.*
*Who shall pretend to doubt my Will, and Pleasure,*
*Him I defy to send his Weapon's Measure:*
*I'll give him Satisfaction —— That I can ——*
*'S Death, 'tis not the first Time, I've kill'd my Man.*
*On Pain of being posted to your Sorrow,*
*Fail not at Four, to meet me here To-morrow.*

THE

# JEW of VENICE.

A

# COMEDY.

# PROLOGUE.

Written by BEVILL HIGGONS, Esq;

The Ghosts of SHAKESPEARE, and DRYDEN Arise, Crown'd with Lawrel.

Dryd. *THIS radiant Circle, reverend* SHAKESPEARE, *view;*
*An Audience only to the Buskin due.*
Shakesp. *A Scene so noble, ancient* Greece *ne'er saw,*
*Nor* Pompey's *Dome, when* Rome *the World gave Law.*
*I feel at once both Wonder and Delight,*
*By Beauty warm'd, transcendently so bright,*
*Well,* DRYDEN, *might'st thou sing; well may these Hero's fight.*
Dryd. *With all the outward Lustre which you find,*
*They want the nobler Beauties of the Mind.*
*Their sickly Judgments, what is just, refuse,*
*And* French *Grimace, Buffoons, and Mimicks choose;*
*Our* Scenes *desert, some wretched Farce to see;*
*They know not Nature, for they taste not Thee.*

Shakesp.

Shakesp. *Whose stupid Souls thy Passion cannot move,*
*Are deaf indeed to Nature and to Love.*
*When thy* Ægyptian *weeps, what Eyes are dry!*
*Or who can live to see thy* Roman *die?*

Dryd. *Thro' Perspectives revers'd, they Nature view,*
*Which give the Passions Images, not true.*
Strephon *for* Strephon *sighs; and* Sappho *dies,*
*Shot to the Soul by brighter* Sappho's *Eyes:*
*No wonder then their wand'ring Passions roam,*
*And feel not Nature, whom th'ave overcome.*
*For shame, let genial Love prevail agen,*
*You Beaux, love Ladies; and you Ladies, Men.*

Shakesp. *These Crimes unknown, in our less polish'd Age,*
*Now seem above Correction of the Stage;*
*Less heinous Faults, our Justice does pursue;*
*To Day we punish a Stock-jobbing Jew.*
*A Piece of Justice, terrible and strange;*
*Which, if pursu'd, would make a thin Exchange.*
*The Law's Defect, the juster Muse supplies,*
*'Tis only we can make you Good, or Wise,*
*Whom Heav'n spares, the Poet will chastise.*
*These Scenes in their rough Native Dress were mine;*
*But now improv'd with nobler Lustre shine;*
*The first rude Sketches* SHAKESPEARE's *Pencil drew,*
*But all the Shining Master-strokes are new.*

# PROLOGUE,

*This Play, ye Criticks, shall your Fury stand,*
*Adorn'd, and rescu'd by a faultless Hand.*
Dryd. *I long endeavour'd to support thy Stage,*
*With the faint Copies of thy Nobler Rage,*
*But toil'd in vain for an Ungenerous Age.*
*They starv'd me living; nay, deny'd me Fame,*
*And scarce, now dead, do Justice to my Name.*
*Wou'd you repent? Be to my Ashes kind,* *
*Indulge the Pledges I have left behind.*

---

* The Profits of this PLAY were design'd for Mr. DRYDEN: but, upon his Death, given to his Son.

Dra-

# Dramatis Perſonæ.

## M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| BASSANIA. | *Gentlemen of* Venice, *and Friends.* |
| ANTONIO. | |
| GRATIANO. | *Their Companion.* |
| LORENZO. | *In Love with* JESSICA. |
| SHYLOCK | *The Jew.* |
| DUKE of *Venice.* | |

## W O M E N.

| | |
|---|---|
| PORTIA. | *A Rich Heireſs.* |
| NERISSA. | *Her Friend.* |
| JESSICA. | *Daughter to the Jew.* |

Officers belonging to the Court of Juſtice, Servants and Attendants, Men and Women.

SCENE, *Venice.*

THE

# JEW of VENICE.

A

# COMEDY.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter* BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and* LORENZO.

*Anto.* I HOLD the World, but as a Stage GRATIANO,
" Where every Man muſt play ſome certain Part,
And mine's a ſerious one.
*Grat.* Laughter and Mirth be mine :
Why ſhould a Man, whoſe Blood is warm and young,
Sit

Sit like his Grandſire, cut in Alabaſter!
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the Jaundice,
By being peeviſh! I tell thee what, ANTONIO!
I love thee, and it is my Love that ſpeaks:
There are a ſort of Men, whoſe Viſages
Do cream and mantle, like a ſtanding Pond;
And do a wilful Stillneſs entertain,
'Screwing their Faces in a politick Form,
'To cheat Obſervers with a falſe Opinion
Of Wiſdom, Gravity, profound Conceit;
As who ſhould ſay, I am, Sir, an Oracle.
Oh, my ANTONIO! I do know of theſe,
Who therefore only are reputed Wiſe,
For ſaying nothing; But more of this
Another time. 'Let you and I, LORENZO,
'Take a ſhort Turn: once more, my Friends, be
'merry.
'All have their Follies; merry Fools are beſt.
'LORENZO, come; Sir *Gravities*, farewel,
I'll end my Exhortation after Dinner.
[*Exeunt* GRAT. *and* LORENZO.

*Baſſa.* GRATIANA ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing;
More than any Man in all *Venice*. His Reaſons
Are two Grains of Wheat, hid in two Buſhels of Chaff,
You may ſeek all Day ere you find 'em, and when
You have 'em, they are not worth the Search.

*Anto.* Well, tell me now, what Lady is the ſame
To whom you ſwore a ſecret Pilgrimage,
That you to-Day promis'd to tell me of?

*Baſſa.* 'Tis not unknown to you, ANTONIO,
How much I have diſabled my Eſtate

By

By ſomething ſhewing a more ſwelling Port,
Than my faint Means would grant Continuance;
Nor would I now make Suit to be abrig'd,
From ſuch a noble Rate; but my chief Care
Is to come fairly off, from the great Debts,
Wherein my Time, ſomething too prodigal,
Has left me bound. To you, ANTONIO,
I owe the moſt in Money, and in Love.

*Anto.* 'My Friend can owe me nothing, we are one,
'The Treaſures I poſſeſs, are but in Truſt,
'For him I love. Speak freely your Demand,
And if it ſtand, as you yourſelf ſtill do,
Within the Eye of Honour, be aſſur'd,
My Purſe, my Perſon, my extreameſt Means,
'Are all my Friends.

*Baſſa.* In my School-Days, when I had loſt one Shaft,
I ſhot his Fellow of the ſelf-ſame Flight,
The ſelf-ſame Way, with more adviz'd Regard,
And by advent'ring both, I oft found both.
I owe you much, and like a Prodigal;
That which I owe is loſt; but if you pleaſe
To ſhoot another Arrow, that ſelf-way,
Which you did ſhoot the firſt: I do not doubt,
As I will watch the Aim, or to find both,
Or bring your latter Hazard back again,
And thankfully reſt Debtor for the firſt.

*Anto.* You know me well, and herein ſpend but Time,
To wind about my Love with Circumſtance.
'Believe me, my BASSANIO, 'tis more wrong
'Thus to delay the Service of your Friend,

Than

Than if you had made Waſte of all I have;
' Is this to be a Friend? With bluſhing Cheek,
' With down-caſt Eyes, and with a falt'ring Tongue;
' We ſue to thoſe we doubt: Friendſhip is plain,
' Artleſs, familiar, confident, and free.
' Ask then as you would grant, were your's the Power,
' Were your's the Power, ſo would I ask of you;
' No longer heſitate. Give me to know
' What you would have me do, and think it done.

*Baſſa.* ' Then briefly thus. In *Belmont* is a Lady
Immenſely rich, and yet more fair than rich,
And vertuous as ſhe is fair; ſometimes from her Eyes
I have receiv'd kind, ſpeechleſs, Meſſages.
Her Name is PORTIA: you have heard her Fame,
And how ſhe's courted. O, my ANTONIO!
Had I but the Means—

*Anto.* ' The Means be thine, if I can find the Means;
My preſent Fortunes are, thou know'ſt, at Sea:
No Money, nor Commodity is left me
' To raiſe immediate Sums. Therefore go forth,
Try what my Credit can in *Venice* do.
It ſhall be rack'd even to the uttermoſt
To furniſh thy Deſires: ' Nay, no ſet Speech
' Of formal Thanks, which I muſt bluſh to hear.
Go, preſently enquire. And ſo will I,
Where Money is: ' In Friendſhip, who receives,
' Obligés, by Acceptance, him that gives.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE *changes to* BELMONT.

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Portia.* In ſhort, NERISSA, my little Body is weary of this Great World.

*Neriſſa.* It might indeed, if your Wants were as great as your
Plenty. For ought I ſee, they are as ſick, who ſurfeit
With too much, as thoſe who ſtarve with too little;
' From whence I conclude, That Happineſs is ſeated in
' The Mean: Superfluity brings Care, Care both
' Robs us of our Time, and ſhortens our Days;
' But Competency is the eaſieſt, and the longeſt Liver.

*Port.* Good Sentences, and well pronounc'd.

*Neriſſa.* They would be better, if well follow'd.

*Portia.* It is a good Divine, who follows his own Teaching;
I could eaſier inſtruct Twenty, what were good to do,
Than be one of the Twenty, to follow my own Inſtruction.
The Brain may deviſe Laws for the Blood; ' but the ' Hot
' Part will be ſure to get the better of the Cold; but ' what
Is all this to my chooſing a Husband? Ah me! The Word
Chooſe: I am neither to chooſe whom I like, nor
Refuſe whom I diſlike; ſo is the Pleaſure of a Living

Living Daughter restrain'd by the Will of a dead
Father. Was ever Woman ty'd to such hard Laws,
'NERISSA, neither to choose, nor refuse?

*Nerissa.* Your Father was ever vertuous, and holy Men at
Their Deaths have often good Inspirations; wherefore
In this Lottery, which he dying devis'd, in these three
Caskets of Gold, Silver, and Lead, whereof who
Chooses his Meaning, chooses you: I have Superstition
'Enough to believe the Benefit Lot is destin'd for
'The best Deserver.
'Love is, at best, but a Lottery to all.
'Your Case looks different, but is in Effect the same
'With the rest of the World: For it is Fortune that
'Always decides ———
And now pray discover to whom of this Retinue of Suitors
Stand your Affections most inclin'd?
'Never was Woman so surrounded as you are.

*Portia.* 'PENELOPE was but a poor Princess to PORTIA.
But come, out with your List; Read me the Names,
And according as I describe, guess at my Inclinations.

*Nerissa.* 'What a long List is here! Alas, for poor 'Men, that
'Among so many, but one can be happy!

*Portia.* 'Alas, for poor Women! that when she 'might have so
'Many, she must have but one! But come, a Truce
'To moral Reflections. Read, read.

*Nerissa. Imprimis,* Here in the Front, stands Monsieur *le Compte,*

Your

Your *French* Lover——

*Portia.* ‘ Of himſelf, thou mean'ſt: He has more
‘ Tricks than
‘ A Baboon: If my Bird ſings, he ſtrait falls a caper-
‘ ing;
He will fence with his own Shadow; ‘ nor is his
‘ Tongue
‘ Leſs nimble than his Heels; I would as ſoon marry
‘ My Squirrel, or my Monkey.

*Neriſſa.* What think you then of your *Engliſhman?* he comes next.

*Portia.* ‘ The *Frenchman*'s Ape: No, give me an Original,
Whatever it be. The Ape of an Ape muſt needs be a ſtrange Monſter.

*Neriſſa.* ‘ *Myn Heer* VAN GUTTS, the *Dutchman*, how like you him?

*Portia.* Very vilely in the Morning when he is ſobber: And
More vilely in the Afternoou, when he is drunk:
At beſt, he is worſe than a Man; and at worſt, no better
Than a Beaſt: I will do any Thing, NERISSA, ere I'll
Be marry'd to a Sponge.

*Neriſſa.* For any Thing I find, this Lottery is not like to be
Fair drawn: For if he ſhould chooſe the right Casket,
You'll refuſe to perform your Father's Will.

*Portia.* Therefore, I pr'ythee, ſet a Bumper of Rheniſh
On the contrary Casket; for if the Devil be within,
And the Temptation without, I know he will
Chooſe it.

‘ *La Seignora* GUTS! oh hideous, what

‘A

'A Sound would there be in the Mouth of an
'*Italian*!

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Some of the Strangers, Madam, desire to take Their Leaves: And there are others just arriv'd, and Alighting at the Gate.

*Portia.* Would some one would come, to whom I could bid
Welcome, as heartily, as I can bid all these Farewel.
'There is a Man, NERISSA, such a Man! but what we wish,
'Either never arrives, or is always longest in coming:
Fellow, go before: NERISSA, come: Whilst we shut
Out one Lover, another knocks at the Gate.

*Nerissa.* This Lottery will certainly be drawn full.

*Exeunt.*

## SCENE *returns to* VENICE.

*Enter* BASSANIO, *and* SHYLOCK *the Jew.*

*Shyl.* Three thousand Ducats? Well.

*Bassa.* Ay, Sir, for three Months.

*Shyl.* For three Months? Well.

*Bassa.* And, as I told you, ANTONIO will be bound.

*Shyl.* ANTONIO bound? Well.

*Bassa.* Will you oblige me? Shall I know your Answer?

*Shyl.*

*Shyl.* Three thousand Ducats for three Months, and ANTONIO bound!

*Bassa.* Your Answer to that?

*Shyl.* ANTONIO is a good Man.

*Bassa.* Have you heard any Imputation to the contrary?

*Shyl.* No, no, no; my Meaning in saying he is a good
Man, is to have you understand, that I think him
A sufficient Man. 'When a Man is rich, we say
'He is a good Man:
'As on the contrary, when he has nothing, we say a
'Poor Rascal: 'Tis the Phrase, 'tis the Phrase. Let me
'Consider; one *Argosy* from *Tripoly*, another to the *Indies*,
A Third at *Mexico*; I understand moreover a Fourth
For *England*. And other Ventures he has scatter'd
Abroad: But Ventures are but Ventures, Ships are
But Planks, Sailers but Men: There are Land-Rats,
And Water-Rats, Water-Thieves and Land-Thieves:
And then there is the Peril of Waters, Winds and Rocks.
The Man, notwithstanding, is a sufficient Man. Three thousand
Ducats -- humph -- I think I may venture to take his
Bond.

*Bassa.* Be assur'd you may.

*Shyl.* I will be assur'd; and that I may be assur'd, I will bethink me.
Where may I speak with ANTONIO?

*Bassa.* If you will please to dine with us.

*Shyl.* Yes, to ſmell Pork, to eat of the Habitation, which
Your Prophet conjur'd the Devil into. I will buy
With you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you,
And ſo forth, --but I will neither eat with you, drink
With you, nor pray with you, that's flat.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Baſſa.* Here is Seignior ANTONIO.
*Shyl. aſide.*] How like a fawning Publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a *Chriſtian.*
But more, for that in low Simplicity
He lends out Money *Gratis*, and brings down
The Rate of Uſance, here with us in *Venice.*
If I could catch him once upon the Hip,
I would feed fat the ancient Grudge I bear him.
He hates our ſacred Nation; and he rails
Even there, where Merchants moſt do congregate,
On me, my Bargains, and my well worn Thrift,
Which he calls Intereſt: Curs'd be my Tribe,
If I forgive him ---
*Baſſa.* SHYLOCK, do you hear?
*Shyl.* I was debating of my private Stock:
And if my Computation's right,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the Groſs
Of full three thouſand Ducats, what of that?
*Tubal*, a wealthy *Hebrew* of our Tribe
Shall furniſh me; but ſoft! How many Months
Is't you deſire?
Reſt you fair, Good Seignior,

You

You were the laſt Man in our Mouths.

*Anto.* SHYLOCK, altho' I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, or by giving of Exceſs,
Yet to ſupply my Friend, I'll break a Cuſtom:
Is he yet reſolv'd, how much will ſerve?

*Shyl.* Aye, aye, three thouſand Ducats.

*Anto.* And for three Months.

*Shyl.* I had forgot, three Months, he told me ſo;
Well then, your Bond. But ſoft a little, methoughts
You ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Upon Advantage.

*Anto.* I do never uſe it.

*Shyl.* When *Jacob* graz'd his Uncle *Laban*'s Sheep,
This *Jacob* from our Holy *Abraham* was,
As his wiſe Mother wrought on his Behalf,
The third Poſſeſſor, aye, -- he was the Third.

*Anto.* And what of him! Did he take Intereſt?

*Shyl.* No, not as you would ſay, directly Intereſt --
'You know the Story. 'Twas a Way to thrive.
'And he was bleſs'd: For Gain is Bleſſing,
So Men ſteal it not.

*Anto.* Was this inſerted to make Intereſt good?

*Shyl.* Note, my good Seignior!

*Anto.* Mark you this, BASSANIO.
The Devil can cite Scripture for a Turn,
An evil Soul, producing holy Witneſs,
Is like a Villain, with a ſmiling Cheek.
Oh, what a goodly Outſide Falſhood wears!

*Shyl.* Seignior ANTONIO, many a Time and oft,
On the *Ryalto*, have you rated me,
About my Monies, and my Uſances;
Still have I borne it with a patient Shrug,

For Sufferance is the Badge of all our Tribe.
You call me Misbeliever, Cut-throat Dog,
And ſpate upon my *Jewiſh* Gaberdine,
And all for Uſe of that which is my own.
Well then, it now appears, you need my Help:
Go to then, -- you come to me, and you ſay,
SHYLOCK, we would have Monies;
You that did void your Rheum upon my Beard,
And foot me, as you ſpurn a Stranger Cur
Over your Threſhold: Money is your Suit,
What ſhould I anſwer? Should I not ſay,
Has a Dog Money? Can a Cur
Lend three thouſand Ducats? Or ſhall I bend down low,
And in a Bondman's Key, with ſoft'ned Voice,
And whiſpering Humbleneſs, -- Say thus!
Fair Sir, on *Wedneſday* laſt, you ſpate on me;
You ſpurn'd me ſuch a Day; another Time
You call'd me Dog, and for theſe Courteſies
I'll lend you ſo much Monies?

*Anto.* I am as like to call thee ſo again,
To ſpet on thee again, to ſpurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this Money, lend it not
As to thy Friend: For when did Friendſhip take
A Breed of ſordid Metal of his Friend!
But lend it rather as to thy Enemy,
Who, if he fails, thou may'ſt with better Face
Exact the Penalty.

*Shyl.* Why, look you, how you ſtorm,
I would be Friends with you, and have your Love,
Forget the Shames that you have ſtain'd me with,
Supply your preſent Wants, and take no Doit

Of

Of Usance for my Monies —— And you'll
Not hear me, —— ' Were this Offer kind?
*Bassa.* This were Kindness.
*Shyl.* This Kindness will I shew; nay more, I'll take
ANTONIO's single Bond: And that we may henceforth
' Be Friends, no Penalty will I exact
' But this, meerly for Mirth ——
If you repay me not on such a Day, in such a Place,
Such Sum or Sums as are express'd — Be this
The Forfeiture.
' Let me see, What think you of your Nose.
' Or of an Eye — or of — a Pound of Flesh
' To be cut off, and taken from what Part
Of your Body I shall think fit to name.
' Thou art too portly, *Christian!*
' Too much pamper'd — What say you then
' To such a merry Bond?
*Anto.* The *Jew* grows witty: I'll seal to such a Bond,
And say there is much Kindness in the *Jew.*
*Bassa.* You shall not seal to shuch a Bond ——
' There is some Trick, some farther Fetch in this:
You shall not seal to such a Bond for me.
*Anto.* Fear not, my Friend, within two Months, that is
A Month before the Bond expires, I expect Returns
Of thrice three Times the Value of this Bond.
*Shyl.* O Father *Abraham*, what these *Christians* are!
Whose own hard Dealings teach 'em to suspect
The Truth of others. Pray tell me, should he fail
His Day, — what should I get by the Exaction
Of the Penalty? A Pound of Man's Flesh!
Nor to be sold, nor eaten —

To buy his Favour, I propos'd these Terms.
Such as I thought could bear no wrong
Construction: But since you're so suspicious,
Fare you well. [*Going.*

*Anto.* Stay SHYLOCK, I will seal as you propose.

*Shyl.* Then meet me at the Notary's, [*Returning.*
Give him Directions to prepare the Bond:
In the mean Time, I'll fetch the Ducats;
See to my House, lest some unthrifty Knave
Be on the Guard! *Christian*, thy Hand,
I'll presently be with you. [*Exit* Jew.

*Anto.* Thou'rt now a very gentle *Jew.*
This *Hebrew* will turn *Christian*, he grows kind.

*Bassa.* I like not yet the Terms.
'A Villain, when he most seems kind,
'Is most to be suspected.

*Anto.* There is not the least Danger, nor can be,
'Or if there were, what is a Pound of Flesh,
'What my whole Body, every Drop of Blood,
'To purchase my Friend's Quiet! Heav'n still is good
'To those who seek the Good of others: Come,
'BASSANIO,
'Be chearful, for 'tis lucky Gold we borrow:

'Of all the Joys that generous Minds receive,
'The noblest is, the God-like Power to give.
[*Exeunt.*

*The END of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT

# ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter* SHYLOCK *and* JESSICA.

I Am bid forth to Supper, JESSICA,
There are my Keys; but wherefore ſhould I go!
I am not bid for Love: They flatter me,
But then I'll go in Hate: To feed upon
The Prodigal *Chriſtian.*
I am right loth to go, there is ſome Ill
A brewing towards me: I dreamt laſt Night
Of Money-Bags. JESSICA! my Girl, look to my House,
They ſay, there will be Maſques: Hear you me, JESSICA,
Lock up my Doors — And when you hear the Drum,
Or the vile Squealing of the wry-neck'd Fyfe,
Clamber not you up to the Caſement then,
Nor thruſt your Head into the publick Streets,
To gaze on *Chriſtian* Fools, with varniſh'd Faces;
But ſtop the Windows cloſe; nor look, nor liſten,
Let not the Sound of ſhallow Foppery enter
My ſober Houſe. By *Jacob*'s Staff I ſwear,
I have no Mind of feaſting forth to Night:
Well, JESSICA, — go in — perhaps I will return
Immediately. Do as I bid you, ſhut Doors after

You. Fast bind, fast find, [*Exit* SHYLOCK.

*Jess.* Alas! what Sin is it in me
To be asham'd to be my Father's Child?
' But how can he be said to have given me Life,
' Who never suffer'd me to know
' What 'tis to live? O LORENZO!
' Keep but thy Word to Night, and thou shalt be,
' A Father, and a Husband, both to me. [*Exit.*

*Enter* LORENZO *and* GRATIANO.

*Loren.* Here she directs
How I shall take her from her Father's House,
What Gold and Jewels she is furnish'd with,
And how she'll be disguis'd: Oh! 'tis the kindest
Creature: If ere the *Jew* her Father comes to Heav'n,
It must be for his gentle Daughter's Sake.
Oh! never may Misfortune cross her Foot,
For that she is the Issue of a *Jew*.

*Grat.* ' Young, Handsom, Willing, with Gold and
' Jewels to boot!
' Plague on't, when shall I have such Luck?

*Enter* JESSICA, *in the Balcony.*

*Jess.* Who are you? Tell me for more Certainty:
Albeit, I swear that I do know your Voice,
I love the Repetition of your Name.

*Lor.* LORENZO, and thy Love.

*Jess.* LORENZO certain, and my Love indeed;
For who love I so much? But ah! who knows
But you, LORENZO, whether I am your's?

*Lor.*

*Lor.* Heaven and thy Thoughts are Witness that thou art.

*Jessi.* Here! catch this Casket, it is worth the Pains,
I'm glad 'tis Night? you look, but cannot see me,
For I am much asham'd of what I am;
'But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
'The Follies that themselves commit.

*Lor.* Come down, my Love.

*Jessi.* I will make fast the Doors, and gild myself
With some few Ducats more, and then be with you.
[*Exit.*

*Grat.* Now, by my Soul a *Gentile*, and no *Jew*,
'She robs her Father with a *Christian*'s Grace.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her from my Soul!
For she is fair, or else my Eyes are false:
And true she is. What Proofs could she give more?
And, Oh! she's kind; she loves me, and I love.
'A greater Bliss, scarce Heaven itself can boast,
'Than mutual Love.

*Enter* JESSICA, *shutting the Door after her.*

*Jessi.* 'Shut Doors after you; fast bind, fast find,
'These were his last Words: Thus I avoid the
'Curse of Disobedience: Be thou shut till I
'Open thee.

*Lor.* 'So whilst old *Laban* snor'd in Bed,
'*Jacob* with sprightly *Rachel* fled.

*Jess.* 'His Gold, and Gems of Price they took,
'And eke the Flower of every Flock.
[*Holds up a Bag.*

*Lor.* ‘ But not one precious Thing was there
‘ That could with JESSICA compare.

*Enter* ANTONIO.

*Ant.* Fye, fye, my Friends, why do you loiter thus!
GRATIANO and LORENZO, for Shame make Haste:
BASSANIO frets, that you are wanting,
He has sent twenty times to look you out.

*Grat.* ‘ Matters of State, ANTONIO! Matters of
‘ State,
‘ A Rape and a Robbery! Matters of State,
‘ Matters of State, ANTONIO!

*Ant.* Away, away, for Shame.

[*Exit.*

*Lor.* Farewell, GRATIONA: Excuse me to BASSANIO.
Come, JESSICA, this must be your Way and mine.

[*Exeunt.*

*Grat.* ‘ *Jew*, *Turk*, and *Christian*, differ but in
‘ Creed:
‘ In Ways of Wickedness, they're all agreed:
‘ None upward clears the Road. They part and cavil,
‘ But all jog on — unerring to the Devil.

[*Exeunt*,

SCENE

SCENE *opens and discovers* BASSANIO, ANTONIO, SHYLOCK, *and others, sitting, as at an Entertainment. Musick playing: During the Musick,* GRATIANO *enters, and takes his Place.*

*Anto.* 'This to immortal Friendship; fill it up —
'Be thou to me, and I to my BASSANIO,
'Like *Venice* and her *Adriatick* Bride,
'For ever link'd in Love.

*Bassa.* 'Thou join'st us well: And rightly hast
'compar'd:
'Like *Venice* on a Rock, my Friendship stands
'Constant and fix'd; but 'tis a barren Spot:
'Whilst like the liberal *Adriatick*, thou
'With Plenty bath'st my Shoars —
'My Fortunes are the Bounty of my Friend.

*Anto.* 'My Friend's the noblest Bounty of my For-
'tune.
'Sound every Instrument of Musick there,
To our immortal Friendship.

[*All drink. Loud Musick.*

*Bassa.* 'Let Love be next, what else should
'Follow Friendship?
'To Love, and to Love's Queen, my charming POR-
'TIA,
'Fill; till the rosy Brim reflects her Lips:
'Then kiss the Symbol round,
'Oh! in this Lottery of Love, where Chance,

'Not

'Not Choice presides: Give, give, ye Powers, the
'Lot,
'Where she herself would place it: Crown her Wish,
'Tho' Ruin and Perdition catch BASSANIO:
'Let me be wretched, but let her be bless'd.
[*Drink, and Musick again.*

*Grat.* 'Mine's a short Health: Here's to the Sex
'in general:
'To Woman, be she black, or brown, or fair:
'Plump, slender, tall, or middle-statur'd ——
'Let it be Woman: and 'tis all I ask.
[*Drink again. Musick as before.*

*Shyl.* 'I have a Mistress, that out-shines 'em all —
'Commanding yours, — and yours, — tho' the whole
'Sex:
'O! may her Charms encrease and multiply;
'My Money is my Mistress! Here's to
'Interest upon Interest. [*Drinks.*

*Anto.* 'Let Birds and Beasts of Prey howl to such
'Vows,
'All generous Notes be hush'd: Pledge thyself, *Jew:*
'None here will stir the Glass — [*All rise.*
'Nor shall the Musick sound: O BASSANIO
'There sits a Heaviness upon my Heart
'Which Wine cannot remove: I know not,
But Musick ever makes me thus.

*Bassa.* The Reason is, your Spirits are attentive:
For do but note, a wild and wanton Herd,
Or Race of skittish and unhandled Colts,
Fetching mad Bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
If they but hear by Chance some Trumpet sound,
Or any Air of Musick touch their Ears,

You

You ſtrait perceive 'em make a mutual Stand,
Their ſavage Eyes turn'd to attentive Gaze,
By the ſoft Power of Muſick: Therefore the Poet
Did feign, that *Orpheus* melted Stones and Rocks:
For what ſo hard, ſo ſtubborn, or ſo fierce,
But Muſick, for the Time, will change it's Nature?
The Man, who has not Muſick in his Soul,
Or is not touch'd with Concord of ſweet Sounds,
Is fit for Treaſons, Stratagems, and Spoils:
The Motions of his Mind are dull as Night,
And his Affections dark as *Erebus*;
Let no ſuch Man be truſted — Mark the Muſick.

*Here to be a complete Concert of Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſick, after the* Italian *Manner.*

*The Concert ceaſing.*

*Anto.* ‘ With ſuch an Air of true Magnificence,
‘ My noble minded Brother treats his Friends,
‘ As hardly has been known to *Italy*,
‘ Since *Pompey* and *Lucullus* entertain'd:
‘ To frame thy Fortune ample as thy Mind,
‘ New Worlds ſhould be created.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* The Maſter of the Ship ſends Word, the Wind is
Come about: And he deſires you would haſte Aboard.
*Baſſ. turning to Anto.*] ‘ Oh, my lov'd Friend! 'till
‘ now I never knew

‘ The

'The Pangs of parting Friendſhip.
'At Diſtance I have taſted of the Pain,
'When the rude Morn has ſunder'd us away,
'To our Repoſe: But, by my Soul, I ſwear
'Even then my Eyes would drop a ſilent Tear,
'Repugnant ſtill to cloſe, and ſhut out thee.

*Anto.* 'You go for your Advantage, and that
'Thought
'Shall keep ANTONIO comforted.

*Baſſ.* 'The Traject is from hence to *Belmont* ſhort,
'And Letters may come daily: Such Intercourſe
'Is all the Cordial abſent Friends enjoy:
'Fail not in that. Your Trouble ſhall be ſhort,
'I will return with the beſt Speed I can.

*Anto.* 'Be not too haſty, my BASSANIO, neither;
Slubber not Buſineſs for my Sake, my Friend,
'But ſtay the very ripening of thy Love.
'Be gay, aſſiduous, and employ ſuch Arts,
'As beſt incline the Fair: Love is not ſeiz'd, but
'won;
'Hard is the Labour; you muſt plant and prune,
'And watch Occaſion juſt: This Fruit is nice,
'Twill promiſe Wonders, and grow fairly up;
'Seem hopeful to the Eye, look ripe, and then
'A ſudden Blaſt ſpoils all.

*Enter another Servant.*

*Serv.* 'The Maſter of the Ship has ſent agen.

*Baſſ.* 'One more Embrace: To thoſe who know
'not Friendſhip
'This may appear unmanly Tenderneſs;

'But

'But 'tis the Frailty of the braveſt Minds.
*Anto.* 'I ask but this, BASSANIO;
'Give not your Heart ſo far away,
'As to forget your Friend.
'Come, is all ready? I muſt haſten you.
*Grat.* 'If you were ready to part,
'Tis all we ſtay for now.
*Baſſ.* 'SHYLOCK, thy Hand, be gentle to my
'Friend,
'Fear not thy Bond, it ſhall be juſtly paid,
'We ſoon ſhall meet again,
'Always, I hope, good Friends.
'Oh, my ANTONIO! 'tis hard, tho' for a Moment,
'To loſe the Sight of what we love.
*Shyl. aſide.*] 'Theſe two *Chriſtian* Fools put me in
'mind
'Of my Money: Juſt ſo loth am I to part with that.
*Baſſ.* 'GRATIANO, lead the Way: SHYLLOCK,
'once more farewel.
'We muſt not part, but at the Ship, ANTONIO:

'Lovers and Friends, ſhould they for Ages ſtay,
'Would ſtill find ſomething left that they would ſay.

[*Exeunt.*

*The END of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT

# ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter* PORTIA, BASSANIO, NERISSA, GRATIANO, *and their Train.* NERISSA, GRATIANO *discourse apart.*

*Bass.* WHY if two Gods ſhould play ſome Heav'nly Match,
And on the Wager lay two earthly Beauties,
And PORTIA one, there muſt be ſomething more
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude World
Has not her Equal: But, alas! the while
Should *Hercules* and *Lychas* play at Dice,
Who were the better Man? The greater Throw
Might turn by Fortune from the weaker Hand:
So were a Giant worſted by a Dwarf;
And ſo may I, having no Guide but Chance,
'Miſs that, which one unworthier may obtain,
'And die with the Deſpair.

*Port.* Therefore forbear to chooſe, pauſe for a while,
Before you hazard; for in chuſing wrong
You loſe for ever: Therefore, I pray forbear;
For ſomething tells me, but it is not Love,
I would not loſe you: I could teach you
How to chooſe right: But then I am forſworn,
So will I never be.

'Yet

'Yet ſhould you miſs me,
'I ſhould repent that I was not forſworn:
I ſpeak too much; tho' Thought will have no Bound,
'A Virgin's Tongue ſhould ſhame to hint a Thought,
'At which a Virgin's Cheek ſhould bluſh.
Think it not Love, yet think it what you pleaſe,
So you defer a Month or two:
'For fain I would detain you as a Friend,
'Whom as a Lover I might loſe,
'Should you perſiſt to venture the raſh Throw.
''Tis better ſtill to doubt, and ſtill to hope,
'Than knowing of our Fates, to know
'That we have loſt for ever.

*Baſſ.* 'Doubt is the worſt Eſtate: 'Tis better once
'To die, than ſtill to live in Pain.
'Deſire is fierce, nor brooks the leaſt Delay.
'Fortune and Love befriend me: I'm reſolv'd.
My Life, and all my Earthly Happineſs
Sits on the Chance: Where may I find the Casket?

*Portia.* 'Yet, let me perſuade you: If for yourſelf
'You cannot fear, tremble for her—
'For her, to whom you have ſo often ſworn,
'More than yourſelf, you love her; Think! Oh,
'think!
'On PORTIA's Fate: Who may not only loſe
'The Man, by whom ſhe wiſhes to be won,
'But being loſt to him, remain expos'd
'To ſome new Choice; another muſt poſſeſs
'What Chance denies to you. O fatal Law!
'Loſt to each other were a cruel Doom,
'But 'tis our leaſt Misfortune. I may live
'To be enjoy'd by one I hate. And you

'May

'May live to ſee it.

*Baſſ.* 'To love, and to be lov'd, yet not poſſeſs,
'No greater Curſe could be, but what thou fear'ſt;
'Yet I will on: With double Flames I burn,
'Knowing that PORTIA loves me; all my Fear
'Was for her Love: Secure of that I go
'Secure of the Reward. Lead me to the Caskets.

*Portia.* Away then, and find out where PORTIA's lock'd:
'Thy Courage is an Omen of Succeſs,
'If Love be juſt, he'll teach thee where to chooſe.
NERISSA, ſhew him, ſince he is reſolv'd;
The reſt ſtand all aloft, whilſt Muſick plays,
That if he loſe, like Swans we may expire
In ſofteſt Harmony: But if he win,
Ah! What is Muſick then? Then Muſick is
Even as the Flouriſh, when true Subjects bow
To a new crown'd Monarch: Such it is,
As are thoſe Dulcet Sounds at Break of Day,
That ſteal into the dreaming Bridegroom's Ear,
And ſummon him to Joy: See where he goes
With no leſs Preſence, but with much more Love,
Than young *Alcides*, when he did redeem
The Virgin Tribute paid, by weeping *Troy*,
To the Sea-Monſter: I, like the Victim ſtand,
The reſt aloof, like the *Dardanian* Wives,
With blotted Viſages come forth, to view
The Iſſue of the Exploit. Go, *Hercules*,
'Love, that inflames thy Heart, inſpire thy Eyes,
'To chooſe aright where PORTIA is the Prize.

PORTIA

PORTIA *and the rest stand at a Distance, observing soft Musick. 'Till re-enter* BASSANIO, *in each Hand a Casket.*

*Bass.* Who chooses me, shall get what he deserves,
The like Inscription bears this Silver Casket.
Shall get what he deserves; who choose by outward Shew,
Entic'd by gilded Baits and flattering Forms,
Who look not to th' interior: But like the Martlet,
Build in the Weather on the outward Wall,
Even in the Force and Road of Casualty,
What may their Merit be? Agen let me consider,
[*Walks about thinking.*

*Grat.* Take the Gold, Man, or the Silver: Plague on't,
Would I were to choose for him.

*Bass.* Shall get what he deserves: Let none presume
Without the Stamp of Merit to obtain.
Oh! that Estates, Degrees and Offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear Honour
Were purchas'd by the Merit of the Wearer!
How many then would cover who stand bare!
How many be commanded, who command!
How much low Peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true Seed of Honour! and how much Honour
Pick'd from the Chaff and Ruin of the Times,
To be new varnish'd! Let me not be rash,
There yet remains a Third: Well will I weigh
Ere I resolve. [*Exit Grat.*

*Grat.* ‘ Take the Gold, I ſay; Pox on Lead;
‘ what is it good
‘ For, but to make Bullets? ’Tis the Image of
‘ Death and Deſtruction.

*Re-enter* BASSANIO *with a Casket of Lead.*

*Baſſ.* The World is ſtill deceiv’d with Ornament:
In Law, what Plea ſo tainted or corrupt,
But being ſeaſon’d with a gracious Voice,
And cover’d with fair ſpecious Subtleties,
Obſcures the Shew of Reaſon. ‘ In Religion,
What damn’d Error, but ſome ſober Brow
Will bleſs it, and approve it with a Text.
There is no Vice ſo artleſs, but aſſumes
Some Mark of Vertue on its outward Parts,
Hiding the Groſſneſs with fair Ornament.
How many Cowards, with Livers white as Milk,
Have Backs of Brawn, and wear upon their Chins
The Beard of *Hercules* and frowning *Mars!*
Look even on Beauty: What are thoſe criſped Locks
That make ſuch wanton Gambols with the Wind?
What but the Dowry of a ſecond Head;
The Skull that bred ’em in the Sepulchre.
‘ Thus Ornament is as a beauteous Scarf
‘ Veiling Deformity. Therefore thou gawdy Gold,
Hard Food for *Midas*, I will have none of thee:
Nor none of thee, Silver, thou common Drudge,
’Twixt Man and Man. But thou, thou meagre Lead,
‘ Which rather threaten’ſt, than doſt promiſe ought,
‘ Thy Sullenneſs moves more than Eloquence,
And here I fix: Joy be the Conſequence.

*Grat.*

*Grat.* ‘ Undone, undone : I'll not ſtand to't,
‘ NERISSA. I'll
‘ Chuſe for myſelf.
*Portia. aſide.*] How all the other Paſſions fleet to Air,
As doubtful Thoughts, and raſh embrac'd Deſpair,
Tormenting Fears, and green-ey'd Jealouſy.
O Love ! be moderate ; allay this Extacy.
In Meaſure pour thy Joy, ſtint this Exceſs :
I feel too much thy Bleſſing, make it leſs.
For fear I ſurfeit.
*Baſſ.* What find I here? [*Opening the Casket.*
The Portraiture of PORTIA.
What Demi-God has come ſo near Creation? Move theſe Eyes!
Or whether, riding on the Balls of mine,
Seem they in Motion? Here are ſever'd Lips,
Parted with ſweeteſt Breath : ‘ The very Odour
‘ Seems there expreſs'd, and thus invites the Taſte!
[*Kiſſing the Picture.*
And here again, here in her lovely Hair,
The Painter plays the Spider, and has woven
A Golden Snare, to catch the Hearts of Men :
‘ But then her Eyes!
‘ How could he gaze undazzled upon them,
‘ And ſee to imitate? Let me peruſe the Motto.
*Reads.*] ‘ Who chooſes me ; let him whoſe Fate it is,
‘ Turn to the Fair, and claim her with a Kiſs.
A gentle Scroll : Fair Lady, by your Leave.
I come, by Note, to give and to receive,
Like one of two contending for a Prize,

Who

Who thinks he has done well, looks round to mark
(Hearing Applauſe, and univerſal Shout)
Whether thoſe Peals of Praiſe are meant to him:
So ſtands BASSANIO, full of Hopes and Fears,
' Still anxious what to truſt, and what believe,
' 'Till you confirm his Hopes.

*Portia.* ' Had Choice decided, and not only Chance.
' As Fortune has diſpos'd me, ſo had I.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you and yours
Is now converted. But now I was the Lady
Of this fair Manſion, Miſtreſs of theſe Servants,
Queen o'er myſelf, even now; and in a Moment
This Houſe, theſe Servants, and myſelf, their Queen,
Are yours, my Lord. I plight 'em with this Ring,
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the Ruin of your Love,
' And ſtand, as a Record, that you were falſe,
' A Follower of my Fortunes, not of me,
' And never meant me fair.

*Baſſ.* ' Die firſt, BASSANIO. My Miſtreſs, and
' my Queen,
' As abſolute as ever ſhall you reign.
' Not as the Lord, but Vaſſal of your Charms;
' Not as a Conqueror, but Acquiſition;
' Not one to leſſen, but enlarge your Power;
' No more but this, the Creature of your Pleaſure;
' As ſuch receive the paſſionate BASSANIO.
Oh! there is that Confuſion in my Powers,
As Words cannot expreſs: But when this Ring
Parts from this Finger, then part Life from thence:
Then ſay, and be aſſur'd, BASSANIO's dead.

GRA-

GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *seem in earneſt Diſpute.*

*Grat.* ‘ I ſay a Bargain's a Bargain, and I will have
‘ Juſtice.
*Ner.* I ſay, we drew Stakes.
*Grat.* ‘ That was only in Caſe I had loſt, Child.
*Portia.* A Diſpute between our Friends! What's the Matter, Couſin?
*Grat.* I'll tell you, Madam, the Matter in ſhort, and you ſhall be Judge:
‘ I happen'd to ſay to this Lady, that it was her De-
‘ ſtiny to
‘ Have me; ſhe conſented to put it to Tryal, and
‘ agreed
‘ To be determined by the Choice, my Friend ſhould
‘ make
‘ If he had you --- I ſhould have her; and here
‘ Stand I to claim her Promiſe.
*Portia.* Is this true, NERISSA??
*Ner.* ‘ Aye! but he recanted, and ſaid afterwards, he
‘ Would chuſe for himſelf.
‘ *Grat.* ‘ Why ſure ſo I can, now I know the right
‘ Casket.
‘ What ſort of a Tramontane, do you take me to
‘ Be? You are gone that Way too, as I take it.
*Ner.* ‘ Then, Madam, all my Hope is, that you
‘ won't let
‘ Me keep my Word.
*Grat.* ‘ 'Tis falſe, to my certain Knowledge ſhe hopes
Otherwiſe --- NERISSA! we'll play with 'em the firſt
Boy

Boy for a thousand Ducats.

*Ner.* ‘ Methinks this looks like the last Act of a
‘ Play.
‘ All Parties are agreed; there remains nothing but
‘ To draw the Curtain and put out the Lights.

*Grat.* ‘ A good Hint, my Love: Let you and I
‘ make our *Exit*
‘ About that same last Act, as you call it.

*Bass.* ‘ I rejoice, GRATIANO, that my good For-
‘ tune
‘ Thus included yours.
‘ Oh! that ANTONIO knew of our Success.
‘ It would o'er-joy him. Pr'ythee, GRATIANO,
‘ Send a Special Messenger to *Venice*,
‘ To inform him of our Fortunes ---
‘ SHYLOCK shall now be paid, my Friend is safe,
‘ And Happiness, on every Side surrounds us.

GRATIANO *going out, meets* LORENZO, JESSICA, *and a Servant from* ANTONIO *entring.*

*Grat.* LORENZO, and his pretty Infidel,
SALERIO too, ANTONIO's Servant: If I mistake
him not.
‘ Look here, BASSANIO: Here is News from *Venice.*

*Bass.* LORENZO. Welcome! SALERIO too!
What News
‘ From my ANTONIO? Oh, 'tis the best of Friends!
Y'are welcome hither. By your Leave, my Love,
Tho' my Interest here be yet but young, I
Take upon me to bid my Friends most welcome.

*Portia.*

*Portia.* So do I, my Lord, they are entirely welcome.
*Lor.* We thank you, Madam: For my Part, my Lord,
My Purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with SALERIO by the Way,
He needs would have me come.
*Sal.* I did, my Lord, desire it, and had a Reason for it:
Seignior ANTONIO commends him to you.
*Bass.* 'How does my Friend?
*Sal.* 'This Letter will inform you.

BASSANIO *reads to himself, and seems concern'd.*

*Grat.* NERISSA, bid this Stranger Welcome:
Your Hand, LORENZO: and yours, SALERIO.
What's the News from *Venice?* We are the *Jasons*
Who have won the Fleece: ANTONIO will rejoice
At our Success.
*Sal.* Would you had won the Fleece, which he has lost.
*Portia.* There are some shrewd Contents in that same Paper,
Which steal the Colour from BASSANIO's Cheek:
'Some great Misfortune sure: No common Cause
'Could thus disturb him at this Time. Still worse
'and worse.
With Leave, BASSANIO, I am half yourself,
And freely must have half of any thing
That this same Letter brings you.
*Bass.* O my PORTIA! Here are a few of the most fatal Words

That ever blotted Paper ——
When I did first impart my Love, I told you
That all the Wealth I had ran in my Veins.
When I said nothing, I should then have said
That I was worse than nothing: For indeed
I have engag'd myself to my best Friend;
Engag'd my Friend to his worst Enemy,
To feed my Fortunes. But is it true, SALERIO?
Have all his Ventures fail'd? What not one Hit!
From *Tripoly*, from *Mexico*, from *England*,
From *Lisbon*, *Barbary*, and *India*,
And not one Vessel 'scape!
*Sal.* Not one, my Lord.
*Portia.* Is it your Friend who is thus troubled?
*Bass.* The dearest Friend to me! The kindest Man!
The best condition'd, most unwearied Spirit
In doing Good; and one in whom
The ancient *Roman* Honour more appears,
'For liberal Love and bounteous Courtesy,
'Than any that has breath'd in *Italy*
'Since ANTONY and BRUTUS.
*Portia.* What is the Sum?
*Bassa.* For me three thousand Ducats,
'Rais'd to transport me hither.
*Portia.* What! no more!
'And rais'd on my Account? 'Tis then my Debt;
Pay him six thousand, double six thousand.
And then treble that, before a Friend should suffer,
Or lose a Hair thro' my BASSANIO's Fault:
You shall away to *Venice* to your Friend;
For never shall you lie by PORTIA's Side
With an unquiet Soul. You shall have Gold

To

To pay the petty Debt twenty times over.
NERISSA, and myſelf, mean while will live
As Maids and Widows. Let none reply,
'For I will have it thus.
*Baſſ.* 'O Love, O Friendſhip!
'Was ever Man thus tortur'd!
*Grat.* 'What! Not one Quarter of an Hour to pack
'up
'My Baggage?
*Ner.* 'Whereabouts is the laſt Act now, GRATIANO?
*Grat.* 'Faith, Child, I have the Part ready,
'If I might have Leave to play it.
*Portia.* 'Away ye Triflers.
'Nay then, BASSANIO, I muſt thruſt you from me:
''Tis hard for both to be divided thus
'Upon our Wedding-Day. But Honour calls,
'And Love muſt wait. Honour, that ſtill delights
'To tyrannize o'er Love. Farewel, my Lord,
'Be chearful in this Tryal: As you prove,
'Your Faith in Friendſhip, I ſhall truſt your Love.
[*She conducts him to the Door.*
[*Exeunt* BASSANIO *and* GRATIANO.
*Lor.* Madam, if you knew to whom you ſhew this Honour!
How true a Lover of your Lord!
*Portia.* I never did repent of doing Good;
Nor ſhall I now: But we have much to do
In other Things: Therefore to you, LORENZO,
And to this Lady, whoſe Pardon I ſhould crave,
For having ſtood ſo much un-noted by me,
I will commit, as to my Lord's beſt Friends,

The Husbandry and Conduct of my House
Until my Lord's Return: For my own Part,
I have to Heav'n breath'd a secret Vow,
To live in Prayer and Contemplation,
Only attended by NERISSA here,
Until her Husband and my Lord come back.
There is a Monastery two Miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this Imposition, which
My Love, and some Necessity
Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all our Hearts,
We will observe your Pleasure.

*Portia.* Come on, NERISSA; I have Work in Hand
That thou yet knowest not of. BALTHAZAR,
Thou art honest; so let me find thee still.
Follow me in: I have some short Directions
For you all. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE *changes to a Prison in* VENICE.

*Enter* SHYLOCK *and* JAILER, *with* ANTONIO *in Shackels.*

*Shyl.* JAILER, look to him. Tell not me of Mercy;
This is the Fool, who lent out Money *Gratis*;
Where is that Friend thou hast so much oblig'd
Will own the now? JAILER, I say,
Look to him.

*Anto.*

*Anto.* Hear me yet, good SHYLOCK.

*Shyl.* I'll have my Bond: I have ſworn an Oath, that
I will have my Bond: Thou call'dſt me Dog,
Before thou hadſt a Cauſe: But ſince I am a
Dog, beware my Fangs.

*Anto.* I pr'ythee hear me ſpeak.

*Shyl.* I'll have my Bond. I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll not be made a ſoft relenting Fool,
To ſhake the Head, and ſigh, and yield, and melt
To *Chriſtian* Interceſſors: I'll have no ſpeaking,
I will have my Bond.

*Anto.* Thou wilt not take my Fleſh; what's that good for?

*Shyl.* To bait Fiſh withal; if it will feed nothing elſe, it
Will feed my Revenge: Thou haſt diſgrac'd me,
Hindered me half a Million; laugh'd at my Loſſes;
Repin'd at my Gains; ſcorn'd my Nation;
Thwarted my Bargains; cool'd my Friends;
Enflam'd my Enemies; and what's the Reaſon?
I am a *Jew* --- Has not a *Jew* Eyes? Has not
A *Jew* Hands! Organs, Dimenſions, Senſes, Affections,
Paſſions? Fed with the ſame Food, hurt with
The ſame Weapons, ſubject to the ſame Diſeaſes,
Heal'd by the ſame Means, warm'd and cool'd,
By the ſame Winter and Summer as a *Chriſtian?*
If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you
Tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poiſon us,
Do we not die? And if you wrong us, ſhall
We not revenge? If we are like you in the reſt,
We will reſemble you in that: For if a *Jew*

Wrong a *Christian*, what is his Humility,
Revenge? If a *Christian* wrong a *Jew*, what
Should his Sufferance be by a *Christian* Example?
Why, Revenge. The Charity you practise, I will
Imitate: and it shall go hard, but I will improve
By the Instruction.

*Anto.* Thou art the most impenetrable Cur
That ever kept with Men.

*Shyl.* My Daughter too! None knew so well as you of my
Daughter's Flight. Why there, there, there is a
Diamond gone, cost me Two thousand Ducats in *Frankfort.*
A Ring too, it was my Turkis; I had it of *Leah*,
When I was a Batchelor; besides Gold, and many other
Precious Jewels. Would my Daughter were dead
At my Foot, so the Jewels were in her Ears;
Would she were Hears'd, so the Ducats were in the
Coffin. No News, and I know not how much
Spent in the Search: Loss upon Loss. The Thief gone
With so much, and so much to find the Thief;
And no Satisfaction, no Revenge: But thou art
Caught, and thou shalt pay the whole Thief's Bill.
Thou, who wast wont to lend out Money for a *Christian*
Courtesy: thou *Christian* Fool, pay thy Debts:
JAILER, I say, look to him.

[*Thrusts him after the* JAILER, *and Exeunt.*

*The END of the* THIRD ACT.

ACT

# ACT IV. SCENE I.

*A Court of Justice. The* DUKE *and Nobles seated. Officers of the Court attending* ANTONIO *as a Prisoner,* BASSANIO *and* GRATIANO.

*Duke.* WHAT is ANTONIO here?

*Anto.* Ready, so please your Grace.

*Duke.* I am sorry for thee, thou art come to answer
A Stony Adversary; an inhumane Wretch,
Incapable of Pity. Go one, and call the *Jew*
Into the Court.

*Enter* SAYLOCK.

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our Face.
SHYLOCK, the World does think, and so do I,
That thou but lead'st this Fashon of thy Malice
To the last Hour of Act; and then, 'tis hop'd,
Thou'lt shew thy Mercy, and Remorse, as strange
As is thy strange apparent Cruelty,
Glancing an Eye of Pity on his Losses,
That have of late so huddled on his Back,
Enow to press a Royal Merchant down,
And pluck Commiseration of his State
From stubborn *Turks* and *Tartars*, never train'd

' To Offices of tendor Courtesy.
We all expect a gentle Answer, *Jew.*
*Shyl.* I have possess'd your Grace, of what I purpose,
And by our Holy *Sabbath* have I sworn,
To have the Due, and Forfeit of my Bond:
If you deny it, let the Danger light
Upon your Charter, and the City's Freedom:
You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A Weight of Carrion-flesh, than to receive
Three thousand Ducats; I reply to that,
It is my Humour: Is that Question answer'd?
What if my House be troubled with a Rat,
And I am pleas'd to give Ten thousand Ducats
To have it ban'd; What! Are you answer'd yet?
My Humour is my Reason. Are you answer'd?
*Bass.* This is no Answer, thou hard-hearted Man.
*Anto.* I pray you think you question with a *Jew*;
You may as well expostulate with Wolves;
You may as well go stand upon the Beach,
And bid the Waves be still, and Winds be hush'd;
Forbid the Mountain Pines to stir a Leaf,
When the rude Gusts of Heav'n are whistling round.
You may as well do any Thing most hard,
As seek to soften that, than which what harder?
His *Jewish* Heart: Therefore I do beseech you,
Make no more Offers, use no farther Means,
But with all brief and plain Conveniency,
Let me have Judgment, and the *Jew* his Will.
*Bass.* For thy Three thousand Ducats here are Six.
*Shyl.* If every Ducat in Six thousand Ducats,
Were in six Parts, and every Part a Ducat,
I would not draw 'em: I will have my Bond.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* How may'ſt thou hope for Mercy, rend'ring none?

*Shyl.* What Judgments ſhall I dread, doing no Wrong?

You have among you many a purchas'd Slave,
Whom, like your Aſſes, and your Dogs and Mules,
You uſe in abject, and in ſlaviſh Part,
Becauſe you bought 'em: Shall I ſay to you,
Let 'em be free: Marry 'em to your Heirs:
Why ſweat they under Burdens? Let their Beds
Be made as ſoft as yours; and let their Palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch Dainties. You will anſwer,
The Slaves are ours: So do I anſwer you.
The Penalty which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:
If you deny me, Shame upon your Laws,
There is no Force in the Decrees of *Venice*:
I ſtand for Judgment. Anſwer, ſhall I have it?

*Duke.* The Court will firſt adviſe. Here is a Letter
From fam'd BELLARIO, which does much commend
A young and learned Doctor in our Court,
Whoſe Wiſdom ſhall direct us. Where is he?
Call in the Council

*Baſſ.* Fear not, ANTONIO: This greedy Dog
Shall have my Fleſh, Blood, Sinews, Bones and all,
Ere thou ſhalt loſe one Drop of Blood for me.

*To* SHYLOCK] Why doſt thou whet thy Knife ſo earneſtly?

*Shyl.* To cut the Forfeit from that Bankrupt there.

*Baſſ.* Can no Prayers pierce thee?

*Shyl.* None that thou haſt Wit enough to make.

*Baſſ.* Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable *Jew!*
And that thou liv'ſt, let Juſtice be accus'd;
' And Heaven accus'd that ſuch a Wretch was born.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my Faith,
To hold Opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That Souls of Animals infuſe themſelves
Into the Trunks of Men: Thy Curriſh Spirit
Govern'd a Wolf, who hang'd for human Slaughter,
Even from the Gallows, did his fell Soul fleet,
And whilſt thou layd'ſt in thy unhallow'd Dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee.

*Shyl.* Till thou canſt rail the Seal from off my Bond
Thou but offend'ſt thy Lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:
' Thy Curſes fall on thy own Head, for thus
' Enſnaring thy beſt Friend, thou didſt it, and not I.
' I ſtand for Law: Thy Prodigality brought him
To this.

*Baſſ.* ' Inhumane Dog!

*Officer.* Room for the Council there.

*Enter* PORTIA *diſguis'd like a Lawyer*, NERISSA *like her* Clerk, *with Bag and Papers.*

*Duke.* Take your Place.
Are you acquainted with the Difference,
Which holds the preſent Queſtion in the Court?

*Portia.* I am inſtructed fully in the Caſe.
Which is ANTONIO, and which the *Jew?*

*Duke.* ANTONIO, and old SHYLOCK, both ſtand forth.

*Portia.* Is your Name SHYLOCK?

*Shyl.* SHYLOCK is my Name.

*Portia.*

*Portia.* Of a ſtrange Nature is the Suit you follow.
Is the Bond prov'd? Or, does he confeſs it?
*Anto.* I do confeſs it.
*Portia.* Then muſt the *Jew* be merciful.
*Shyl.* On what Compulſion muſt I? Tell me that.
*Portia.* The Quality of Mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It drops as does the gentle Dew from Heav'n
Upon the Place beneath: It is twice bleſs'd,
It bleſſes him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt: It becomes
The Crowned Monarch better than his Crown:
' It is the firſt of Sacred Attributes,
And Earthly Power does then ſeem moſt Divine,
When Mercy ſeaſons Juſtice. I have ſpoke thus much
To mitigate the Rigour of thy Plea;
For if thou follow'ſt this ſtrict Courſe of Law,
Then muſt ANTONIO ſtand condemn'd.
*Shyl.* My Deeds upon my Head. I crave the Law,
The Penalty and Forfeit of the Bond.
*Portia.* Is he not able to diſcharge the Bond?
*Baſſ.* Yes, here I tender't for him in the Court,
Twice, thrice the Sum; if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it Ten times over,
On Forfeit of my Hands, my Head, my Heart:
If this will not prevail, it muſt appear
That Malice bears down Truth.
*Portia.* There is no Power in *Venice*
Can alter a Decree eſtabliſh'd:
'Twill be recorded for a Precedent;
And many an Error, by the ſame Example,
May ruſh into the State. It cannot be.

*Shyl.*

*Shyl.* A DANIEL, a DANIEL: ſo ripe in Wiſdom,
And ſo young in Years! A ſecond SOLOMON.

*Portia.* I pray you let me ſee the Bond.

*Shyl.* Here 'tis, Moſt Reverend Doctor. Here it is.

*Port.* SHYLOCK, there's thrice the Money offer'd thee.

*Shyl.* An Oath, an Oath! I have an Oath in Heaven:
Shall I lay Perjury upon my Soul:
No, not for *Venice.*

*Portia.* Be merciful, take thrice the Money:
Bid me tear the Bond.

*Shyl.* It has appear'd you are an upright Judge;
You know the Law; your Expoſition
Has been moſt ſound. I charge you by the Law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving Pillar,
Proceed to Judgment. By my Soul, I ſwear,
There is no Power in the Tongue of Man
To alter me. I do inſiſt upon my Bond;
The Time's expir'd; I claim the Penalty.

*Anto.* Moſt heartily I do beſeech the Court
To paſs the Sentence.

*Portia.* Why then thus it is:
You muſt prepare your Boſom for the Knife;
For the Intent and Purpoſe of the Law
Has full Relation to the Penalty,
Which plainly appears due upon the Bond.

*Shyl.* 'Tis very true. O wiſe, and upright Judge!

*Portia.* 'Prepare. ANTONIO: Officers, be ready
To lay bare his Boſom.

*Shyl.* Aye, his Breaſt, ſo ſays the Bond:
Does it not, Noble Doctor: Neareſt his Heart:
Thoſe are his Words.

*Portia.*

*Portia.* Have by ſome Surgeon, SHYLOCK, at your Charge,
To ſtop his Wound, leſt he ſhould bleed to Death.
*Shyl.* It is not nominated in the Bond.
*Portia.* Not ſo expreſs'd in Words: But what of that?
'Twere good to allow ſo much for Charity.
*Shyl.* I cannot find it: 'Tis not in the Bond.
*Portia.* Then do your Office.
*Duke.* 'Hold a while. ANTONIO,
Have you any thing to ſay to hinder Sentence?
*Anto.* But little, I am arm'd, and well prepar'd:
Give me your Hand, BASSANIO: Fare you well:
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein, Fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her Cuſtom: It is ſtill her Uſe
To let the wretched Man out-live his Wealth,
To view, with hollow Eye, and wrinkled Brow,
An Age of Poverty; from which lingring Penance
'She kindly cuts me off: Once more farewel:
'Grieve not, my Friend, that you thus loſe a Friend,
'For I repent not thus to pay your Debt,
'Even with my Blood and Life: Now, do your Office,
'Cut deep enough be ſure, and whet thy Knife
'With keeneſt Malice; for I would have my Heart
'Seen by my Friend.
*Shyl.* Doubt it not, *Chriſtian*, thus far I will be courteous.
*Duke.* ANTONIO, is this all thou haſt to ſay?
*Anto.* 'Tis all.
*Baſſ.* 'Stand off. I have a Word in his Behalf.
'Since even more than in his Avarice,
'In Cruelty, this *Jew*'s inſatiable:

'Here

'Here ſtand I for my Friend. Body for Body,
'To endure the Torture: But one Pound of Fleſh
'Is due from him: Take every Piece of mine,
'And tear it off with Pincers: Whatever Way
'Invention can contrive to torture Man,
'Practiſe on me: Let but my Friend go ſafe,
'Thy Cruelty is limited on him.
'Unbounded let it looſe on me: Say, *Jew*,
'Here's Intereſt upon Intereſt in Fleſh:
'Will that content you?

*Anto.* 'It may him, not me.

*Baſſ.* 'Cruel ANTONIO!

*Anto.* 'Unjuſt BASSANIO! [Jew *laughs.*

*Baſſ.* 'Why grins the Dog?

*Shyl.* 'To hear a Fool propoſe: Thou ſhallow
'*Chriſtian!*
'To think that I'd conſent: I know thee well:
'When he has paid the Forfeit of his Bond,
'Thou can'ſt not chuſe but hang thyſelf for being
'The Cauſe: And ſo my Ends are ſerv'd on both.
'Proceed to Execution.

*Baſſ.* Then thus I interpoſe.

[*Draws, and ſtands before* ANTONIO: *The* Jew *ſtarts back*: ANTONIO *interpoſes.*

*Anto.* 'Forbear, BASSANIO, this is certain Death
'To both.

*Baſſ.* 'In one, both die: Since it muſt be
'No Matter how.

*Duke.* 'Before our Face this Inſolence! And in a
'Court
'Of Juſtice. Diſarm, and ſeize him.

*Portia.*

*Portia.* ‘ Spare him, my Lord ; I have a Way to
‘ tame him.
‘ Hear me one Word.
*Shyl.* ‘ Hear, hear the Doctor : Now for a Sentence
‘ To ſweep theſe *Chriſtian* Vermin, coupled
‘ To the Shambles. O, ’tis a SOLOMON !
*Portia.* Hark you, SHYLOCK, I have view’d this
Bond,
And find it gives thee not one Drop of Blood.
The Words expreſly are, *A pound of Fleſh.*
No more. Take thou that Fleſh,
But in the cutting it, if thou doſt ſhed
One Drop of *Chriſtian* Blood, thy Lands and Goods
Are, by the Laws of *Venice*, mark you me,
Confiſcate to the State.
[SHYLOCK *ſtarts, ſurpriz’d.*
*Shyl.* Humph.
*Baſſ.* O, upright Judge ! Mark, *Jew.* O, learned Judge !
‘ Forgive, moſt Potent DUKE, and Reverend Seigniors,
‘ That thus enforc’d by my Deſpair ----
*Duke.* ‘ We do forgive thee, and admire thy Vertue
‘ More than we blame thy Paſſion. But proceed.
*Portia.* SHYLOCK, thyſelf ſhall ſee the Act,
And Letter of the Law : For as thou urgeſt Juſtice,
Be ſure thou ſhalt have Juſtice.
*Shyl.* I take this Offer then ; pay the Bond thrice,
And let the *Chriſtian* go.
*Baſſ.* Here is the Money.
*Portia.* Soft ! the *Jew* ſhall have all Juſtice : Soft,
no Haſte !
He ſhall have nothing but the Penalty.

*Grat.*

*Grat.* A DANIEL! A DANIEL! Now, Infidel,
We have thee on the Hip.

*Portia.* Why does the *Jew* pauſe? Take thy Forfeiture.

*Shyl.* Give me my Principal, and let me go.

*Portia.* He has refus'd it in the open Court,
He ſhall have merely Juſtice, and his Bond.

*Shyl.* Shall I not have barely my Principal?

*Portia.* Thou ſhalt have barely thy Forſeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy Peril, *Jew.*

*Shyl.* Why then the Devil give you good of it:
I'll ſtay no longer Queſtion ---

*Portia.* Tarry, *Jew,*
The Law has yet another Hold of you:
It is enacted in the Laws of *Venice,*
If it be prov'd againſt an Alien,
That by direct, or indirect Attempt,
He ſeek the Life of any Citizen,
The Party againſt whom he ſhall contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his Goods: The other half
Comes to the privy Coffers of the State?
And the Offender's Life lies in the Mercy
Of the DUKE only, againſt all other Voice;
In which Predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt Proceeding,
That indirectly, and directly too
Thou had'ſt contriv'd againſt the very Life
Of the Defendant; and therefore haſt incurr'd
Theſe ſeveral Penalties of Life and Goods.

*Duke.* That thou may'ſt ſee the Difference of our Spirits,
I pardon thee thy Life, before thou ask it;

But

But half thy Wealth shall be ANTONIO's,
The other half the State's.

*Shyl.* Nay, take my Life and all; pardon not that:
You take my House: when you do take the Prop
That does sustain my House: You take my Life,
When you do take the Means by which I live.

*Duke.* What Mercy can you render him, ANTONIO?

*Anto.* So please my Lord the DUKE
To quit the Fine of one half of his Goods
I am content, so he will let me have
The other half in Use, to render it, upon
His Death, to young LORENZO,
Who lately has espous'd his Daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this, or else I do recant
The Pardon of his Life.

*Portia.* Art thou contented, *Jew?* What dost thou say?

*Shyl.* Pray give me Leave to go from hence;
I am not well: Send after me your Deeds,
And I will sign 'em.

*Duke.* Get thee gone; but do it.

[*Exit* SHYLOCK.

*Portia.* Clerk, draw a Deed of Gift.

[*The* DUKE *and Court rise.*

*Duke.* 'ANTONIO, I rejoice at this Conclusion;
'And I congratulate with you, BASSANIO,
'Your Friend's Escape: You will do well
To gratify that learned Counsellor,
For in my Mind you both are in his Debt.

[*Exit* DUKE *with his Train, the Court breaking up.*

*Bass.*

*Baſſ.* ‘ Let me embrace the Man, by whom my
‘ Friend
‘ Has Life: For in that Life I live ----
Three thouſand Ducats due on SHYLOCK's Bond,
I freely offer to requite your Pain.
*Anto.* And ſtand indebted over and above
In Love and Gratitude for evermore.
*Portia.* He is well paid, who is well ſatisfied,
My Mind was never yet more mercenary:
I pray you, know me, when we meet agen:
I wiſh you well, and take my Leave.
*Baſſ.* Not as a Fee, but as a ſmall Remembrance;
‘ A Token of our Loves and Gratitude.
*Portia.* Give me your Gloves: I'll wear 'em for
your Sake,
Or elſe that Ring -----
*Baſſ.* This Ring! Alas, it is a Trifle;
‘ Not fit for me to give, or you to take.
*Portia.* I ſee, Sir, you are liberal in Offers:
You taught me firſt to beg, and now methinks,
You teach me how a Beggar ſhould be anſwer'd,
*Baſſ.* There's more depends on this, than on the
Value:
The deareſt Ring in *Venice* will I give you,
And find it out, by Proclamation:
Only for this, I pray you pardon me.
*Portia.* Such ſlight Excuſes well I underſtand.
Well ----- Peace be with you both.
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
*Anto.* My Lord BASSANIO, let him have the Ring;
Let his Deſervings, and my Love withal,
‘ Be valu'd againſt every other Scruple.

*Baſſ.*

*Baſſ.* Pr'ythee, GRATIANO, run and overtake him;
Give him the Ring; and bring him if thou can'ſt,
To my ANTONIO's Houſe. ---- Away, make haſte.
[*Exit* GRATIANO.

'Once more, let me embrace my Friend, welcome
'to Life,
'And welcome to my Arms, thou beſt of Men:
'Thus of my Love, and of my Friend, poſſeſt
'With ſuch a double Shield upon my Breaſt,
'Fate cannot pierce me now, ſecurely bleſt.

*As they go off, re-enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA; GRATIANO *following.*

*Grat.* Sir, Sir, you are well overtaken;
My Lord BASSANIO, upon more Advice,
Has ſent you here the Ring; and does entreat
Your Company at Dinner.

*Portia.* For that he muſt excuſe me: His Ring
I do accept with Thanks; and ſo, pray tell him:
And furthermore oblige my Clerk to ſhew him
SHYLOCK's Houſe ---- Theſe Writings he muſt ſign.

*Grat.* That I will do: 'Tis a pert, pretty Youth,
I had much Talk with him, during the Tryal.

*Ner. Aſide.*] Now will I ſee if I can get a Ring
I gave him too at parting, which he ſwore
As much never to part from.

*Portia.* Thou may'ſt, I warrant: we ſhall have old
Swearing, that they gave theſe Rings to Men,
But we'll out-face 'em, and out-ſwear 'em too.

*Aloud.*] Make haſte, I pray; Thou know'ſt where I
Will tarry.

*Grat.*

*Grat.* ‘ Come on, Sir ; The first Cause I have to
‘ split,
‘ You shall have all my Practice.
*Ner.* ‘ That may be sooner than you dream of;
‘ Sir, I follow you.

‘ So many Shapes have Women for Deceit,
‘ That every Man's a Fool, when we think fit.

[*Exeunt.*

*The END of the* FOURTH ACT.

ACT

# ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

*Lor.* THE Moon ſhines bright. In ſuch a Night as this
Did penſive *Troilus* mount the *Trojan* Wall,
Sighing his Soul towards the *Grecian* Tents,
Where beauteous *Creſſid* lay -----
*Jeſſi.* In ſuch a Night ----
Sad *Dido*, with a Willow in her Hand,
Stood on the wild Sea-Beach, and waft her Love
To come again to *Carthage* ----
*Lor.* In ſuch a Night *Medea* gather'd the inchanted
Herbs, that did renew old *Æſon.*
*Jeſſi.* In ſuch a Night,
Did young LORENZO ſwear to JESSICA
He lov'd her well, and ſtole away her Soul
With many a Vow, and ne'er a true one.
*Lor.* In ſuch a Night ----
*Jeſſi.* In ſuch a Night ---- } *Both together.*
I would out-Night you. But hark!
I hear a Footing.

*Enter* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

*Portia.* That Light we ſee is burning in my Hall

*Lor.*

*Lor.* 'Tis ſure the Voice of PORTIA.

*Portia.* He knows me as the blind Man does the Cuckow,
By the bad Voice. LORENZO, is it you?

*Lor.* Madam, you are moſt welcome.

*Portia.* We have been praying for my Lord's Succeſs,
Who fares, we hope, the better for our Pray'rs:
Is he return'd?

*Lor.* Madam, not yet. But here are Letters from him,
Which give a good Account of his Proceeding,
And that he will be here to Night;
We were walk'd out to wait his coming.

*Portia.* Give order to my Servants, that they take
No Note at all of our being abſent hence;
And let our Muſick play, and every thing
So direct as we were here in formal Expectation
Of his Return ----
This Night, methinks, is but the Day-light ſick;
It looks a little paler. 'Tis a Day,
Such as the Day is when the Sun is hid.

*Enter* BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and Followers.*

*Baſſ.* We ſhould hold Day with the *Antipodes*,
If you would walk in Abſence of the Sun.
'My PORTIA, this was kind to meet me thus.

*Portia.* 'O never more let any Cauſe of Grief
'Divide my Lord and me.

[GRA-

[GRATIANO *runs to* NERISSA, *who discourse apart.*

*Bass.* Nothing can: Here, Madam, is my Friend,
Let me present him to you: This is ANTONIO,
Whom, if you love BASSANIO, you must love.
*Portia.* 'I should behold him with a jealous Eye,
'Who has so large a Share in my Lord's Heart.
*To Anto.*] 'Having his Leave, you'll not deny me
'yours,
'To make a Third in Friendship: I doubly joy
'That you are safe, and here.
*Anto.* I thank you, Madam.
*Portia.* Play all our Instruments of Musick there,
'Let nothing now be heard but Sounds of Joy,
And let those glorious Orbs that we behold,
Who in their Motions, all like Angels sing,
Still Choiring to the blue-ey'd Cherubims,
'Join in the Chorus; that in Heav'n and Earth
'One universal Tune may celebrate
'This Harmony of Hearts. Soft Stilness, and the
'Night
'Become the Touches of sweet Harmony.

*Flourish of Musick.*

*Grat.* By yonder Moon and Stars, I swear you
wrong me,
By Heav'n, I gave it to the Lawyer's Clerk.
*Portia.* A Quarrel! What, already! What's the
Matter?

*Grat.*

*Grat.* About a Hoop of Gold, a paltry Ring ſhe gave me,
Whoſe Poeſie was, for all the World, like *Cutlers* Poetry upon a Knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* No matter for the Poeſie, or the Value.
When I gave it, you ſwore never to part with it:
If not for Love of me, yet for your Conſcience Sake,
For your Oath's Sake, ſuch vehement Oaths, you
Should have kept it. A *Lawyer*'s Clerk! A fine
Invention! But well I know the Clerk who had it
Will ne'er have Hair upon his Face.

*Grat.* He will, if he but live to be Man!

*Ner.* If! If a Woman live to be a Man!

*Grat.* Now by this Hand, I gave it to a Youth, a kind
Of Boy; a little ſcrubbed Boy, no higher
Than thyſelf; the Judge's Clerk; a prating
Boy, that begg'd it for a Fee.

*Portia.* You were to blame, I muſt be plain with you,
To make ſo ſlight of the firſt Gift of Love;
A Thing ſtuck on with Oaths upon your Finger,
' And riveted with ſolemn Proteſtations
' Of mutual Faith: A Pledge of Truth between you:
' Indeed you were to blame.
I gave my Lord a Ring, and made him ſwear
Never to part with it: And here he ſtands,
I dare be ſworn for him, he would not give it,
Or pluck it from his Finger, for the Wealth
That the whole World contains.

*Baſſ. aſide.*] Now were I beſt to cut my Left-Hand off,

And

And ſwear I loſt the Ring defending it.

*Grat.* My Lord BASSANIO gave his Ring away
To the young ſmock-fac'd Lawyer, who begg'd it,
' And deſerv'd it too: And then, the Boy his Clerk,
' A little importunate Urchin, who took ſome Pains
In Writing, would needs beg mine; and neither
Man nor Maſter would take any Thing but the two
Rings.

*Portia.* What Ring gave you, my Lord?
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd from me.

*Baſſ.* If I could add a Lye to hide a Fault,
I would deny it: But you ſee my Finger
Has not the Ring upon it; it is gone.

*Portia.* And even as void is your falſe Heart of Truth.
By Heav'n! I'll never come within your Bed,
'Till I have ſeen this Ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours, till I ſee mine.

*Baſſ.* If you but knew to whom I gave this Ring,
' For what I gave it, and for whom I gave it;
' How much compell'd, and how unwillingly,
' When nothing elſe would be accepted ---

*Portia.* If you but knew the Virtue of this Ring,
' If you had valued her, who gave this Ring,
Or your own Honour, bound by ſolemn Oath,
' To keep this Ring, you would have dy'd, BASSA-
' NIO,
' Ere you had parted from it:
What Man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any Shew of Zeal, wanted the Modeſty
To urge a Thing, held as a Ceremony
Sacred to Truth, and to Connubial Love!

NERISSA teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but a Woman had this Ring.

*Baſſ.* No, by my Honour, Madam; by my Soul,
No Woman had it: But a generous Friend,
Even he, who had held up the very Life
Of my beſt Friend. What ſhall I ſay, my PORTIA?
I was beſet with Shame and Courteſy.
Had you been there, you would yourſelf have begg'd
'This Ring, to be diſpos'd as I diſpos'd it.

*Portia.* Let not that Man, whoe'er he is, come near me:
Since he has got the Jewel that I priz'd,
I ſhall become as liberal as you,
And nothing can deny the Man that has it.
'A Ring it was of wondrous Myſtery
'And ſanctify'd by Charms to rivet Love:
'Whoever has it, has the ſure Command
'Of me, my Perſon, and of all that's mine:
'The dire Enchantment was ſo ſtrongly wrought:
'One Mind directs us, and one Bed muſt hold us:
Know him I ſhall, I muſt; nay, I will know him;
'I feel the Effects already. Watch me like *Argos*,
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now by my Honour, which is yet entire,
'That Man and I are one.

*Ner.* 'Juſt ſuch a Ring was mine:
'Methinks I love that Lawyer's Clerk already,
Juſt as I love myſelf.

*Baſſ.* 'Forgive me this firſt Fault;
'I'll truſt thy Honour above any Charms:
'My Love is built upon Eſteem ſo ſtrong,
'As cannot doubt your Vertue.

*Grat.*

*Grat.* ‘ I am not quite so liberal of good Thoughts:
‘ But this I'll say, if I can catch this Clerk,
‘ His Pen shall split for't.
*Anto.* I am the unhappy Subject of this Quarrel
By my Perswasion -----
*Portia.* Sir, grieve not you;
You're welcome notwithstanding
[*Walks about in a Passion.*
*Bass.* ‘ But hear me, PORTIA:
‘ Pardon this Error; by my Soul, I swear,
‘ By what is dearer to me than my Soul,
‘ Your precious self ----
*Anto.* I dare be bound for him;
‘ My Life upon the Forfeit, that your Lord
‘ Shall never more break Faith.
*Portia.* ‘ You have been oft his Surety, and
‘ Have paid for't dearly.
*Anto.* ‘ No more than I am well acquitted of.
*Portia.* ‘ Then be his Surety still: Here is a Ring,
‘ Of the same Virtue, and so qualified
‘ With equal Spells. This only can retrieve
‘ With Counter-Magick what the other lost.
ANTONIO, give him this: But make him swear
To keep it better.
*Anto.* Here, Lord BASSANIO: Swear to keep this Ring,
*Bass.* By Heav'n! [*Starts.*
This is the same I gave the Lawyer.
*Portia.* Why so it is: I had it from him: ‘ You see
‘ How quick an Operation is in Magick:
‘ We have met already.

*Baſſ.* Met! How have you met!
*Ner.* ‘ Met--Why by Art-Magick, to lie together:
‘ Ask that ſame ſcrubbed Boy, the Lawyer's Clerk.
*Grat.* ‘ Why this is worſe, and worſe.
*Baſſ.* ‘ ANTONIO! This was your doing.
[*Angrily.*
*Anto.* ‘ Take your Revenge and kill me.
*Baſſ.* ‘ I am anſwer'd -- Is it then true?
‘ And can it be? That by the ſecret Workings
‘ Of Myſtick Words, and Spells, and dire Compounds,
‘ Potions, and Invocations horrible,
‘ Nature can be ſo led? What then is Vertue?
‘ And what ſecurity has Love or Reaſon,
‘ Thus ſubjected to every Hell-born Hag,
‘ Who by ſuch Conjurations can disjoin
‘ United Hearts? Uniting the Averſe!
‘ How, wretched Man! How canſt thou boaſt Free-
‘ Will?
‘ If this in very Deed be true. I'll not ſuppos't ---
‘ But then that Ring! How could ſhe have it! 'Tis
‘ Witchcraft!
‘ Damn'd, damn'd Witchcraft! and I will fathom Hell,
‘ But I will find a Fiend ſhall Counter-work
‘ The Devil that has done this.
[PORTIA *and* NERISSA *laugh.*
*Portia.* } Ha, ha, ha.
*Ner.* }
*Grat.* ‘ Is this true, NERISSA! Are we then two
‘ ſcurvy
‘ Cuckolds by Art-Magick?

*Portia.*

*Portia.* ‘ Ha, ha, ha. Well; ſince you grow ſo
‘ ſerious,
‘ I will be ſerious too: Read this, BASSANIO,
‘ The Adventure's writ at large: Look not ſo ſullen,
‘ Lord,
‘ But read it. LORENZO here, and JESSICA
Can witneſs for me: I ſet out almoſt
Aſſoon as you. And am but even now return'd,
‘ I have not yet enter'd my Houſe: But
‘ For farther Proof, Clerk, give LORENZO,
‘ The Writings ſign'd by SHYLOCK.
*Ner.* I'll give 'em without Fee: Here, LORENZO,
Here is a Deed of Gift to you, and JESSICA,
Of all the *Jew*, your Father, dies poſſeſs'd of.
*Lor.* See, JESSICA; Is this his Hand?
*Jeſſi.* ‘ 'Tis his own Signing.
*Lor.* ‘ What Prodigy is this?
*Baſſ.* ‘ I am ſtruck dumb with Wonder!
*Grat.* ‘ Was PORTIA then the little Smirking
Lawyer,
‘ And NERISSA the Clerk? I'll never forgive ſuch a
‘ Trick. Art-Magick do you call it?
*Ner.* ‘ Nay, but GRATIANO.
*Grat.* ‘ Away, away. [*Diſpute aſide.*
*Portia.* ANTONIO! Here are Letters too for you:
Ask me not yet, by what ſtrange Accident
They fell into my Hands -- But read 'em.
*Baſſ.* ‘ Amazement has bereft me of all Words.
*Anto.* Why here I read, for certain, that my ſcat-
ter'd Ships,
Are ſafely all arriv'd at *Rhodes*,
With their whole Cargo.

*Portia.* Doubt it not, ANTONIO. 'Tis most true.
' Vertue like yours; such Patience in Adversity;
' And in Prosperity such Goodness,
' Is still the Care of Providence.

*Anto.* ' My Life and Fortunes have been all your Gift;
' Dispose 'em, and command 'em, Madam,
' As you please.

[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *advance.*

*Ner.* ' What, can you bear no Jests, but of your
' Own making?

*Grat.* ' You have so scar'd me with your Art-Ma-
' gick,
' That I shall scarce be a true Man these two Days;
' But therein lies my Revenge: and so shake
' Hands. From this Day forwards,
' As the most precious of all Gems, I swear!
' NERISSA's Ring shall be GRATIANO's Care.

*Portia.* ' All look amaz'd: In every Face I see
' A thousand Questions: 'Tis time we should go in;
' There will I answer all: Cease your Astonishment,
' My Lord; by these small Services to you,
' And to your Friends, I hope I may secure
' Your Love; which, built upon meer Fancy,
' Had else been subjected to Alteration.

' With Age and Use the Rose grown sick and faint,
' Thus mix'd with friendly Sweets, secures its Scent.

*Bass.* ' The Sweets of Love shall here for ever blow;
' I needs must love, remembring what I owe.

LOVE,

‘ Love, like a Meteor, ſhews a ſhort-liv'd Blaze,
‘ Or treads thro' various Skies, a wandring Maze;
‘ Begot by Fancy, and by Fancy led:
‘ Here in a Moment, in a Moment fled.

‘ But fixt by Obligations, it will laſt;
‘ For Gratitude's the Charm that binds it faſt.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*The END of the* Fifth ACT.

# EPILOGUE.

*EACH in his Turn, the* * Poet *and the* † Priest,
*Have view'd the Stage, but like false Prophets guess'd:*
*The Man of Zeal, in his Religious Rage,*
*Would silence* Poets, *and reduce the* Stage.
*The* Poet *rashly, to get clear, retorts*
*On Kings the Scandal, and bespatters Courts:*
*Both err; for without mincing, to be plain,*
*The Guilt is yours of every Odious Scene.*
*The present Time still gives the* Stage *its Mode,*
*The Vices which you practice, we explode:*
*We hold the Glass, and but reflect your Shame,*
*Like* Spartans, *by exposing, to reclaim.*
*The Scribbler, pinch'd with Hunger, writes to Dine,*
*And to your Genius must conform his Line;*
*Not lewd by Choice, but meerly to submit;*
*Would you encourage Sense, Sense would be writ.*

---

* Mr. DRYDEN, in his *Prologue* to the *Pilgrim*.
† Mr. COLLIER, in his *View of the Stage*.

PLAIN

# EPILOGUE.

PLAIN *Beauties pleas'd your Sires an Age ago,*
*Without the Varnish, and the Dawb of Show.*
*At vast Expence we labour to our Ruin,*
*And court your Favour with our own Undoing.*
*A War of Profit mitigates the Evil,*
*But to be tax'd and beaten is the Devil.*
*How was the* Scene *forlorn, and how despis'd,*
*When* TIMON, *without Musick, moraliz'd!*
SHAKESPEARE's *Sublime in vain entic'd the Throng,*
*Without the Charm of* PURCELL's *Syren Song.*

IN *the same Antique Loom these Scenes were wrought,*
*Embellish'd with good Morals, and just Thought:*
*True Nature in her noblest Light you see,*
*Ere yet debauch'd by modern Gallantry,*
*To trifling Jest, and fulsome Ribaldry.*
*What Rust remains upon the shining Mass*
*Antiquity may privilege to pass.*
*'Tis* SHAKESPEARE's *Play, and if these Scenes miscarry,*
*Let* * Gorman *take the Stage --- or* † *Lady* Mary.

---

* A famous Prize-Fighter.
† A famous Rope-Dancer.

*To* WILLIAM HENRY, *Earl of* Bathe, *&c. at the Camp in* Flanders, Sept. 4. 1711.

*My* DEAR LORD,

WHILST you are purſuing Honour in the Field, in the earlieſt Time of your Life, after the Example of your Anceſtors, I am commanded by the Queen to let you know, She has declared you her Lord-Lieutenant of the County of *Cornwall*; The Earl of *Rocheſter* to act for you, till you are of Age.

YOU will do well to write your moſt humble Thanks to her Majeſty, for ſo graciouſly remembring you, unſolicited, in your Abſence: You ſhould likewiſe do the ſame to my Lord *Rocheſter*, for accepting the Trouble.

THIS, my Dear Lord, is a Preparative to bring you upon the Stage with ſome Luſtre at your firſt Appearance in the World. You are placed at the Head of a Body of Gentry, entirely diſpos'd in Affection to you, and your Family: You are born poſſeſs'd of all thoſe amiable Qualities which cannot fail of fixing their Hearts: You have no other Example to follow, but to tread in the Steps of your Anceſtors: It is all that is hoped, or deſired from you.

YOU are upon an uncommon Foundation in that Part of the World: Your Anceſtors, for at leaſt five hundred

hundred Years, never made any Alliance, Male or Female, out of the *Weſtern* Counties: Thus there is hardly a Gentleman, either in *Cornwall* or *Devon*, but has ſome of your Blood, or you ſome of theirs. I remember, the firſt Time I accompany'd your Grand-father into the *Weſt*, upon holding his Parliament of *Tinners*, as Warden of the *Stannaries*, when there was the moſt numerous Appearance of Gentry of both Counties that had ever been remember'd together: I obſerv'd there was hardly any one but whom he call'd *Couſin*, and I could not but obſerve at the ſame Time how well they were pleaſed with it. Let this be a Leſſon for you when it comes to your Turn to appear amongſt them. Nothing is more obliging than to ſeem to retain the Memory of Kindred and Alliances, tho' never ſo remote: And by Conſequence, nothing more diſ-obliging, than a Forgetfulneſs of them: Which is always imputed to an affected, diſdainful Superiority and Pride.

THERE is another Particular, in my Opinion of no ſmall Conſequence to the Support of your Intereſt, which I would recommend to your Imitation: And that is to make *Stowe* your principal Reſidence. I have heard your Grand-father ſay, if ever he liv'd to be poſſeſs'd of *New-Hall*, he would pull it down, that your Father might have no Temptation to withdraw from the ancient Seat of his Family. From the *Conqueſt* to the *Reſtauration*, your Anceſtors conſtantly reſided amongſt their Country-men, except when the Publick Service call'd upon them to ſacrifice their Lives for it.

STOWE

STOWE, in my Grand-father's Time, till the Civil Wars broke out, was a kind of Academy for all the young Men of Family in the Country: He provided himself with the best Masters of all kinds for Education; and the Children of his Neighbours and Friends shared the Advantage with his own. Thus he, in a manner, became the Father of his Country, and not only engaged the Affection of the present Generation, but laid a Foundation of Friendship for Posterity, which is not worn out at this Day.

UPON this Foundation, my Lord, You inherit Friends without the Trouble of making them, and have only to preserve them: An easy Task for you, to whom Nature has been so liberal of every Quality, necessary to attract Affection, and gain the Heart.

I MUST tell you, the Generality of our Countrymen have been always *Royalists*: You inherit too much Loyal Blood to like them the worse. There is an old Saying amongst them; That a GODOLPHIN was never known to want Wit; a TRELAWNEY, Courage; Or, a GRANVILLE, Loyalty: Wit, and Courage, are not to be mistaken; and to give those Families their Due, they still keep up to their Character: But it is the Misfortune of Loyalty, not to be so clearly understood, or defined. In a Country subject to Revolutions, what passes for Loyalty To-day, may be Treason To-morrow: But I make great Difference between real, and nominal Treason. In the Quarrel of the Houses of *York* and *Lancaster*, both Sides were proclaimed Traytors, as the other prevailed: Even under *Cromwell*'s Usurpation, all who adhered to the King were proclaimed Traytors, and suf-

fer'd

fer'd as ſuch: But this makes no Alteration in the Thing itſelf: It may be enacted Treaſon to call Black, Black; or White, White: But Black will be Black, and White will be White, in Spight of all the Legiſlators in the World.

THERE can be no Doubt about Allegiance, unleſs Princes become Tyrants, and then they ceaſe to be Kings: They will no longer be reſpected as God's Vice-gerents, who violate the Laws they were ſworn to protect. The Preacher may tell us of Paſſive Obedience: That Tyrants are to be patiently ſuffer'd as Scourges in the Hands of a righteous God, to chaſtiſe a ſinful Nation; and to be ſubmitted to, like Plagues, Famines, and ſuch-like Judgments from Above. Such Doctrine, were it true, could only ſerve to miſlead Ill-judging Princes into a falſe Security: Men are not to be reaſon'd out of their Senſes: Human Nature, and Self-Preſervation, will eternally arm againſt Slavery, and Oppreſſion.

IT is therefore not to be ſuppoſed that even the weakeſt Prince would run that Hazard, unleſs ſeduced by Advice wickedly palliated by evil Counſellors. *Nero* himſelf, under the Influence of a good Miniſtry, was the mildeſt, the moſt gracious, and beſt beloved of the Emperors: The moſt ſanguinary, the moſt profligate, and the moſt abhorr'd, under a bad One. A Prince may be deceived, or miſtaken in the Choice of his Favourites: But he has this Advantage, He is ſure to hear of it from the Voice of the Publick: If then he is deaf, he ſeems to take upon himſelf the Blame and Odium of thoſe Actions, which were chargeable before but upon his Adviſers.

IDLE

IDLE Murmurs, groundless Discontents, and pretended Jealousies, and Fears, the Effect of private Prejudice, and Resentments, have been, and will ever be, under the wisest Administrations: We are pester'd with them even now, when we have a QUEEN, who is known to have nothing so much at Heart as the Contentment of her People: These are transitory Vapours, which scatter at the first Appearance of Light: The Infection spreads no farther than a particular Sett of soure, splenetick *Enthusiasts* in Politicks, not worth minding, or correcting. Universal Discontent can never happen but from solid Provocations.

MANY well-meaning Persons however, abounding in Zeal, have been often unwarily caught by popular Pretences, and not undeceiv'd, till 'twas too late. Have a Care, my Dear Cousin, of splitting upon that Rock: There have been false *Patriots*, as well as false *Prophets*.

*TO Fear* GOD, *and Honour the* KING, were Injunctions so closely tack'd together, that they seem to make but One, and the same Command: A Man may as well pretend to be a good *Christian*, without Fearing GOD; as a good *Subject*, without Honouring the KING.

*DEO, PATRIÆ, AMICIS*, was Your Great Grand-father, Sir BEVIL's *Motto*: In three Words he has added to his Example a Rule, which in following, you can never err in any Duty of Life. The brightest Courage, and the gentlest Disposition, is Part of the Lord CLARENDON's Character of him: So much of him You have begun to shew

ſhew us already; and the beſt Wiſh I can make for you, is, To reſemble him as much in All --- but his untimely Fate.

My Dear Lord,

*I am for ever*, &c.

*George Granville.*

*Second*

## *Second* LETTER *to the ſame*, Sept. 22.

EVERY living Creature, my Dear Lord, is entitled to Offices of Humanity: The Diſtreſs, even of an Enemy, ſhould reconcile us to him: If he thirſts, give him Drink; If he hungers, give him Food; Overcome Evil with Good. It is with this Diſpoſition I would have you enter into the Exerciſe of that Authority, with which her Majeſty has honour'd you over your Country-men. Let no body inſpire you with Party-Prejudices, and Reſentments. Let it be your Buſineſs, to reconcile Differences, and heal Diviſions; and to reſtore, if poſſible, Harmony, and Good-Neighbourhood amongſt them. If then there ſhould be any left to wiſh you Ill, make them aſhamed, and confounded with your Goodneſs, and Moderation: Not that I would ever adviſe you to ſacrifice one Hair of the Head of an Old Friend to your Family, to gain fifty New-ones; but if you can encreaſe the Number, by Courteſy and Moderation, it may be worth the Tryal.

BELIEVE me, my Dear Lord, Humanity, and Generoſity, make the beſt Foundation to build a Character upon: A Man may have Birth, and Riches, and Power; Wit, Learning, Courage, but without Generoſity, it is impoſſible to be a great Man: Whatever the Rich, and Powerful, may think of themſelves; whatever Value they may ſet upon their Abundance,

and

and Grandeur; they will find themſelves but the more hated, and deſpiſed, for the ill Uſe they make of it. You ſhould look upon yourſelves but as Stewards and and Truſtees for the Diſtreſs'd: Your Over-abundance is but a Depoſit for the Uſe, and Relief of the Unhappy: You are anſwerable for all Superfluities miſpent: It is not to be ſuppoſed, that Providence would have made ſuch Diſtinctions among Men, ſuch un-equal Diſtributions, but that they might endear themſelves to one another, by mutual Helps and Obligations. *Gratitude* is the ſureſt Cement of Love, Friendſhip, and Society.

THERE are, indeed, Rules to be obſerved, and Meaſures to be kept, in the Diſtribution of Favours: We know who have both the Power and Inclination to do Good, but for Want of Judgment in the Direction, they paſs only for good-natur'd Fools, inſtead of generous Benefactors.

MY Lord ----;--- will grudge a Guinea to an honeſt Gentleman in Diſtreſs, but readily give Twenty to a common Strumpet. Another ſhall refuſe to lend Fifty Pound to his beſt Friend without ſufficient Security; and the next Moment, ſet his whole Fortune upon a Card, or a Dye: A Chance, for which he can have no Security. My Lord ---- is to be ſeen every Day at a Toy-ſhop, ſquandering away his Money in Trinkets and Baubles; and at the ſame Time leaves his Brothers, and Siſters without common Neceſſaries.

GENEROSITY does not conſiſt in a Contempt of Money, in throwing it away at Random, without Judgment or Diſtinction; tho' that, indeed, is better than locking it up; for Multitudes have the Benefit of it:

it: But in a right Disposition, to proper Objects, in Proportion to the Merit, the Circumstances, the Rank, and Condition of those, who stand in Need of our Service.

PRINCES are more exposed than any others to the mis-placing their Favours: Merit is ever modest, and keeps its Distance: The Forward, and Importunate, stand always nearest in Sight; and are not to be put out of Countenance, nor thrust out of the Way. I remember to have heard a Saying of the late King JAMES, *That he never knew a modest Man make his Way in a Court.* *David Floyd*, whom you know, being then in Waiting at his Majesty's Elbow, reply'd bluntly, *Pray, Sir, whose Fault's that?* The King stood corrected, and was silent.

IF Princes could see with their own Eyes, and hear with their own Ears, what a happy Situation it would be both for themselves, and their Subjects: To reward Merit; to redress the Injured; to relieve the Oppressed; to raise the Modest; to humble the Insolent: What a God-like Prerogative! Were a right Use made of it.

How happy are you, my Dear Lord, who are born with such generous Inclinations, with Judgment to direct them; and the Means to indulge them: Of all Men most miserable is he, who has the Inclination, without the Means. To meet with a deserving Object of Compassion, without having the Power to give Relief, of all the Circumstances in Life, is the most disagreeable: To have the Power, is the greatest Pleasure.

METHINKS

METHINKS I ſee you ready to cry out --- ‘ Good ‘ Couſin, Why this Diſcourſe to me? What Occa- ‘ ſion have I for theſe Lectures? ’ None at all, my Dear Lord: I am only making my Court to you, by letting you ſee, I think as you do.

BUT one Word more, and I have done.

IN Truſt, Intimacy, and Confidence, be as particular as you pleaſe: In Humanity, Charity, and Benevolence, Univerſal,

*I am, for ever,* &c.

*George Granville,*

*A* SPEECH

# A SPEECH

## *Against* Repealing *the* BILL *to Prevent* Occasional Conformity, *&c.* 1719.

*My LORDS,*

HAVING never trespass'd upon your Patience before, I may hope for the readier Excuse, if I trouble you Now. I give you my Word, that no Indulgence shall encourage me to make a Custom of it

I ALWAYS understood the Toleration to be meant as an Indulgence for tender Consciences, not a Licence for hardned Ones: And that the Act to *Prevent Occasional Conformity*, was design'd only to correct a particular Crime of particular Men, in which no Sect of *Dissenters* was included, but those Followers of *Judas*, who came to the *Lord's Supper*, for no other End, but to sell and betray him.

THIS Crime, however palliated or defended, even by so many Right Reverend Fathers of the Church, is no less than making the GOD of Truth, as it were in PERSON, subservient to Acts of Hypocrisy: No

No less than sacrificing the mystical Body, and Blood of our SAVIOUR to worldly, and sinister Purposes. An Impiety of the highest Nature! Which, in Justice, call'd for Correction; And, in Charity, for Prevention.

THE bare receiving the *Holy Eucharist* could never be intended, simply, as a Qualification for an Office: But as an open Declaration, An indubitable Proof of being, and remaining a sincere Member of the Church. Whoever presumes to receive it with any other View, prophanes it; and may be said, to seek his Promotion in this World, by eating and drinking his own Damnation in the next.

IT is very surprizing, to hear the Merit of *Dissenters* so highly extolled and magnified within these Walls: Who is there amongust us, but can tell of some Ancestor, either sequester'd, or murder'd by them? Who voted the Lords useless? The *Dissenters*: Who abolish'd Episcopacy? The *Dissenters*: Who destroy'd Freedom of Parliaments? The *Dissenters*: Who introduced Governing by Standing Armies? The *Dissenters*: Who wash'd their Hands in the Blood of their martyr'd Sovereign? The *Dissenters*: Have they repented? No: They glory in their Wickedness at this Day.

A VERY learned Lord has endeavour'd to extenuate that Guilt in Favour of the *Presbyterians*; and would perswade us, they perform'd good Offices, at last, to the Royal Family, and became principal Instruments in the Restauration.

WHAT Offices? What Instruments? Upon what Terms did they resort to the KING? Upon no better

than

than their Brethren, the *Scots*, invited him before: To have an insignificant Tool of a King: a Cypher of a King, to walk in their Leading-Strings: To restore themselves, not their PRINCE, to Dominion, was their sole Aim. They groan'd under the Oppression of other Sectaries, after having been themselves the great Oppressors of Mankind: Nor had they any other Chance for Deliverance, or Revenge; but by recovering *Regal* Power under a *Nominal* King. This, General MONK well knew, who was advertiz'd of all their Intrigues; and hence arose every Difficulty that incumber'd him in the Prosecution of his own Scheme: He was under a Necessity to make Use of their Discontent; and could neither entirely trust, nor throw them off: But that the MONARCHY was restor'd Free, and Independent; the CHURCH re-establish'd Pure and Undefiled: was owing to his single Virtue, Generosity, and good Conduct, No Thanks to the *Presbyterians!*

NOR was the KING scarce warm in his Throne, before they broke out into new Rebellions: And continued incessant Disturbers of His whole Reign, sometimes with Sham-Plots, and sometimes with Real Ones.

IT was likewise alledg'd, by the same learned Lord, That they were provok'd by hard Usage, Fin'd, Banish'd, Imprison'd, &c. But, by his Lordship's Leave, never upon a Religious Account: They might be punish'd for Breach of the Law; for disturbing the Publick Peace; for illegal Meetings, and Assemblies; and other State Crimes; And what was there more in that, than in the present Case of the *Non-Jurors?*

THE

THE Clemency of that REIGN to *Dissenters*, has been sufficiently vindicated by a noble Earl, who was call'd up by some Reflexions, which fell from a Right Reverend Prelate, relating to a projected Comprehension in the Beginning of that REIGN. Whereas that worthy Prelate was pleased to lay the whole Blame of Disagreement upon the COURT, and the CHURCH: The Truth has appear'd manifestly otherwise. The CHURCH open'd her Arms; The CLERGY, The BISHOPS, The KING, condescended to invite them, with all the Temptations of Indulgence, and *Christian* Charity: But what was their Return? Nothing but morose, haughty Contradiction; or, sullen, sophistical Evasion: They scorned to enter our Churches as Brethren, and Fellow-Christians; but as Conquerors, and Plunderers: They have no Grace, but what is founded in Dominion.

THEIR Behaviour in the subsequent Reign, is fresh in every one's Memory: The Unhappy PRINCE who succeeded was undone by giving Attention to their Addresses, and depending upon their Promises.

THAT they have remain'd, as has been said, not only quiet, but appear'd zealous in the present Establishment, is no Wonder: For who but themselves, or their Favourers, have been thought worthy of Countenance?

A NOBLE Earl, enquiring into the Reason of the present Universal Discontent (for such I find it agreed to be on all Hands) has thought fit to impute it to Mis-conduct in the Administration: A little unlucky, I confess, since it was answer'd, *That at the Time when*

*when this Discontent most flam'd, His Lordship was at the Head of that Administration.*

ANOTHER noble Earl, very deservedly in a high Station, is pleased to charge it upon Fate, the Malignity of the Stars, a certain un-accountable Disposition in the Heavens; for which there is no apparent Reason, nor Remedy.

THE Reason is plain, is flagrant, is notorious. The early Impatience and Presumption of the *Dissenters*: Their insolent, and un-dissembled Expectations: Their open Insults of the Clergy: Their affixing Bills upon our very Church-Doors, with this scandalous Inscription, *A House to be Let* ---Their publick Vindications of the Murder of King CHARLES I: And, their vile Reflections upon the Memory of Queen ANNE, for ever dear to the People of *England*: Besides many other indecent, and arrogant Provocations, too many to enumerate, was too much to bear: The Violences that ensued, let the Aggressors answer for: Their acting all this, not only with Impunity, but Reward out of the publick Treasure, was more than sufficient Reason for Jealousie: A Jealousie, for which this new Attempt to break down all the * Fences and Boundaries of the Church at once, will indeed be no Remedy.

A NOBLE Lord seems much offended to hear *Catholicks*, and other *Dissenters*, mention'd in this Debate upon an Equality: For what Reason? Why, "Be-

* *Occasional Bill, Schism-Bill,* and *Test-Act.*

cause

" cause their Religion is High-Treason: The *Ca-* " *tholick* Religion is High-Treason." --- I never understood their Religion to be Treason, I have heard it might be Treason to make Converts to it; And by the same Rule, the *Reformed* Religion may be Treason in a *Popish* Country. But if we may, without Offence, compare them upon a foot of Merit with other *Dissenters*, (I mean only with respect to Civil Government) The *Catholicks*, as far as has been yet made to appear, are surely entitled to the Preference. To whom do we owe *Magna Charta*, but to our *Popish* Barons, long before the *Reformation?* And were there not as many, and as frequent Struggles for Liberty, in those *Catholick* Times as since? To whom do we owe the *Revolution*, but to *Catholick* Powers, with the *Pope* himself giving his Blessing to an Undertaking, that was to deliver us from *Popery?* To whom do we owe our present Security in the *Protestant Succession*, but to the most formidable, the most persecuting of all *Popish* Powers, the most inveterate Enemies of the *Protestant* Perswasion, *France*, *Savoy*, and the *Empire?* Have not our Ministers assur'd us, one after another, That those mortal Enemies to our Souls in another World, are our only Guarantees for Salvation in This?

Our *Protestant* Brethren, the States, were neither entrusted, nor consulted; but seem to have been left like Slaves, to follow the Dictates of *Great Britain*, and *France*; and to accede, implicitely, at their Peril. They have continued hitherto to *Dissent*, perhaps, in time, they may *Occasionally Conform*, as Circumstances may happen to press; but 'till then,

Our only Trusty Allies, seem to be our good CATHOLICK Friends.

THE Right Reverend Prelates, who have exerted their Zeal in this Debate, having been instructed to fulminate against the Test, without being let into the Secret of dropping that Question, have unfortunately emptied their Quiver in the Air, and may gather up their Spiritual Arrows again, to shoot at that Mark some other time. *One*, however, there is, who must not be pass'd by; who, wandering beyond the rest, in a long Historical Collection from *Libels* and *Pamphlets*, has let himself loose against the Sacred Memory of the Royal MARTYR. He accuses him, " If not " Of all *Popery*, of half *Popery*, very near *Popery*, " almost all *Popery* --- Wretched Sophistry! What is this School-Distinction betwixt almost all a *Papist*, or quite a *Papist*?

HARD Fate of the best of Men and Kings! He who renounc'd the *Purple* to preserve the *Lawn*: Who died for the *Church*: Who is commemorated as a MARTYR for the *Church*: Is yet exposed, almost an Age after his Descent from the Scaffold to the Grave, to be murder'd over again in his Fame, even in the supreme Court of Judicature, by a Successor in that venerable Order, that very Episcopacy, for which he sacrificed his Liberty, his Life, and his Crown. The execrable Wretch, who sever'd his Head from his Body, perform'd the inhuman Office in a Mask: But this *Holy* --- I had like to have said --- *Executioner*, who cuts what the Axe could not hurt, what the Regicides could not take from him, His

GOOD

GOOD NAME, has not been asham'd to attempt it, *Bare-fac'd.*

IT grieves me, That this Animadversion should fall to my Lot: To the Lot of any private Lord: I was in hopes, a generous Indignation would have warm'd this noble Assembly, to have made it their own Act to reprehend such ir-reverend *Slander*, as would much better have become a Descendant from BRADSHAW, than a Successor of LAUD.

IN a Word. That I may not appear prejudiced to Merit in any Man, I will conclude with this Motion, --- That a List be laid before us of such *Dissenters* by Name, who have, upon any Occasion, or in any kind, merited from the Crown: And I shall most readily come into any Measures, which may distinguish them, or their particular Services.

*GOD forbid but that they should,* ALL,
*have their* Deserts.

TWO AUTHENTICK

# JOURNALS

OF

Sir RICHARD GRANVILLE,

AFTERWARDS

GENERAL in the *WEST*

FOR

King CHARLES I.

*VIZ.*

I. OF the EXPEDITION to *Cadiz* in SPAIN, *Anno* 1625. With the CHARGE delivered by the Earl of ESSEX, and Nine other COLONELS, against the Viscount WIMBLEDON, General of that *Voyage*. With his ANSWER, containing a full Relation of the Defeat thereof.

II. OF the EXPEDITION to the Isle of RHEE in FRANCE, *Anno* 1627. Containing an Account of the most material Passages, happening at, and after our Landing there.

# *ADVERTISEMENT.*

IT being but lately come to my Knowledge, that the Two following *Manuſcripts* had been Printed in my Abſence, not only without my *Privity*, but contrary to my *Intention* of having them publiſh'd in *another Manner*; I have therefore added them to this VOLUME myſelf, that they might have a more AUTHENTICK PASSAGE into the World, than a *ſurreptitious Publication* could give.

WHEN the *Deſign* upon CADIZ was projected, in the Beginning of the Reign of Queen *ANNE*, I preſented the *Originals* to my Lord of OXFORD, with a View, that by avoiding the *Errors* committed in a former *Attempt* upon the ſame Place, a more ſucceſsful *Plan* might be formed: But it may reaſonably be taken for granted, that little Attention was given to it; ſince inſtead of avoiding, The very ſame *Miſtakes* happen'd, and the very ſame *Diſ-appointment* was the Conſequence only with this Difference, that my Lord of ORMOND had an Opportunity to take his Revenge at VIGO, and to return with Glory, which was not the Lord WIMBLEDON's good Fortune.

HAVING kept *Authentick Copies* of theſe PAPERS, it was afterwards my *Intention* to give them to Mr. *Secretary* BURCHET, when he was publiſhing his Hiſtory of *Naval Expeditions*: but it ſeems my Friend

with whom I entrusted them for that Purpose, thought fit to dispose of them another Way, when I was at too great a Distance to take Notice of it, otherwise the Lord WIMBLEDON's Defence, hitherto stifled, might have preserved him from any severe Historical Reflexion. It is plain the Earl of ESSEX was already beginning to be mutinous against the Court, and an unsuccessful General, however the Case might happen, is sure to be run down.

IT is much to be wish'd, all Persons who are possess'd of any Authentick Impartial *Manuscripts*, which might rectify Mistakes in *History*, manifest Truth, and vindicate Personal Characters, that they would not be so curious of them in their Cabinets, but generously let them loose to encounter that Slander, which is spread every Day in new *Libels* collected from old Ones; our present fashionable Accounts, both of Persons and Facts, being founded chiefly upon the Scandal of former Times, or *Party Prejudice*.

*LANSDOWNE.*

THE

THE

# CHARGE

*Delivered by the* Earl *of* ESSEX, *and nine other* COLONELS, *at the* Council-Table, *against the* Viscount WIMBLEDON, General *of the* * *last* CALES *Voyage. With his* Answer, *containing a full Relation of the Defeat of that* Voyage.

FIRST, we humbly present to your Lordships Consideration, my Lord *Marshal* never acquainted the Council of War with any Part of those Instructions he Shew'd at the Council-Table, though some of them were such as the meanest Soldier ought to have been acquainted with; nor did we understand, that we were such a Council of War, by which he should govern his Actions, otherwise than to come when his Lordship should please to call for us, and then to give him our Advice, on such Things as he should please to propound to us, and no more: And therefore we think ourselves no farther answerable in that Kind, than for our Advices upon his Propositions;

* In the former *Voyage* to CALES, that City was taken by Admiral *Howard* and the Earl of *Essex*, *Anno* 1596.

for only in that Kind he made uſe of our Counſels, though every one of us do proteſt that, in Duty to his Majeſty's Service, we did to our Abilities, and Knowledge, give him our beſt Counſels upon all Occaſions.

THE Third of *October*, 1625, being *Monday*, my Lord of *Eſſex*, with Part of the Fleet, put forth of the *Sound* of *Plymouth*.

THE Fourth of *October*, being *Tueſday*, my Lord *Marſhall*, with the reſt of the Fleet, put forth alſo.

THE Sixth, *Thurſday*, my Lord *Marſhal*, with that Part with him, by contrary Winds, was put into the *Sound* again.

ON *Friday* the Seventh, Colonel *Burgh*, and Colonel *Harwood*, having found when they were out at Sea, that the Captains of their Ships had no Inſtructions for Government of the Fleet, nor any Order for Rendezvous, if they ſhould be ſeparated; went to the Lord *Marſhal*, and by their ſpeaking to him obtain'd Inſtructions, bearing Date the Third of *October*, wherein was named the Place of Rendezvous; my Lord of *Eſſex* being then at Sea, received not his until the Ninth of *October*, then under Sail in the Fleet, when with them he received Order, from my Lord *Marſhal*, to diſtribute them to all his Squadrons, which were twenty nine Ships: But my Lord muſt firſt write out ſo many Copies, which being of four Sheets of Paper, and more, would ask ſome Time: This his Lordſhip's late diſtributing of them, and but in ſingle Copies to the Admirals of the Squadrons (for the Rear Admiral received his, but the ſame Time my Lord of *Eſſex* did) was Cauſe that many neither had them, nor could have them, before we came to

 the

the *South* Cape, and after the Storm; so that in the Storm many might have been severed from the Fleet, and never come to them again, for want of Instructions; as had like to have fallen out with Captain *Roskinner*, Captain of the *Matthew* of *Ipswich*, and one other with him, that betwixt them had three hundred Landmen on Board them; as also with Captain *White*, and one other Ship with him, who betwixt them had the like Number of Landmen: All which four Ships came not into the Bay of *Cadiz*, till we were ready to come away. In the said Articles, there was no Enemy named in particular, for Default whereof, three of our Fleet, namely, Captain *Osborn*, Captain *Bainthon*, and Captain *Squill*, meeting with three *Spanish* Ships not far from the Rock, and about the Seventeenth of *October*, hayling each other, and calling amain for the King's, our Ships did not fight with them, for that they had no Instructions that named their Enemy.

The Eleventh of *October*, at a Council, it was moved by Sir *Michael Gore*, to have our Enemy named; my Lord *Marshal* said, it was the common Enemy, and persisted that was sufficient; but pressed by Sir *John Burgh*, and Mr. *Glanvil*, how necessary it was to name the King of *Spain*, he did then yield to it; and in the next Instructions he named him, and these were as before but singly distributed to the Admirals, and they to write them out as before, and to distribute them to their Squadrons, by which Means, many Ships knew not their Enemies, until they came to *Cadiz*.

The

THE Nineteenth of *October*, the Fleet was off the *Southern* Cape. The Twentieth, there was a Council called, where it did appear the Lord *Marshal* understood, that we were only to advise him in what he should please to propound, and not more; we were then in the proper Height to attempt something upon *Spain*, and hoped that my Lord *Marshal* came from *Plymouth*, resolved upon some particular Place. There his Lordship named St. *Lucas*, but answered himself, saying, It was a barren Haven, and that no great Ships could go in, condemning the Seamen, but named them not, that at *Plymouth* advised most for that Place, made no Difficulty of the Entrance then, but now come hither, found the Haven to be barred; It was there propounded, to go into the Bay of *Cadiz*, and there to attempt Saint *Mary Port*, and divers were of this Opinion. There also Sir *Henry Bruce* propounded, and urged to go for *Gibraltar*, but his Lordship would not give him so much Credit, as to allow his Proposition a full Debating, but slighted it, as appears by his Manner of putting the Question, Whether to *Cadiz* Bay, or *Gibraltar?* Adding, This last Place was Sir *Henry Bruce*'s Proposition, wherein he thought Sir *Henry* would stand alone. This his slighting Colonel *Bruce*, a Gentleman of great Experience, and good Reputation, did not only discourage him, who besides this advised, to have gone into the *Streights*, there to have farther attempted; but hinder'd diverse Propositions of others, and especially of one of the Council, who had the Plot of a Place in *Spain*, which else had been propounded. There it was concluded to go into the Bay of *Cadiz*, my Lord of *Essex* his

Squadron

Squadron to go in first, and to anchor as near St. *Mary Port* as he could; my Lord of *Essex* then moved, and so did my Lord *Cromwel*, what if they found any Shipping of the King of *Spain*'s in the *Bay*, which is seldom without, to know if they should attempt them; and desir'd a full and clear Direction in that Point: My Lord *Marshal*, without referring it to the Council, of himself answered; that when we should be upon the Place, then he would advise thereon, and resolve, when our Eyes might be our Directors, and so gave my Lord of *Essex* plain Order to come to Anchor, and to leave Breadth betwixt St. *Mary Port* and him, for the rest of the Fleet. This Resolution was new seconded, by an express Letter from my Lord *Marshal*, to my Lord of *Essex*, when he was entring into the Mouth of the *Bay*, and had the Ships in Sight.

THE Twenty second of *October*, being *Saturday*, in the Afternoon, my Lord of *Essex* sailed into the *Bay*, where he found seventeen good Ships riding under the Town, and some ten or twelve Gallies which came from St. *Mary Port*; when they discover'd us to be *English*, they made what Haste they could to get under the *Port Puntal*, and so up the Creek to *Port Royal*; my Lord of *Essex* went something beyond St. *Mary Port*, and exchanged some Shot both with the Gallies, and Galleons, and brailed his Fore-sail, and hovered some time, to see if my Lord *Marshal* would send him any Order, but receiving none, fell down near the Place assigned him, and came to Anchor; if my Lord *Marshal* had, upon my Lord of *Essex*, and my Lord *Cromwel*'s Motion, given Order

for

for the attempting the Shipping before they came in, if they found any, or if at his own coming into the Road, which was within a Quarter of an Hour after my Lord of *Essex*, when he first discovered the Shipping there, and when his Eyes might have been his Directors for he was so near, as he could see them cut their Cables; had then put himself into his Barge, or Long-Boat, and given Order to have set on them, or but sent a Ketch, whereof he had ever some attending him, with Order to my Lord of *Essex* to attempt them, those seventeen Ships had been the King's; but his Lordship came presently to an Anchor, and so did the rest of the Fleet. Soon after came, of themselves, the Lord of *Essex*, the Admiral of *Holland*, and some few other Chiefs, aboard the Admiral, to present their Services, and receive Orders; after whose coming, and being some Time aboard him, the Flag of Council was hung out: but it was then so late, as the Flag could not be discerned. Then he was pressed by my Lord of *Essex*, Colonel *Burgh*, and Sir *John Prowd*, presently to set upon the Shipping, giving him some Reasons, if he did not, he might endanger the losing of them; as also if he intended any thing to *Cadiz*, he should do well to give them no Time, but presently to land his Army, which he might have done betwixt the Town and the Fort: His Lordship, whether out of his own Judgment, or swayed by some particular Man, ordered no more for that Night, but that twenty Colliers, with five of the *Dutch* Squadron, should that Night batter the Fort; for this, he sent Sir *Thomas Love*, and Sir *Michael Gore*, to give Order, which, how they executed, we leave them to answer, only saying,

Sir

Sir *Michael Gore* was but the ſecond in that Commiſſion, and Sir *Thomas Love* being Captain of his own Ship, did, or might, at his coming aboard, have given his Lordſhip an Account. How it came we know not, but only Five of the *Dutch* Squadron battered upon the Fort that Night; yet this Evening, my Lord of *Eſſex* had twice Orders to batter the Fort with his Squadron, and twice countermanded.

THE next Morning, *Sunday* the Twenty third of *October*, my Lord of *Eſſex*, early in the Morning, had Order with his Squadron to go up, and ſhoot upon the Fort, which was likewiſe done by many of the other Squadrons, though they effected little. The Morning my Lord *Marſhal* came aboard my Lord of *Eſſex*, whither, amongſt others that came of themſelves (for there was no Council call'd) came Sir *John Burgh*, to whom my Lord *Marſhal* ſaid, he had a Reſolution to land ſome Men, and that he ſhould have the Command of ſome eight hundred, or a thouſand that ſhould land firſt, and willed him to prepare, that the Ship he was in ſhould fall up as near my Lord of *Eſſex* as he could.

WHEN Colonel *Burgh* came aboard him again, my Lord *Marſhal* told him, he was to command thoſe Men that ſhould land, and try if they could take the Fort by Scalado; becauſe we had already ſhot many a Shot upon it to no Effect: Colonel *Burgh* went to land with thoſe Men his Lordſhip ſent him; but before he went to land, required of his Lordſhip particular Directions, both for diſpoſing his Men in landing, and for governing himſelf after he was landed; but

but could draw little from him, but referred all to his Direction.

Colonel *Burgh* required to have with him such Things as were fit for such an Enterprize, as Ladders and Granadoes, which his Lordship promis'd presently to send him: The Ladders came to him, but so late and unseasonably, as they could not conveniently be distributed; but the Granadoes came not at all, though there was a great Quantity provided in the *Low-Countries*, and Conductors with them, which put the King to great Charge, and were in the Fleet, but not then to be found. Our Men were landed near the Fort, without Impeachment from the Place they landed at; though from the Fort we received some small Hurt, as likewise when we still advanced into the Downs, from some scattered Shot, that covered themselves in the Sand Hills: When our Men were put into Order, Colonel *Burgh* going to View the Fort, found it of that Strength, that it was not likely to be easily gained by Force, yet conceiving by the Countenance of those in it, that if they were summoned, they would haply hearken to it, presently sent a Drum to tell them, if they would give it over, the Soldiers should have safe and honourable Conditions, which they hearkned to; and after Interchange of Hostages, Sir *William St. Leger* came on Land, and with him the Governour of the Fort agreed, so as, that Evening, the Fort was rendered. This Day my Lord *Marshal* continuing aboard my Lord of *Essex*, he was pressed by the said Earl, Colonel *Harwood*, Sir *John Prowd*, and others that came, uncalled, aboard him, to set upon the Shipping: His general Answer was, *he would not hunt*

*two*

*two Hares at once*; meaning the *Fort* and the *Shipping*: to which was replied, he had Shipping enough to ſet on *them*, and batter the *Fort* too; and that though his Lordſhip conceived, and ſaid, he had the Shipping ſure; yet the longer he deferred it, they would be ſo much leſs worth the having, but all prevailed not. This Day, ſome time after Sir *John Burgh* was landed, his Lordſhip gave leave to all that deſired it, to land, without naming what Colonels, or chief Officers to go with them; and then ſome two thouſand or three thouſand Men more landed.

*MONDAY* the Twenty fourth, my Lord *Marſhal* gave Order for the landing the reſt of the Army, which was effected ſave ſome ten or eleven Companies of the Rear Admiral's Squadron, which could not conveniently land, they being ſo far off. This Order was given without calling Council in *general*, or advice of any of us in *particular*; neither thoſe that were landed this Day, nor the Night before, had any Order to take Victuals with them; which was neceſſary, the Victuals being in the Power of Purſers of Ships, over whom the Land-Officers had no Command.

THE Army being landed, and the Regiments drawn together, my Lord *Marſhal* called a Council of War within the Fort of *Puntal*, at which Time, before any Thing was propounded, one of the Seamen of the Council came, and ſaid, the Enemy was drawn down, and was in Skirmiſh with Colonel *Burgh*, who had drawn ſome Troops nearer the Town to view certain Gardens, where he thought ſome of the Enemy were, and to place a Guard upon the Sea-ſide towards *Gibraltar*,

*braltar*, in which places ſome ſcattering Men of the Enemy were, who gave the Occaſion of that Alarm. My Lord *Marſhal*, and the reſt of the Colonels ſuſpecting the worſt, went forth every one to his Charge, his Lordſhip having his Horſes ready, rode up into the *Downs* to ſee what the Alarm was; and ſoon after, by *whoſe Advice* we know not, but we proteſt, by none of *ours*, he gave Order by the Serjeant-Major-General, that the whole Army ſhould march, and ſo marched to the Neck of the Land, which is the Way towards the Bridge. At this Time Victuals for the Army were ſome in landing, and ſome landed at the Fort; but by reaſon of my Lord *Marſhal*'s expreſs Command to march away, Men had not time to take them, nor did his Lordſhip take Care thereof, when he was told of it; for there Sir *Charles Rich* acquainted him, that divers Captains of his had no Victuals, ſome of them having their Victuals come to *Puntal*, others, their Boats were gone for them to their Ships.

To which his Lordſhip anſwered, that howſoever he muſt march, and that Victuals ſhould follow him; alſo the Serjeant-Major of Colonel *Harwood*, upon the firſt of the Order, went unto my Lord *Marſhal*, and told him, that three or four of the Companies of his Colonel's Regiment that landed the Day before had no Victuals, nor had had any from the time they came from Shipboard; to whom his Lordſhip, ſharply anſwered, *That now was not Time to ſpeak for Victuals, when we were to march towards our Enemy; and that want of Victuals muſt not make Men Cowards:* With which Anſwer the Serjeant-Major was much offended, but replied not, came back, and acquainted his Colonel

and Lieutenant-Colonel therewith. The Army marched on, and being come to the Neck of the Land, there my Lord of *Essex* and Sir *John Prowd* came to my Lord *Marshal*, and acquainted him with the want of Victuals in the Army, and pressed him to take Order for it ere he went any farther: My Lord of *Essex* declaring also, that he approved not his going to break the Bridge; whereupon he said, that he would call a Council and so made a Halt near *Hercules Pillars*, and sent to the Colonels to come to the Vanguard of the Troops. Then also he was put in mind by my Lord *Delaware* he had left no Troops as a Guard upon the Town, to secure our Return, our Mens coming on Land, or following the Troops upon any Occasion. Upon which Consideration, before all the Colonels were come together, he sent back Colonel *Burgh*, and Colonel *Bruce*, with their Regiments, and then marched forward with the rest of the Troops, without staying till the Council were all assembled, and against the Advice of my Lord of *Essex*, or any of *us* that make this *Relation*, nor did we conceive what Reason his Lordship had for it; sure we are, he travelled the Army much without Victuals, and lost Time, giving the Enemy time to prepare for us in all Places thereabouts, which chiefly made our Journey so fruitless; whereas my Lord *Marshal* excuseth his not staying for the Advice of the Council of War for his going towards the Bridge, upon some Words my Lord of *Valentia* used to him there; which were, that seeing many of the Enemy standing on a Hill, not far from him, *that his Lordship should not do well, when he came near the Enemy, to stand still, for it would*

*would both encourage the Enemy, and dishearten his own Men:* At which time the Lord *Valentia* did not know he had called a Council that was the Cause of his stay; besides, it was but his particular Advice, and my Lord *Marshal* needed not to have followed it, if he had not approved it; besides he might in Effect have done both, for he might then have sent out the *Forlorn Hope*, or more little Troops, to put the Enemy farther off, which would easily have been done, and have staid with the Body of the Army until the Council had been assembled, and debated the Business, and given their Opinions. This Night the Army quartered in the Fields, some Leagues short of the Bridge, and near some stragling Houses, in many of which there was Wine; but principally there was great Store where my Lord *Marshal* quartered himself, which was the House of *Don Lewis de Soto*. By the Way, the Soldiers complained for the want of Victuals; those who were landed with Colonel *Burgh* most, who had not had any since *Sunday* Morning: My Lord *Marshal*, as the Army pass'd by, told the Soldiers, they should have to every Regiment one Butt of Wine, which was given; and which the Colonels, and chief Officers, sparingly gave to their Soldiers; yet how it came particularly, do say, we know not, whether there, in my Lord *Marshal*'s House, or in other stragling Houses near that Quarter; certain it is, the Soldiers got more Wine than was delivered them from their Officers, and so much, as within a very few Hours, most of the whole Army, except the Officers, were drunk; some of them more, some less, yet all disorderly, insomuch, as we verily believe, if the Enemy had that

Night

Night ſet upon us, but with ſome four or five hundred Men, they might eaſily have defeated the whole Army. That this Drunkenneſs, and Diſorder, was not occaſioned by the Wine the Soldiers had delivered them by their Officers, appears; for that ſome Regiments, namely, Sir *Charles Rich*'s, and Sir *Edward Conway*'s, had none; their Butts, by rowling to the Quarter, being ſtaved by the Way, yet were their Men alſo as drunk as the reſt. We think my Lord *Marſhal*, who rid before with the foremoſt Troops, and came firſt into the Quarter, and found ſo much Wine in his own Houſe and ſtore of Vineyards thereabouts, might imagine there was Wine in the other Houſes alſo; and if he had ſent ſome of his General Officers, to have ſearched the Houſes near the Quarter, and then either to have ſtaved all the Wine he found, or elſe ſet ſuch Guards upon it, as the Soldiers might not have come at it; as alſo to have ſet ſuch Guards about his own Houſe, and taken ſuch Order there, as none could have come by any Wine, but by his Order, and ſo have taken away all Means from the Soldiers to be drunk, he had done much better, than neglecting that, after, to caſt a Blemiſh upon the Colonels and chief Officers, as if they had not done their Duties, in keeping their Men from Drunkenneſs.

At this Quarter, and within Night, my Lord of *Eſſex* finding no Guards ſet out on the Avenues, nor any Order for it, though it ſo properly concerned not him, but ſhould have been my Lord *Marſhal*'s own Care, or the Serjeant-Major-General, yet came and acquainted his Lordſhip therewith; who without ever viſiting the Avenues in Perſon, gave his Lordſhip Order,

der, in general, to advance ſome ſmall Guards before the Troops, but left the Particular to his Diſcretion: This Night alſo we had no *Word* out till one or two o'Clock at Night; whoſe Fault it was we know not, but we wondred that we ſhould have one at *Plymouth*, and in our own Country, and where we had no Enemy nor Army, but in the Land, diſperſed in the Villages, and none in an Army in *Spain*; at laſt we had *one* in three Words, which was, *Heaven bleſs us.* This Night the Soldiers being for the moſt part much diſtemper'd, full of Wine, and in want of Victuals, came in Troops to my Lord *Marſhal's* Houſe, preſſed to come in on all Sides, and thoſe ſmall Guards he had there were not ſufficient to keep them out; nor remained there then any Reſpect to the chief Officers: The Extremity of this was about one o'Clock in the Night, when there were moſt of the Lords and Colonels with his Lordſhip, who all aſſiſted in reſtraining thoſe Inſolencies, and were contented, together with my Lord *Marſhal*, to endure inſolent and contemptuous Language from the Soldiers, who ſaid, *God ſave King* CHARLES, and more to this Effect; *He allowed us Victuals, but for the Lord* Marſhal, *and the reſt they cared not; for Victuals they would have, or they would pull them out of the Houſe.*

THE whole Army was in Diſorder, which troubled the Lord *Marſhal*, and all of us, and for the preſent we knew not how to help it; the Soldiers were enraged like ſo many Beaſts, but we had Patience, and kept them out of the Houſe as well as we could: The reſt of the Night, neither my Lord *Marſhal*, nor any of us took much reſt; we were all much caſt down,

down, and the more becauſe we knew our Soldiers had Reaſon to complain of want of Victuals. My Lord *Marſhal* having brought the Army to this Extremity, then demanded Advice what to do, of us that were preſent about him; we adviſed him to call a Council, and becauſe ſome of the Council were gone back, and, that there were beſides the General Officers, but three Colonels there, to call the Lieutenant-Colonels to Council, but not until the Morning, becauſe it was not well in the Night to call both the firſt and ſecond chief Officers ſo far from the Troops as his Houſe was.

So, early in the Morning, *Tueſday* the 25th of *October* the Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels aſſembled there: It was by my Lord *Marſhal* opened, the great Diſorder the Army was in, and Advice demanded what to do: It was largely debated whether to go forwards or return, and generally concluded, that whether my Lord *Marſhal* intended to beſiege the Town of *Cadiz*, or not, yet it was not material to go to the Bridge; both for that we had not Materials ſufficient to break it down, and if we had, and could break it, yet that would be no Advantage to us for the beſieging of *Cadiz*; for that we might, by poſſeſſing the Streight of Land, be more ſecured from any Danger from *Terra firma*, than by breaking the Bridge: More Reaſons were declared againſt the going to the Bridge, as that, if we could break it, which was not probable, yet that was to ſmall Purpoſe, unleſs we left two or three thouſand Men to guard it, after it was broken; which if we ſhould, we knew no means how to victual them there: neither were

they

they ſecure, it being poſſible that the Enemy might, with Gallies, land greater Troops than they, betwixt them and us, and come on the Back of them, and defeat them, and we far off could not know it, or aſſiſt them; beſides, thereby we ſhould much leſſen our Army: But beſides all this, if it had been for the Advantage of the Service to have gone to the Bridge, yet our Army being then in ſuch Diſorder, for Want of Victuals, and not any to be had, but from our Ships, nor any from thence, but by going back, it was generally agreed by all, to return, but Sir *William St. Leger*, who would not give his Voice *pro*, or *contra*: And ſo we preſently did, with Loſs, as we think, of ſome ſixty Men, or thereabouts, that were ſtray'd out of the Quarter, and lay drunk; we know not where. This Day we came back, and quarter'd by the two Regiments of Colonels *Burgh* and *Bruce*, which were a Guard upon the Town of *Cadiz*. This Evening when the Troops were quartered in the Field, and on Horſeback, the Council was aſſembled, where what has been ſaid of the laſt Night's Diſorder was mentioned, and that the Enemy drew together, and follow'd us in great Troops both Horſe and Foot; and ſome affirm'd, thoſe they ſaw could be no leſs than two or three Thouſand; and it was affirm'd that thoſe that had the Guard towards the Town had ſeen near about one Thouſand Men, at one Time, without the Town, and that the Gallies came continually to the Town without any Impeachment, ſo as it was then debated, and moſt Men inclin'd, to ſhip the next Morning, and after, to think what to attempt in ſome other Place, becauſe *Cadiz* was then thought by us all

to

to be too ſtrong to do any good on; and ſo that Council broke up, referring a Reſolution till next Morning.

*WEDNESDAY*, the 26th of *October*, my Lord *Marſhal* leaving Colonel *Harwood* with his Regiment, to ſtay with the other two of Colonel *Burgh* and Colonel *Bruce*, marched with the reſt of the Army back to the Streight of Land, thereabouts to recover certain Long-Boats which we had ſeen before, when we paſſed that Way, and returned that Night to our former Quarter.

*THURSDAY*, the 27th of *October*, early in the Morning, a Council was called, and we all met at the *Fort Puntal*, where my Lord *Marſhal* demanded our Opinions, Whether we thought his Army ſufficient to beſiege the Town of *Cadiz*; and, Whether we would adviſe him to it, or not. It was conſider'd, our Army conſiſted of new Men, little exerciſed; that many Things neceſſary for a Siege we had not; and the Town had gotten in, both Men and other Neceſſaries, ſince we came into the *Bay*; having had *Saturday* Night, *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tueſday*, and *Wedneſday*, to provide themſelves, and to prepare againſt us: So, it was generally agreed, not to beſiege the Town, but to ſhip our Army; and it was ordered, by my Lord *Marſhal*, the eldeſt Regiment to ſhip firſt.

Now, in theſe Three Days that we were on Land, my Lord *Marſhal* having left Order for it with my Lord *Denbigh*, before his marching from the Fort, there was a Council called of the Seamen, to adviſe how to ſet upon the Enemies Shipping at *Port Real*;

to which Service Sir *Samuel Argol* was designed, with the Vice-Admiral's Squadron; but it succeeded not, by Reason the Enemy's having so much Time given them, had sunk Ships in the *Channel*, that ours could not pass up to them; as yet Sir *Samuel Argol*, with that Squadron, was not returned to the rest of the Fleet, of which Squadron were the Ships that received my Lord of *Essex*'s Regiment, with the Lord *Valentia*, and Colonel *Harwood*'s; these Three Regiments, because their Shipping was not ready, had Order to ship last; and of them, Colonel *Harwood*, according to the Order of the rest of the Army, to be last.

Presently my Lord of *Essex*, Sir *William St. Leger*, and Colonel *Harwood*, went, and considered of the fittest Ground for these Three Regiments to stand in, whilst the other were in shipping. There Colonel *Harwood* (the rest approving of it) chose out some Hills to place Musqueteers on, and behind them, towards the Fort, the rest of the Regiments in Order, my Lord of *Essex*'s Regiment, that was first to be shipped next the Fort, and Colonel *Harwood*, that was to make the Retreat, next the Enemy; the other Regiments shipped in Order, one after another. When my Lord of *Essex* was to draw away, the Enemy, that before, had not shewn themselves near to us, but scattering only, to look upon us, began to come down in Troops; whereupon my Lord of *Essex* stay'd his Regiment, and sent to Colonel *Harwood* (who was with the Musqueteers next the Enemy, from whence he could discern more of the Enemy's Actions than where his Lordship was) to know whether it was necessary he should stay with his Regiment, in regard

the

the Enemy began to come down. Colonel *Harwood* advised his Lordship to draw away with his Pikes, but to send him some of his Musqueteers, which his Lordship did, and so did my Lord of *Valentia*. The Enemy came close up, some two or three hundred Shot to the Hills, where he had placed his Musqueteers; they had also a Body of Pikes, but they came not up. Colonel *Harwood* put all his Musqueteers to work, sent to my Lord of *Essex* for more, and had them, entertain'd the Enemy as well as he could with such kind of Men, who being new Men, unacquainted with Danger, and the Use of their Arms, hurt one another, and coming to fill their Bandeleers, blew up the Powder twice, or thrice, yet he made a Shift to maintain the Ground he made Choice of, for an Hour or more, that the other Regiments might have Time to ship: In this Time he had two or three Messengers from my Lord *Marshal*, to come off, which if he had done at first, before he had embolden'd his Men, and put some Assurance into them, and given Testimony to the Enemy he went not off for Fear of them, but because he was to go a Ship-board, he had been sure to be beaten. Having now stay'd a sufficient Time for those Ends, he began to make his Retreat, and then missed one Division of the Pikes of his Regiment, which my Lord *Marshal* had sent for away, without his Knowledge, which troubled him. First he commanded his Lieutenant-Colonel to advance his Pikes and Colours some ten Paces towards the Enemy to countenance his Musqueteers in coming off, which put the Enemy to a Stand, and which Time he took to begin to retire. But when he commanded his Men to turn their Faces,

and march off, they began to break, and run away, and much ado he had to keep them together: But, by the Help of his Lieutenant-Colonel, and other Officers, who all ſtood firm, and helped; with much Difficulty, by Degrees, he came off in reaſonable good Order, and with little Loſs. The Enemy following him cloſe to the Fort, where he having the Advantage of an old Houſe and placing Muſqueteers ſafely in it, and about it, and at either End a Drake, which after he was come under the Fort, with his Pikes my Lord *Marſhal* ſent him, and charging them with Muſquet-Bullets, after four or five times Diſcharging, the Enemy, by little and little, went clear away; and he ſhipped his Men without any Trouble. In all this Time, neither my Lord *Marſhal*, nor Sir *William St. Leger*, ever came at Colonel *Harwood*, till he was, with his Pikes, come cloſe under the Fort. My Lord of *Eſſex*, my Lord of *Valentia*, and Colonel *Bruce*, at ſeveral Times came to him, to ſee him; yet none of them do aſſume the making of the Retreat to themſelves, as my Lord *Marſhal* did, ſaying before this Table, He, and Sir *William St. Leger*, made the Retreat. My Lord *Marſhal* propounded this Day to keep the Fort with One hundred and twenty Men, in which he was oppoſed by them, who ſaid, *If he left theſe Men in the Fort, it was needful to leave a third Part of the Shipping there to keep the Harbour*; which the Fort could not do alone: For, ſo ſoon as we were gone with our Shipping, they would have the Fort back again, and it were ſo many Men certainly loſt, which every one was againſt, leaving only a hundred and twenty Men there to be loſt, and my Lord *Marſhal* would

would not underſtand of leaving any Shipping for keeping the Harbour.

On *Friday* Morning, the 28th of *October*, our Men that were in the Fort, were drawn on Ship-board; and the whole Fleet fell down that Night towards the Entrance into the Sea.

The 29th, was called a Council of War, to conſult what was fitteſt to be done; divers were the Opinions; ſome, that we ſhould go into the *Streights*, and ſee if we could do any Thing upon ſome Towns or Harbours there; others, that we might go to the Southern Iſlands, and try our Fortunes there; St. *Mary* Port was not thought a feaſible Thing, becauſe we had been long in the *Bay*, and it was likely they were too well provided for us; others, that we were chiefly to look to what my Lord *Marſhal* had expreſly in his Inſtructions, which, as he had declared to us, was chiefly to intercept the *Weſt-Indian* Fleet; and theſe two Places were both out of the Way for that Deſign. In Conſideration of this Deſign of his Majeſty's for the Fleet, it was propoſed by this Council of War, and concluded, to ſet ſail, and ply to the *Southward Cape*, and ſtand our Courſe *Weſtward* ſixty Leagues from the Land, in the Latitude of thirty ſeven and thirty ſeven and an half, and in the Latitude of thirty ſix, and thirty ſix and an half, to look for the *Weſt-Indian* Fleet, with Inſtructions, if forced by *Weſtern* Winds, our Rendezvous at *Buggerow*; if by *Southerly* Winds, our Rendezvous at the Iſles of *Bayon* in *Galicia*, where it was intended to Water.

At a Council of War, held the Firſt of *November*, it was concluded that we ſhould lie yet twenty Days at

the aforesaid *Streights*, to attend the Fleet; in which time, there came daily many complaints of the Defect of our Fleet, as Want of Drink, a general Want of Water, great Sicknesses, and Infections amongst our Men; many Ships growing leak, with beating it out, in Storms, and high Seas, so as it was thought fit to send home the unablest, and most useless Vessels, as the Horse, and some Prizes we had taken, and some other Merchant Ships, that had Defects, and with them Sir *John Chidley*'s Ship, the *Rainbow* of the King's, which was held a defective Ship also: When Seventeen Days of our Twenty were past, the Complaints of these former Defects encreased, so as by a Council of War it was generally thought best to bear for *England*, which we did.

In our going out, the Long *Robert* of *Ipswich* founder'd in the Sea, with two Land Companies in her, and not a Man saved.

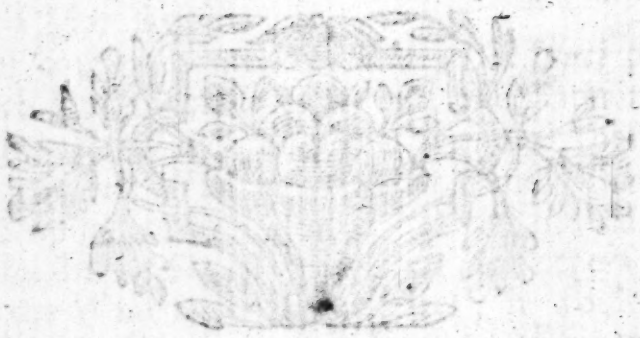
In our coming home, the *Mary Constance* perished with two land Companies in her, the Captains, and some others saved by a Ship that was near them.

Our greatest Wants were Drink and Water; we took a Ship laden with Wines. It was moved to my Lord *Marshal* by Sir *Michael Gore*, and others, to distribute the Wine amongst the Fleet; it would much have eased our Wants in that Kind, and given much Comfort to weak and feeble Men; and the worst had been but his Majesty's paying for it, if the Ship had not been proved good Prize: But his Lordship would give no Ear to it, by Reason aboard the *Anne Royal*, Sir *William St. Leger* told him, *That if he broke Bulk*, *and*

*and gave any Thing out, he could not anſwer it, and ſhould pay for it out of his Purſe at his Return.*

We under-written, amongſt us, ſome one Part, ſome another, are ready to verifie this Relation.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rob. Essex, | Jo. Burgh, |
| Charles Rich, | Tho. Cromwell, |
| Edw. Harwood, | Michael Gore, |
| Hen. Valentia, | Jo. Watts, |
| Edw. Conway, | Jo. Chudleigh. |



VISCOUNT WIMBLEDON's

# ANSWER

TO THE AFORESAID

# CHARGE.

*May it please your LORDSHIPS,*

FOR the communicating of my Instructions to the Council of War, I had no Order for it, for that they were given me rather to order my self, and the Actions intended: But, if any one can tell wherein I have transgressed in any of them, I find enough ready to take Advantage of me for them: Where it is alledged, that I gave my Instructions somewhat late; it seemeth that those who would take that Advantage, do not know, or else have forgotten; for my Lord of *Essex* coming unto my Lodging at *Plymouth*, I did shew him the Instructions lying upon my Table; but when he was commanded to depart for *Falmouth*, he forgot to call for them, yet I did not forget to send them after him (before I set sail) by Land, and when I first met his Lordship at Sea, I asked him

if he had received my Letters, and Instructions; and he told me, No: Then I gave him new Ones. And whereas they speak of Ships, as the *Matthew*, that *Rokinner* commanded, and Captain *White*'s Ship, their own Neglect that they came not for Instructions, for it must be the Cause, and that they were not ready to hoist Sail when the Admiral did, and the whole Fleet.

And whereas it is alledged for an Error, that there was no Enemy declared; the Instructions shew'd where the Rendezvous should be, and no Man was so weak to think, that we went to traffick upon the Coast of *Spain*, having no other Merchandize than Powder and Shot, and herein they declared their Malice, and not my Error, in cavilling at a Point so void of all Dispute.

For the Excuse in not writing the Instructions, nor the delivering of them so soon as was convenient, I must think that the Vice-Admiral, and the Rear-Admiral, might do it as well as I could, for I caused theirs to be written, and some for their Squadrons, and for All my own, for I had them written most at Sea, by reason our Haste was such, and being commanded by my Lord Duke, not to let the Opportunity of a good Wind escape us: And besides, I gave to Sir *Francis Steward* one, who was then appointed Rear-Admiral, as well as to my Lord of *Denbigh*, that succeeded him, so that I had more Writing than others: I had mine delivered sooner than any, and had no more Allowance for Secretaries than others had.

Where it was expected that I came not from *Plymouth* without some Design, can any of the Council of

of War ask such a Question, that had the Honour to hear his Majesty, after a long Debate, to condescend that we should go directly for St. *Lucas?* And for naming the Haven of St. *Lucas* to be a barred Haven, all the World knew that, before we came from *Plymouth*; but the Difficulty was, that it was a dangerous Haven, and more dangerous in the Winter, as the Act of Council doth more plainly declare; therefore, I wonder, that so many sufficient Counsellors, as *Ten*, should lengthen their Journal with that Doubt, and I am sure that no Seamen made that Difficulty before his Majesty, at *Plymouth*, neither did any refuse Sir *Samuel Argol*'s Proposition for St. *Mary Port*: For the *Proposition* that Sir *Henry Bruce* made, and that I should slight it, I must put it with other Slanders that cannot be proved; for this is a worthy Gentleman, and one I have known longer in the *Wars* than any of the Colonels that were in the Troops, and a Gentleman I most particularly honour; and had the Knowledge come from himself, I should have embraced it with all my Heart; yet I could not have done it without the liking of the rest of the Colonels, neither could I change the Directions his Majesty had directed us for: And the *Proposition*, I did believe, did only come from his Master, for that himself was no Seaman; yet, for all that, I did not neglect it wholly, but called to me some Captains, and Masters, that had most Experience of that Place, and understood the Place to be extraordinary strong, and but one Way to approach to it; well provided with Ordnance, and we not able to land any, having lost our Long-Boats; and besides, there was no Anchoring but in the Power of the Castle, and

that

that if we went into the *Streights*, we might be lock'd in, and be long before we could come out, and clean out of Hope of the Plate-Fleet.

THAT my Lord of *Essex*, and my Lord *Cromwell*, should ask me what Directions I would give my Lord of *Essex*; I must say here, as I told my Lord of *Essex* the other Day, speaking of it, that *I never heard any such Thing*: Then my Lord said, *If I spoke it not to you, I spoke it to Sir* Thomas Love; for if I should have been asked that Question, I should not have given any other Council, than what I had written in the Instructons I gave my Lord for Fighting, where the 7th and the 10th Articles will witness most clear for that Point, and did forbear to press, till now that I am urged unto it: Therefore, if Officers of that Quality, will not read and mark their Instructions, but pick Faults in him that commandeth, and join with so many to do such ill Offices, I refer it, and appeal to higher Powers.

FOR, the Letter that I sent after my Lord of *Essex*, it was only to desire his Lordship to perform the Resolution of the Council, That was to make Haste in, and anchor before St. *Mary Port*, but not to forbid him to fight with any Ship that should give him any Occasion, as my Instructions will answer for me to the contrary.

WHERE it is said, That my Lord of *Essex* did Brail up his Foresail, and hover some time to see whether the *Marshal* would send him some Order to fight, doth plainly shew, that my Lord had time enough to have entertained a Fight with the Ships, but that still he had forgotten to read his Instructions: whereas it is said,

ſaid, that my Lord of *Eſſex*, Sir *John Prowd*, and Sir *John Burgh*, did adviſe the *Marſhal* to ſet upon the Ships which were fled, I wonder why they in Council gave Order to go to *Puntal*, to take that in firſt: howſoever, I am aſſured I left no Minute of Time, neither Night nor Day, but did my utmoſt to batter *Puntal*, and to have undertaken the *Spaniſh* Ships likewiſe, as my Inſtructions to the Ships that were appointed to go up, can witneſs under my Hand. But how could this be done, when Sir *Michael Gore* did deceive me, and his Majeſty's Service in not warning thoſe twenty Ships that ſhould have done the Buſineſs that Night, as the five *Dutch* Ships did to the Diſhonour of our Nation; which, if he had performed, we had in the Morning ſent the Ships towards *Port Royal?*

WHERE it is ſaid, that my Lord of *Eſſex* was one appointed to batter *Puntal*: and that it was countermanded; the Reaſon was, that then my Lord of *Eſſex* was at Anchor, and that other Ships were floating, and coming in, and therefore fitter to go to *Puntal*: Wherefore I chang'd that Reſolution, and ſent Sir *Michael Gore* to thoſe Ships to let them know, that they ſhould go up to my Lord of *Eſſex*'s Ships, to whom I would ſend Orders to give thoſe Ships Directions, which I ſent by Sir *Thomas York*.

WHERE it is ſaid, that when I came aboard my Lord of *Eſſex*, there were but very few Officers there, or long after, and that there was no Council called, it is true; neither was there any Need, for that I was executing the Reſolution of the Council; and in Fight, and in Action, if I ſhould ever and anon ask Council,

it

It had been a great Shame, having profess'd the Wars so long as I had done. For Sir *John Burgh* (since it has been so far put home) I must say, I gave him direct Orders to land his Men as safely as possible he could, and withal directed with my Hand to the Place; whereupon he told me, that in his Opinion, directly to the *Sconce* was the best; so then I told him, I held him discreet enough, and that he was to act it; therefore, after I had told him my Opinion, I left it to his Discretion: Whereupon, he sending the Boat where Captain *Bremigem* commanded, and Lieutenant *Prowd*, and other Soldiers, to the *Sconce*, and finding they went not so safe, went himself that Way which I had directed; but *Bremigem* and *Prowd*, following his former Directions, were slain, which troubled me not a little.

And thinking to give me my Load, they lay to my Charge, that it was my Fault that the Men with Granadoes were not come up, when I had expresly commanded him to attend my Ship. And Sir *John Burgh* cannot deny, but that I sent divers Messengers for him, but he could not be found; and since every thing must be my Fault, and every one must accuse me, I hope it shall be a Pecedent to those that come after me.

Whereas it is said, That I was press'd to send some Ships up to *Port-Royal*, I cannot remember any such Thing; for the Service of that Fort, and the Difficulties, made me have but little Leisure to discourse with any: I was so troubled to see the Ships so untoward to come up, that I had enough to do to try 'em, and to send to 'em, for it may be, there was much talking, but I saw but few to help me, but

Sir *Thomas Love*. And whereas they ſay, there were Ships enough, they that ſay ſo are much miſtaken; for I was fain to take my Barge, to draw up more Ships to batter the *Fort*, and could not get enough: And many of the King's Ships were o'Ground, which was the Cauſe we were ſo long upon *Puntal*: and yet they ſay, that there were Ships enough to have gone up: But it ſhews they took no great Heed.

And whereas it is ſaid, I gave Leave to land to any that would, without Officers to command them; the Serjeant-Major-General can witneſs the contrary, for I gave Order to Sir *John Burgh* to command in Chief, and to Sir *John Gibſon*, and Searjeant-Major *Fryar*, as good Officers as were in the whole Army, and ſufficient for the Troops that were landed, till I came my ſelf, which was not long after. For the calling of a Council the next Day, I thought it not very needful, both that Haſte was required to empty the Ships of the Landmen, to be the readier to undertake the Enemy's Shipping, and that for want of Long-Boats, we ſpent much Time, and had much Trouble to land our Men; ſo that if one ſhould do nothing but call unneceſſary Councils when a Man is in Action, one would hinder another. But what I did, I ſpoke openly, and gave my Reaſons; and if I could have heard any Man to have given a better Reaſon, or oppoſed it, then would I have called a Council, for I did imagine, he that was a good Subject would ſpeak for the Service of his Majeſty, and not ſtudy to ſpy out Errors in a Chief, and ſo neglect his Majeſty's Service, to betray him when he came home: It is a Sign he went out with no good Intent to do his Maje-

ſty

ſty Service; for he that deſires to do his beſt, will not think of his own particular Ends, but of God, his King, and his Country. And for the Want of Victuals, I think, there was never ſo good Commodity, and (I think) a more particular, and general Order, than was for thoſe Troops. Firſt, as the Acts of Council will ſhew; then, that there was ſo much landed, as much of it was brought back again; as Captain *Bruce*, Captain *Shipworth*, and many other Sea-Captains can witneſs; altho' one would have thought, that Men that had Victuals by them, and ſuch means of Knapſacks as they had, for no other Purpoſe, that very Nature would have taught them, not to depart out of their Ships without taking ſome Victuals with them: And Sir *John Burgh* did deliver before your Lordſhips, (if I be not miſtaken) That his Soldiers would have taken ſome Victuals with them, but that he told them, that if they died, they were provided for; if they lived, they ſhould not be ſo far from their Ships: If Soldiers do deſire it, what Fault is there in the Officers that would not provide for them? I am ſure, I did ſee many Officers provide for themſelves, who if they will be negligent, and think of nothing, but lay all Trouble and Blame upon their Chief, and when they have Meat in their Hands, they will not put it into their Mouths without Order, what ſhould one do in ſuch a Caſe? I dare ſay, that moſt of the Officers, that were careful, had Victuals, as my Lord Duke's Regiment, and mine own, and ſome others; and if I ſhall take a general Care, and a particular Care, and yet be complained of, I muſt think, that they which did neglect providing for their Soldiers, did it of purpoſe

pose to slander me; whereas I had given a general Order, that all Soldiers should carry Meat in their Knapsacks, when they should land in any Place whatsoever. Those voluntary Gentlemen that went with me on Land, can witness, as likewise all my Servants; yea, my very Chaplain himself carry'd his Knapsack; so that I gave not only Order, but observed my own Order, and perform'd it by Example: And I that have lived these Thirty Years in the Wars, did never know, that upon a Guard that was for 24 Hours, or more, that the General, or Chief, did give Order for Victuals, or did ever provide Knapsacks, which I would not have done, nor never did, but among raw Soldiers, and upon the Coast of *Spain*. But when it hath been for four or five Days, that it were not possible there to get Victuals, then there was Order given, but never where Victuals were to be gotten: And if Captains do not take Care for any Thing, and likewise the Colonels for such Things as are necessary, must the Chief be such a Slave to do all, and others nothing, but to consult together how to slander him? And because they daily, and hourly sit in Council together against one, is therefore the Cause, or Manner, good? I am bold now to speak more plainly than I did in my former: Which made me ask your Lordship's Leave to break loose from the Stake, for I had been baited long enough; for when I heard of a Journal, compounded of Landmen and Seamen together, against their Chief, I saw it was particular Malice, they no ways proving, that I had done them any Wrong; but making a Catalogue of my Errors, which I confess are many, but

God

God hath not given any of them the Grace to find them out.

For my Part, I would never have petitioned to make a Journal, if I had not been strictly commanded by my General, by his Instructions, and likewise by this Honourable Table commanded to shew; and when I did shew it, did think it should not have offended any, but such as are guilty; and for the present, I did not see it work. Neither do I find, by the Petition, that it had given any Cause, till common Fame told these Petitioners that they were touched; then they desired, as they say, to be known to be Men of Honour, their Honour then being more clear than now.

And whereas it is said, That when I did ride forth, it was to discover an Enemy, they are mistaken, for I went only to discover the best Way for the Troops to march; for I did not understand that any Enemy could give us an Alarm, by coming out of the Town into the Gardens that were hard by us: Neither do I think him any Soldier, that put that Point into the Journal; for the Alarm was delivered to me, to come from the Continent, otherwise I had not stirred: And for calling a Council for such a Matter, would have been frivolous, except that the Army had been commanded by a Commission, as I find, by the Petitions, they could have wished it.

Whereas it is alledged against me, That Sir *Charles Rich* had no Victuals, it was not my Fault; for coming the last, he might have brought some with him from Shipboard, and if he made not Haste to come sooner, it was not my Fault; yet, I am assured, that after

after he had landed, he ſtaid by the Water-Side ſome Half an Hour. And for the other Troops that were landed, they had above an Hour's Time for their Victuals, and I did ſee with my own Eyes, that moſt of them had received Victuals, and had ſtaved ſome Barrels to drink, which if he had not commanded to their Companies, would never have given over, ſo that there was Time enough for careful Officers to have provided for themſelves. But this Point I have ſufficiently proved before, that it wanted not my Care.

It is alledged, That the Serjeant-Major of Colonel *Harwood* did come to me, and told me, that four of his Colonel's Companies did want Victuals, and that I did anſwer ſharply to him, *That now there was no Time to ſpeak, when we were marching to an Enemy.* Was this ſo ſharp an Anſwer? It will be rather proved, I told him more ſharply, That it was a Shame for him and other Officers to be ſo careleſs as to ſuffer their Soldiers to come on Land without Victuals, having the Proviſion nigh them, and ſuch Means to carry it: And is it not as neceſſary for a Colonel to have a Care of his Regiment, as I had over the whole Army and Fleet? for there was not one in either, that I did not my beſt to relieve in all Kinds, having ſtood upon the half Deck of my Ship whole Days, without eating or drinking, and yet the World ſees what thanks I have, and how little they have proved againſt me.

And whereas it is ſaid, That coming to *Hercules Pillar*, That my Lord *Eſſex*, and Sir *John Prowd*, did tell me, That the Troops did want Victuals; I can remember no ſuch Thing; for if any did, it muſt be only the Companies that landed the Day before with

Sir

Sir *John Burgh*, which was the Reason that he went back: for if I had heard that those Troops which were to march, had wanted any, I should never have marched forwards, without calling a Council; for the Cause of my calling for a Council, was to know every Man's Opinion, whether they thought it fit to march to the Bridge, or no; but the Alarm of my Lord of *Valentia*, of the Enemy, which we did pursue, was the Cause of hindring that Council, when they were gathering together.

And where it is said, that I needed not to have taken the Alarm from my Lord of *Valentia*, for that it was but his particular Advice; and yet I am accused for omitting Sir *Henry Bruce*'s Opinion, as a particular Man: I fear he that put in that Clause hath not been so long at the Wars as my Lord of *Valentia* hath been; for if I should not believe the Report of a Soldier of that Experience, and a chief Officer of the Army, from whom should I take a Report?

And he that put in that Advice, that I might have discovered the Enemy's Horse, with a *Forlorn Hope*, was no better Soldier than the other; for to discover Horse with Foot, was never heard of, but to discover Foot with Horse is ordinary: For to send out a *Forlorn Hope*, and to have it cut off before our Face, (which Horse might have done) and we no way able to relieve them; this was wholesom Council, and a Man fit to judge of the Errors of his Chief! But Time may make him know better; for no Man is born a Soldier, tho' a Man may be too soon, after he is born, a Colonel.

Whereas

WHEREAS my Oppoſites charge me, That the Diſorder of the Soldiers was for want of Care; and, that I going before, ſhould have known of the Store of Wine, ſheweth, that he that was the Cauſe of that Conceit, doth think that he could have commanded the Army better than the *Marſhal*: But I ſee, tho' he gives me Directions, yet he did not know why I did ride before; for that at my going before, I knew of no Wine, but went to quarter the Troops, which I did my ſelf, tho' it was not my Place; neither is there any Notice in all the Journal of that, or any other Pains and Care I took, neither of my watching the three Nights we were on Land, which becauſe you ſhould be ſenſible of, I came often in the Night to you. I take it, this Relation was to ſome other Purpoſe; but all this while I knew of no Wine in all the whole Village, for that it ſeemed to me a barren Place.

BUT, after I had quartered the Troops, I returned to the Houſe of *Don Lewis de Soto*, to ſee the Army march into their Quarters; then there was one told me, that there was a Cellar with Wine in it, and that if it might be delivered to every Regiment, it would much refreſh them, becauſe they had no Drink, which, as you have heard, I did. Now, for the Diſorders which come of Wine, it is one of the moſt dangerous Miſchiefs that can happen to an Army, and I could never hear of any Army that could avoid that Danger, if it did fall into that Inconvenience; for Soldiers are ſo addicted to drink, eſpecially Wine, that I will undertake, that if there ſhould be an Enemy's Army ſtanding nigh Wine, they would run into all

Danger

Danger to ſatisfy themſelves of that Delight; for whereas we ſet Guards upon all Things that ſhould be preſerv'd, yet ſet a Guard upon Wine, of common Soldiers, and the Guard will be firſt drunk, as they were in this Houſe; for whereas they broke in at four Places where I ſet Guards, when I went to viſit one Guard the other would be drunk before I came back again; yea, let themſelves ſee, if any Man can tell me where an Army hath been kept in any Order where Wine was, I will confeſs my Ignorance: And to prove my Argument, Sir *John Norris* could not do it at *Portugal*: My Lord of *Cumberland* could not do it when he was in the *Summer Iſlands*, for moſt of his Officers, as well as Soldiers, were drunk. In the ſame Place, Sir *Francis Drake*, and Sir *Richard Hawkins*, and Count *Mansfield*, when he marched through the Out-Frontiers of *France*, where he loſt ſome three hundred by that Inconvenience. And my Lord *Vere*, in the *Palatinate*, found ſome Diſorders, tho' he had but two thouſand, and it was but *Rheniſh* Wine, yet for the Remembrance of it, it was called the Drunken Quarter, as this hath been. And ſince, in the very ſame Place, I have underſtood, that *Conyers Clifford* had the ſame Miſchance, when he loſt an hundred Men at leaſt; yet for any thing I could learn, or for any Thing delivered to me, we loſt not with ſick Men and all, above Twenty, and moſt of theſe were in a Houſe that they would not come out of, do what we could. This is ſufficient to prove how dangerous Wine is to an Army. And if the King of *Spain* will defend his Country, let him but lodge Wine upon his Coaſts, and he may overthrow any Army with it: But if

theſe

these great Commanders (whose Sword I am not worthy to carry after them) could not avoid this Inconvenience, I may be excused. I can say no more, but that I did never imagine, that so barren an Island, as that was, could have made so much Wine. And whereas they would have had some of the chiefest Officers to have staved the Wine, and to have set a Guard, I must say, that he that put in that doth not know, that the Serjeant-Major-General did spend almost a whole Night in staving the Wine; I am afraid he was asleep when he should have been waking.

WHEREAS it is pre-supposed there were no Guards set out, it is mistaken of Purpose, I fear; for to some of the Colonels, I did shew it myself, to Sir *John Prowd*, and gave Order to the Serjeant-Major-General, to see that all the rest did the like; which no Colonel of Understanding would have omitted, being for his own Safety, and so ordinary a Thing; and in my Absence it did belong to my Lord of *Essex*; so that he that saith it did not, shews little Experience.

AND he that saith, I gave my Lord of *Essex* Order, without visiting the Place, he is still in the wrong, for I did visit all the Avenues, the Serjeant-Major-General being with me; for I did make the Quarter, which was not for me to do, neither to set out Guards: But by this Discourse, I find that he that presseth this, was not by when it was acted.

WHERE it is said, that that Night there was no Word given out till Two of the Clock; I would know whether that Colonel did send his Serjeant-Major for the Word, to the Serjeant-Major-General; and if it was demanded of him, and he gave it not, let

him

him anſwer for it, for I was no Serjeant-Major: But I would have this marked, that if theſe Things ſhould have been neglected, (as I aſſure myſelf they were not) yet none of theſe Fault-finders ever complained to me, as they ſhould have done, if they had regarded his Majeſty's Service, as well as they did to find out Errors: But his Majeſty, and my Lord Duke, did mark how theſe ill Humours did diſcover themſelves at *Plymouth*; they could not hide it: for ſuch Men are like Foxes, that are the craftieſt Beaſts of all, but there are more of their Skins that are ſold than of any other Beaſt.

It was not my Propoſition, to know what to do, when I called a Council, for that is untruly miſtaken as much as the reſt was; for my Propoſition was, that ſeeing this Diſorder of the Troops that had been that Night, that to go to the Bridge was of no great Conſequence, and whether it was not better to return.

And whereas it is ſaid, that the Diſorder of the former Night was ſpoken of when the Colonels met, after having quartered; I remember no ſuch Thing.

Where it is ſaid, That I asked the Advice of the Council of War about *Cadiz*, there was no ſuch Thing; for it was asked on Horſeback, and the Night before; ſo that I ſee theſe Things come from one that, I think, did ſo little, and underſtood not much, but what was told him.

I cannot find that this Diſcourſe doth ſound as if it came from a Soldier, but a made Diſcourſe; for no Man can make me believe, that it was well done to ſtick upon a Retreat when the Enemy was no ſtronger; for my Order was, that the Retreat ſhould be

be made fighting, and retiring; and that one Regiment ſhould ſecond the other, which might have been done, if the Enemy had been three times as ſtrong as he was, eſpecially, when there was no Horſe to charge them: So that when I ſaid, they were longer engaged than I ſaw any Reaſon for, it is true; for they were above an Hour and an half longer than I did make Account of; and ſtanding without the Fort, as far advanced as I could, there was my Lord of *Eſſex* and my ſelf; I told him, that I wondred at this Retreat, the Enemy being no ſtronger; and that I gave them Order to fight and retire; and that that which they did, was no manner of Retreat, but a plain Skirmiſh, and that it did hinder much our embarking; which in Regard of want of our long Boats would be very troubleſome, as it was Night before we had done. Upon this, Colonel *Bruce* flung off his Coat, and ran to ſee what it was, and gave him his beſt Aſſiſtance; at laſt came Colonel *Harwood* off in good Order, and the Enemy followed him with ſcattered Shot, and ſome of the Shot came into *Puntal*, and made his Retreat to the old Houſes, that were like Barns, whither I did ſend him two ſmall Pieces called Drakes, with ſixty Pikes to guard them; where I did ſee that Effect with them, that after they were but ſhot twice, I could not perceive any Advance more, for thoſe Drakes ſhot ſome forty Bullets and ſome ſixty. After this I went to Sir *Edward Harwood*, and met him coming off from the Houſe: I deſired him to tell me, what was the Reaſon that they ſtuck upon the Retreat ſo long, and made me keep ſuch Troops as were to be ſhipped. His Anſwer was, that the Men were

raw, and that the Officers had engaged themſelves farther than he would have had them.

And whereas it is ſaid, that all the Time Colonel *Harwood* did skirmiſh with the Enemy, that neither the Marſhal, nor Serjeant-Major-General, ever came to him; that argues, that he, or thoſe that writ that Part, ſhew, that they do not underſtand what does belong either to the War, or how every one ought, in this Place, to perform his Duty: For if a Colonel or two are not ſufficient to make a Retreat againſt an Enemy, that was no more in Number, not ſo much as half thoſe Troops that were ordained to make the Retreat againſt them, ſheweth, that they did deſpair of their Sufficiency, that did make their Retreat, which I did hold ſufficient to have performed a greater Buſineſs; but had I thought, that they had not been ſo, then would not I have ſhipped my Horſe as I did, but would have made my Retreat my ſelf, which was not my Place to have done; for my Place was rather to have looked to have given Order to have ſeconded him with new Troops, if either he had needed, or that he had ſent to me for Order, which he never did.

And whereas it is ſaid, my Lord of *Eſſex* went up, that cannot be; for he was with me when Sir *Henry Bruce* caſt off his Coat and went to ſee the Reaſon why Colonel *Harwood* did ſo long ſtick upon the Retreat.

And whereas it is ſaid, that I had delivered before the Table, that I had made the Retreat; I muſt anſwer him that urgeth that Point, ſo far I ſhould be ſorry to deliver any thing before the Table, that was not

not true, especially of my self; my Answer is, That he that hath contraried that Point is no Soldier, and doth not know what a Retreat is for Part of the Army; and a Retreat of the whole Army; and that which belongeth to the Army; as Cannons, Horses, and Baggage, and to see the Army embarked, and all Things belonging to the Army: So that as Colonel *Harwood* made the Retreat of Part of the Army, till he came to me to the *Sconce*, (under which Protection) to which Place he was to make his Retreat, and that when I did send him the small Pieces; then it could not be properly said, that he made any more Retreat: But that then it was properly to be said, that I did make the Retreat, for I staid there so long, to see all Things shipped, that most of the Officers, but the Serjeant-Major-General and Colonel *Burgh*, quitted me, without taking their Leave: So that the Wrong which had been done me, in saying, That I did not make the Retreat of the whole Army, is in regard he wanted Judgment, and has shewn his Ignorance in that, as he hath done in many other Places; for altho' there be sufficient Soldiers in the Number of the Ten, that hath subscribed, and therefore I cannot think it came from their Pen; yet I know they are of the lesser Number by much, that are professed Soldiers, and not many, and yet those may be content to let such Errors pass, for their Advantages, and to see whether I would take Exceptions of it.

For the holding of the Fort of *Puntal*, which we got so hardly, it is true, that I did propound it, and would we had kept it; for then we had been now Master of the Plate-Fleet, that came into that *Bay*, with-

in four Days after our Departure, for it was a Fort that might have been well defended, or, at least, so well disputed, as those that had been in it might have made as good a Composition for themselves, as the Enemy did that we put out; for I meant to have left Two hundred Men, and some Twenty Ships, for some Fourteen Days, with a sufficient Number of Ordnance, and well victuall'd, and furnish'd with Ammunition, but there was none that would condescend to it, doubting of the Danger. Then my Answer was, that without their Consent I would not do it; yet it had been a good Service howsoever, especially to have given us the Assurance of a good Harbour, which we had no where else upon any Occasion; which if he had done, we had found the *West-India* Fleet in the Harbour; and when I did see there was none that would venture the Danger to hold it, my Answer was, That it is true, that there is no going to the Wars without Danger, and that he that will undertake any Thing of Worth, must venture more than Two hundred Men.

THE last Article of all that was presented me, is, That I would not break Bulk, and command Wine to be delivered in the Name of Sick-Men. My Answer is, That if I had, the Sick-Men should have had the least Part of it, and that the most Part of our Men, that were sick, had the Calenture, and that Wine was held very unfit for them; for we found our Beer not to do them that Good we wished, in regard of the Strength of the Hop; and besides, there was no Ship wholly loaden with Wine, and that there was no Quantity to have satisfied the whole Fleet; and to satisfy some, and to leave the greater Part unsatisfied, would

would be but Labour loſt; ſo that this may go amongſt the other forced Articles, that may ſerve for Number, but not for Subſtance.

THUS hoping that this Relation is fully ſatisfied, and anſwered, though by one Defendant, and in Two Days, tho' the Plaintiffs had Fourteen Days to compound theirs, and Ten Perſons to contrive it. But a good Cauſe needs not ſo much Help before judicious Hearers. But this Courſe of Bill, and Anſwer, was never uſed (I think) in our Profeſſion before, for it would have become better, Pen-Men, than Pike-Men; but Defendants may be beſt excuſed.

WIMBLEDON.

*A true and exact* Journal, *or* Diary, *of the most material Passages, happening at, or after our Landing at the Isle of* Rhee, Anno 1627.

THE General Expectation of our mighty Fleet, was at length delivered of a hopeful Birth; tho' through wilful Ignorance, or over careful Fear, in the after Carriage of Affairs, it proved illegitimate: For after some Fortnight's Time, spent in Chace of some certain *Dunkirkers* (on *Wednesday* being the 11th of *July*) we safely arrived before the Isle of *Rhee:* Where a Council being immediately called, the Colonels received Order for their manner of Landing. That Night nothing of Consequence was done, only some Shot made by the Battery Ships, at the Fort called the *Fort de la Prée*, but to little Purpose.

12th *July*. THE next Morning Monsieur *Soubize* went to *Rochel*, to procure some Aid from them; and Sir *William Beecher* was likewise sent by my Lord Duke, to know their Intentions; but they of the Town would scarce admit them, but by a Postern-Door, being jealous of the Success of our Affairs. After Four o'Clock the same Day we begun to unship our Soldiers, but by that Time we had landed some 1200, or 1500 of our Men, with three or four Drakes, the Enemy (who lay undiscovered of us, by the Advantage of a Bottom) charged us with 200 Horse, and

and 1000 Foot. In their Horse Charge, they shew'd themselves true *Frenchmen*, desperately valiant; and put our Men, being unranked, and scarce stepp'd on Shoar, to Rout, and drowned many of the Rear; but at length, by the brave Example of the Colonels, and General, they re-assumed their Courage, and in Gratitude laid above 100 of their Cavalry on the Ground. The Foot seeing the ill Entertainment of their Horse, came on very unwillingly, (their Captains waving their Hats to them) and were glad to quit us; for after Two or Three Vollies of Shot, and Stones, finding our Pikes too long for them, they betook themselves to Flight, and left us Masters of the Field; an Honour dearly purchased, it being by the Death of many of our bravest Commanders. That Night we began to land our Horse, and make good the Place by Intrenchment, expecting another Charge from the Enemy that Night; but they left us quietly to enjoy our Victory, wherein (if they had been as provident as valiant) we had never prevailed; for if they had first charged us with their Foot, to have received our first and hottest Volley, and then flanked us with their Horse, they had scarce left us any for a second Defeat: But it happened otherwise by a Dissention among themselves, arising from this Cause. Monsieur *Thorax*, Governor of the Island, had promised Baron St. *Andrew* the Honour of the first Charge, which he after gave in Command to his Brother, whereat he being discontented, would not charge at all, nor suffer his Troops to second the Vanguard; yet we must not attribute our Victory, or rather Safety, wholly to this Cause, but the especial Favour of God, who after our

Soldiers took themselves for lost, and ran away, gave them Courage to resist, and then beat the bravest Soldiers of all *France*, the Regiment of *Champaign*, never before beaten; and to defeat their prime Cavalry, consisting all of Gentlemen of Quality, a Thing miraculous for Infantry to do.

*Friday* 13th. THE next Morning *Thorax*, in a *French* Bravado, sent a Page with a Trumpet, to tell my Lord Duke he meant to give him a Breakfast: My Lord, to shew he would conquer them as well by Courtesy, as the Sword, stood complimenting with the Page, with his Hat in his Hand, and returned him with Twenty Pieces for his Message, and the Trumpet with Five. The same Day, Sir *William Beecher* returned from *Rochel*, with no other Answer but Delays, *for they being only Friends only to themselves, would shew no Countenance, or Approbation to our Actions*, till we were possess'd of the Island; and till they had got in their Wine and Corn, they would not, unless under-hand, afford us any Assistance. The same Day, the Governor sent another Parley to my Lord Duke, concerning the Burial of the Dead, and offered 1000 *l.* for one Nobleman's Body; but my Lord very honourably gave them Leave to bury them without any such Consideration. All this while we stirred not from our Landing-Place: Those that judge most favourably of our wary, or rather, fearful Proceeding, (not daring, or not knowing how to pursue our Victory) attribute the Cause thereof to Monsieur *Soubize* his Stay in *Rochel*, for levying of Forces there.

14th. THE Day following, Baron *Ambellembe* came to bury the Dead; of whom the better sort were carried

carried to St. *Martins* to be interred: For the rest, the Baron gave our Soldiers Money to bury them. Between Three and Four o' Clock that Day, Monsieur *Soubize* returned from *Rochel*, with some few Gentlemen, and 500 Soldiers: Then our Troops being put in Battalia, we marched out of our Trenches some Three or Four Bow-Shots; and being late, our Army, both Horse and Foot, quartered there that Night.

15th. The next Morning, the Duke, and *Soubize*, went to view the Passage, and to find the safest Way for the Army to march in; and some say, *Soubize* persuaded my Lord Duke, to march out of Shot of the little Fort, which was the direct Way, and to turn up among the Vines, which (the Weather being very hot) did so tire our Soldiers (marching Five or Six Miles out of the Way in such Ground) that if the Enemy had charged us, they would have put us to great Extremity; whereas if we had passed by the Fort (which had neither Ordnance mounted, nor any body to resist us but an old Woman, as we afterwards heard) and sent the Summons which Sir *William Beecher* had wrote, and my Lord Duke signed, and delivered to Sir *John Burrows*, we might have easily had it, (the Enemy having formerly quitted it, as a Place not tenable) and might have kept it for a Retreat, and saved that unnecessary Circuit, to avoid that which with equal Fear shunned us, which after proved the Loss of the Island. About one o' Clock our Army began to march, together with the *French*, who (to be known from the Enemy) wore green Boughs in their Hats. My Lord Duke, with *Soubize*, marched

in the Head of the Troops; and the Villages we passed by, came and rendred themselves to my Lord: A little before Night, some of the Enemy's Horse shewed themselves upon a Hill far off, but durst not charge us, seeing in what good Order we marched. We came that Night before a Town called *La Flotta*, about the Mid-way between the *Point* and Saint *Martins*, where the Army quartered, my Lord himself lying in the Field, in Sir *John Burrows*'s Quarter. In the Night Time we had two Alarms, one from the General, the other from the Enemy's Horse.

16th. THE next Day in the Morning we marched into the Town, where we stayed the best Part of the Day, being entertained with a Compliment from *Thorax*, a Challenge of Forty of their Horse to as many of ours: but it was not accepted of, in regard we ought not to lose the Advantage we had gotten of them: But indeed it was only a Delay to gain Time, that they might thereby victual the Citadel, whereof they had been carelesly negligent, (having a prejudicate Opinion of their own Valours) though they were formerly advertised of our coming, as well by Intelligence out of *England*, as also *by a base, treacherous Dutchman*, who set Sail from *Portsmouth* at the same Time we did, being laden with all warlike Munition, Powder, Bullets, Pikes, Match, Muskets: But when our Fleet was dispersed, in Chace of those *Dunkirkers*, he got into St. *Martins* before us, five or six Days, where he sold his Lading for Salt, and also gave an exact Account of our Forces, both by Land and Sea, with a Catalogue of our Commanders Names, to the Governor *Thorax*. The same Day, one Mr. *Crane*,

*Crane*, a Trooper, in a Bravado, would needs discharge his Pistols into the Fort, where he was slain; but his Horse was returned to my Lord Duke, by the Governor's Appointment. That Afternoon the Body of Sir *William Heyden*, was buried at *La Flot*, in the Protestant Church-yard, with a Soldier's Peal, three or four brave Vollies of Shot. The same Night we marched towards St. *Martins*, but we lodged in the Field, it being very tempestuous Weather, for Thunder, Lightning, and Rain.

17th. On *Tuesday* we marched into the Town, but as we began to approach, some Twenty or Thirty of the Enemy's Horse made a Stand, to brave us, of whom we killed two with the Shot of a Drake, and the rest vanished: Some of the Chief of the Town came with a white Flag to my Lord Duke, desiring him to take them, and the Town into his Protection. All that done, the Enemies played their great Shot into the Town, but did little Harm: A Council of War being called, Sir *John Burrows*, who had well viewed the Fort, and the Strength thereof, delivered his Opinion to my Lord Duke, which was, That it was a Thing impossible to take the Fort by Assault; and the Certainty of our Succours depending upon the Wind, and many other Casualties, to starve them was likewise difficult; in as much as they had, to our Knowledge, carried three or four hundred Tuns of Wine into the Fort, with a great Quantity of Corn; which they had sufficient Time to do, between *Thursday* the Day of our Landing, and *Tuesday* following, the Time we came into the Town: Wherefore he thought it fit only to pillage the Island, and so go for *Oleron*, or some other

Place

Place more profitable; but his Advice was not allowed of: For my Lord Duke, besides the Engagement of his Honour, being too credulous, did rely upon the Promises of some confident Seamen *(who took a great Deal of Pains to disgrace themselves)* and undertook to suffer no Assistance to come unto them by Sea, as the making of Booms, and Float-Batteries, which came all to nothing.

18th. THE Day following Sir *William Beecher*, with Mr. *Grimes*, were dispatched for *England*, to hasten the Supply of the *Irish*, together with Money and Victuals.

19th. THE next Day we landed Seven Pieces of Brass Ordnance.

20th. THE next Day after, Ten; of which there were Five mounted on a Battery by the Sea-side, which had not shot above two or three Shots, but one of them was dismounted, and two more almost spoiled by them of the Fort.

21st. ON *Saturday* following, Sir *Peregrine Bertie*'s Regiment, which was left at the Point to make a good Retreat, if need were, was commanded to *La Flot*, to join with Sir *Henry Sprye*'s Regiment, together with our Horse, to assure that Place.

22d. FOR Two Days following, nothing but shooting from the Battery and the Fort.

ON the 24th, Forty of our Horse, with Two Companies of Foot, were sent to burn some Windmills, that the Enemy might have no Relief by them: In one of the Mills they found a Party of thirty Musqueteers of the Enemy's, who yielded themselves poorly, without Shew of Resistance, and were brought to the

Duke

Duke; where, after they had ſtayed two or three Days my Lord ſent them, according to his accuſtomed Mercy unto the Main. The ſame Day we had a Supply of ſixty Oxen out of *England*.

On the 27th, the Night being dusky, there came three or four Boats from the Main, laden with Proviſions to the Citadel.

28th. The Day following Mr. *Monck* came from *England*, through the Main, (paſſing the Army which lay before *Rochel*, with great Hazard of his Life) and brought a Meſſage by word of Mouth, from the King, to my Lord Duke, with Intelligence of thirty or forty Sail of Ships, with three or four Thouſand Men preparing in *France*.

On the 30th Day there came one from the Citadel, pretending he ran away, who profeſt himſelf an Engineer, and deſiring Conference with my Lord Duke, he was ſuſpected, his unconfident Countenance bewraying him: And being ſearched by Mr. *Aſhburnham*'s Appointment, there was (as ſome ſay) a poiſoned Dagger found about him; whereupon, the Torture being threatned to him, he confeſſed he was ſent by the Governor to kill him; which he juſtified to the Governor's Brother, and other Gentlemen, which came to clear themſelves: For which Cauſe my Lord Duke would not agree to have or give any Quarter to them. All this while the Battery played, but little Harm on both Sides: And notwithſtanding it was generally concluded by the Colonels, and all the Council of War, a Thing impoſſible to take the Fort but by famiſhing them; yet in all the Time we had been in the Town we went not about to block them up by

In-

Intrenchments, but took a more preposterous Way, in raising Batteries, before we made our Approaches: A Thing very chargeable, and needless; for with the infinite Company of Shot that we made against the Sand-hill, we did nothing by the way of Breach, but spent more Powder and Shot than half the Revenues of the Island was worth; and still the Passage was open for those of the Towns round about to carry what Provision they would into the Fort, and give Intelligence of the Affairs of our Army; which the Enemy's Horse continually did, foraging up and down the Country.

At length, meer Necessity compelling, on the Third of *August* we began to intrench.

On the fifth Day in the Afternoon, our Soldiers being at work about the Intrenchment, some thirty, or thirty two of the Enemy's Horse sallied out of the Fort upon our Trenches; but they were repulsed only with the Loss of two of our Men.

On the 9th, my Lord Duke appointed five hundred Seamen to be drawn out of the Ships, and gave them in Command to Captain *Meddall*, with a Commission to be a Colonel; but his Honour was of so small Continuance, as it only serv'd to make him ridiculous; for the rest of his Mates, and Under-Officers, were laughed out of their Employments by the Landmen.

On the 12th, the *French*, which came with *Soubize*, together with Captain *Shugborough* and Captain *Paddon*, following the Directions of my Lord Duke, contrary to the advice of Sir *John Burrows*, fell upon the Enemy's Works with an Intent to poison a Well; but

but there was nothing done, but Captain *Shugborough*, and some few of our Soldiers, slain.

On the Second of *September*, our long expected *Irish* arrived, under the Conduct of Sir *Ralph Bingley*, and Sir *Pierce Crosby*. The same Day there was a Parley from the Citadel. The Gentleman that came with it, knew, as soon as my Lord Duke, of our new Succours. The Subject of his Message no Man knew; but he pretended only to see a Brother of his, who had been taken Prisoner. There were diverse other Parleys, as for *Lords* and *Melons*, which some thought to be by Way of Scorn, but my Lord Duke would not so interpret them. And in those Parleys my Lord Duke grew distastful to the Colonels and Council of War, in that he would never impart any of their Messages to them, nor admit them to the hearing or speaking with any of them.

On the 4th Day came another Parley from the Citadel by Baron St. *Serin*, upon whose coming, My Lord Duke appointed Mr. *Ashburnham* to go along with him to *Paris* to the King of *France*: And this Day about Noon they went to the Main. That Night there were two Boats of the Enemy's taken, coming to the Fort. For two or three Days together there was Preparation made for the Assault of the little Fort. Ordnance was landed at *La Flot*, and Sir *Alexander Brett* had undertaken it; but it was afterwards thought fit not to divide our Forces, for a thing of so small Consequence: But it afterwards proved the Axiom true; *A contemned Enemy proves oftentimes most dangerous.*

On

On the 11th, there came a Barque of forty or fifty Tuns, to the Citadel, laden with Provision, for the Governour himself; which cost us five hundred great Shot from the Ships, to sink her; but did little Harm, only the killing of *Thorax*'s Brother who could never die in better Company; for about three or four Hours after, Sir *John Burrows* was slain, viewing the Works; and with him died all our Hopes of good Success; and in his Death, as in his Life, undismay'd. That Night some of our Men made a small Skirmish with those of the Enemy's Trenches, to the End, that, those which were appointed for the firing of the Barque, might with greater Security go on; but all was in vain.

On the 17th, Mr. *Ashburnham* returned from *Paris*; not suffered to speak with the King, but used with as much Respect, as befitted his Years and Person. Presently after his Return he was sent for *England:* About two Days after St. *Serin* came to St. *Martins*. At first, my Lord Duke denyed to speak with him; and sent him aboard Captain *Porter*'s Ship, a Prisoner; but he continued not long there, but was sent for to St. *Martins*; where my Lord Duke used him with great Respect.

On the 20th, about Break of Day was discovered a Fleet of Boats coming to the Citadel: And, the Alarm given, they made back again; but our Ships chacing them, took Five, laden with Victuals and Munition.

The 24th, Sir *Henry Palmer* arrived at St. *Martins*, with thirteen Sail of Ships, laden with Victuals and Munition for our Army.

On

On the 26th, there came a Parley from the Fort; but my Lord Duke would admit of none, in Regard of the ill Usage his Cousin *Ashburnham* received at *Paris*, and sent them an absolute Answer, that he would hold no Parley with them, unless it were touching the Delivery of the Fort. Presently after the Return of this Message, came the Lieutenant-Governor of the Fort, Baron *Monthault* with a Trumpet, to treat of Articles of yielding; and withal told my Lord Duke, if they received no Succours from the Main that Night, the Morrow following they would render it up; which they were in a manner forced to do by the Mutiny of the Soldiers: But our Hopes were all defeated by the coming of fifteen or sixteen Boats from the Main, which brought them at the least two Months Provision of Victuals and Munition; which they stood in great Need of. For a fortnight's Time before, we had not a great Shot from the Fort; and our Soldiers marched to their Guards in open View of the Fort, (the Trenches being full of Water) without receiving any Hurt by their small Shot, for Want of Powder. And, now, to add to our Miseries, our Soldiers began to sicken apace; having neither good Lodgings, but in the Trenches, nor Meat, but which stunk, nor Drink, but Water; all the Provision of Wine in the Island being spent: *Yet the* Rochellers *would not be sensible of our Wants; but for that small Provision they sent, they sold it at a tripple Value of the Worth.*

October the Seventh, there landed seven Boats at the little Fort. For four or five Days nothing was done, our Soldiers died apace.

On

On the Thirteenth, there was great Preparation for an Assault; neither would my Lord Duke be dissuaded (but by the foul Weather) although all the Colonels subscribed it under their Hands, to be a Thing impossible; and also for our present Departure; inasmuch as our Army grew so weak, and we had certain Intelligence of the landing of four thousand Foot, and two hundred Horse; the Horse being already embarked. Sir *Henry Sprye* used a Soldier-like Freedom of Speech, in shewing to my Lord the Necessity of our Departure; and that it would be honourable, having sufficiently shewed our Valour and Resolution in remaining so long Time in an Enemy's Country, with such an Handful of Men, and who never dared to meddle with us; and besides, it would be no more dishonourable for us, being so few in Number, after four Months Siege to go away from a Place unfeasible, than it was for one of the greatest Soldiers in the World, *Spinola*, to rise from *Bergenopzoom* with thirty thousand Men; but he was answered with a Court-like Scorn. That *he talked as if he had come from an Ale-house*. And for the rest of the Colonels, who were all of the same Opinion, and durst speak their Opinions, instead of hearkening unto them, by whom he ought to be governed, he abused them in Words, insomuch, as many of them swore they would never come forth with a Man who durst not return. But my Lord Duke was swayed by some insinuating Sycophants, and others, who told him, it would be dishonourable to go away, having two Months Victuals; but at length we were fain to leave our Victuals, and Men behind us too, to run away far more dishonou-

dishonourably. Then foul Weather happening that they could not fall upon the Fort, Baron St. *Serin* told my Lord Duke, he was very glad of the Weather; and told him freely a Truth, the Experience whereof we dearly bought, that we should lose our Men to little Purpose.

On the 21st, by my Lord Duke's Command, about six of the Clock we quitted our Trenches, which the Enemy presently possess'd, pulling down our Courts of Guard in our Redoubts.

The next Day, contrary to the Opinion of the Colonels having so many Men, we fell upon our own Trenches to beat the Enemy out, who basely ran away faster than we could follow.

On the 23d, there were twenty five Boats landed at the little Fort with a thousand Men. The Day before my Lord Duke gave St. *Serin* Leave to depart for the Main. Nothing done for four or five Days, our Colonels still importuning my Lord Duke to depart: Notwithstanding, on the 27th. my Lord Duke gave Order for falling on the Fort, which we did, our Men being more desperate for Fear of Starving, and went on bravely; but we quickly found (contrary to the Relation of some Villains who ran away from the Fort, that they had not four hundred Fighting Men) a Resistance fit for forty thousand Men, and we were scarce four thousand: They killed above a hundred of our Men with Stones, and they might have done the like by our Army, if they had come on without ever shooting small Shot: They blew up three Mines, but did little Hurt with them: In all were lost and slain four hundred Foot and Horse: They took some thirty

Priso-

Prisoners in Traps, which they had made in their Trenches.

On the 28th, and also the Night before, there landed five Boats at the Point; yet my Lord Duke would not be persuaded to be gone, but would have returned Sir *Henry Sprye* with Sir *Peregrine Bertie* to *La Flot* again, which they refused to do. About Three of the Clock in the Morning, Sir *Edward Hawley*, and Serjeant-Major *Brett* came in the Name of the Council of War, to entreat him to march away; but he would not, being persuaded by a seditious Minister; who told him, it were dishonourable and inhuman to leave our sick Men and Provision behind us. About Eight of the Clock Sir *William Cunningham*'s Horse came to my Lord Duke, and told him, they heard great Shooting in the Main, or rather at the Point, and saw the Enemy's marching to the Town. Then my Lord having talked with *Soubize*, commanded to march away, which we did, leaving our Sick behind us, whose Throats were after cut, and inhumanely sent us in a Barque, which they thrust from the Shoar two or three Days after, with great Store of Provision, as well Arms as Victuals. We had not raught a Musket shot out of the Town, but we saw the Enemy at the Heels of us, some two Hundred Horse, and two thousand Foot; and we were about three thousand Foot, and a hundred Horse. We made a Stand to see if they would give us Battle, but they would not. On we went to *La Lanard*, a Village, where we made another Stand, thinking they would have charged us. Then we marched to *Loys* Bridge, where we were to embark; and before two Regiments had passed the Bridge,

Bridge (being very narrow) they fell upon our Horse in the Rear, and put them to Rout; and they routed the Rear, insomuch that none of our Foot could charge; so every one ran away; and the Enemy had the Execution of five whole Regiments; which they put all to the Sword, except twenty Officers, and a hundred common Soldiers Prisoners, and those that were drowned, which were many. The Enemy had passed the Bridge, but Sir *Pierce Crosby* with some Pikes, and Sir *Thomas Fryar* with Muskets made them retreat, after they had beaten us out of the Work, which was made so ill, it was not tenable.

*F I N I S.*

# VERSES

*Written in a Leaf of the* AUTHOR'S POEMS,

PRESENTED TO THE

# QUEEN.

*The* Muse's *last Dying* SONG.

A MUSE expiring, who, with earliest Voice,
Made Kings and Queens, and Beauty's Charms her Choice;
Now on her Death-Bed, This last Homage pays,
O QUEEN! To THEE: Accept her Dying Lays.
So, at th'Approach of Death, The *Cygnet* tries,
To warble one Note more — And, singing, dies.
HAIL, Mighty QUEEN! Whose pow'rful SMILE alone
Commands Subjection, and secures the THRONE:
Contending Parties, and Plebæan Rage,
Had puzzled *Loyalty* for half an Age.
Conqu'ring our Hearts, YOU end the long Dispute,
All, who have Eyes, confess You ABSOLUTE.
To TORY Doctrine, even *Whigs* resign,
And in your PERSON, own a RIGHT *Divine.*

*Thus sang the* Muse, *in her last Moments fir'd*
*With* CAROLINA's Praise — *And then, Expir'd.*

*Written*

# *The* Muse's *last Dying* SONG.

*Written in a Leaf of the same* POEMS, *Presented to the* PRINCESS ROYAL.

WHEN we'd exalt some Heavenly Fair,
To some bright Goddess we compare:
MINERVA, Wisdom; JUNO, Grace;
And VENUS furnishes the Face:
In Royal ANNE's bright Form is seen,
What comprehends 'em All — THE QUEEN.